

THE POEMS OF JOHN DONNE

EDITED FROM THE OLD EDITIONS
AND NUMEROUS MANUSCRIPTS
WITH INTRODUCTIONS & COMMENTARY

BY

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PREFACE

THE present edition of Donne's poems grew out of my work as a teacher. In the spring of 1907, just after I had published a small volume on the literature of the early seventeenth century, I was lecturing to a class of Honours students on the 'Metaphysical poets'. They found Donne difficult alike to understand and to appreciate, and accordingly I undertook to read with them a selection from his poems with a view to elucidating difficult passages and illustrating the character of his 'metaphysics', the Scholastic and scientific doctrines which underlie his conceits. The only editions which we had at our disposal were the modern editions of Donne's poems by Grosart and Chambers, but I did not anticipate that this would present any obstacle to the task I had undertaken. About the same time the Master of Peterhouse asked me to undertake the chapter on Donne, as poet and prose-artist, for the *Cambridge History of English Literature*. The result was that though I had long been interested in Donne, and had given, while at work on the poetry of the seventeenth century, much thought to his poetry as a centre of interest and influence, I began to make a more minute study of the text of his poems than I had yet attempted.

The first result of this study was the discovery that there were several passages in the poems, as printed in Mr. Chambers' edition, of which I could give no satisfactory explanation to my class. At the close of the session I went to Oxford and began in the Bodleian a rapid collation of the text of that edition with the older copies, especially of 1633. The conclusion to which

I came was that, excellent in many ways as that edition is, the editor had too often abandoned the reading of 1633 for the sometimes more obvious but generally weaker and often erroneous emendations of the later editions. As he records the variants this had become clear in some cases already, but an examination of the older editions brought out another fact,—that by modernizing the punctuation, while preserving no record of the changes made, the editor had corrupted some passages in such a manner as to make it impossible for a student, unprovided with all the old editions, to recover the original and sometimes quite correct reading, or to trace the error to its fountain-head.

My first proposal to the Delegates of the Clarendon Press was that I should attempt an edition of Donne's poems resting on a collation of the printed texts; that for all poems which it contains the edition of 1633 should be accepted as the authority, to be departed from only when the error seemed to be obvious and certain, and that all such changes, however minute, should be recorded in the notes. In the case of poems not contained in the edition of 1633, the first edition (whether 1635, 1649, 1650, or 1669) was to be the authority and to be treated in the same fashion. Such an edition, it was hoped, might be ready in a year. I had finished my first collation of the editions when a copy of the Grolier Club edition came into my hands, and I included it in the number of those which I compared throughout with the originals.

While the results of this collation confirmed me in the opinion I had formed as to the superiority of the edition of 1633 to all its successors, it showed also that that edition was certainly not faultless, and that the text of those poems which were issued only in the later editions was in general very carelessly edited and corrupt, especially of those

poems which were added for the first time in 1669. This raised the question, what use was to be made of the manuscript copies of the poems in correcting the errors of the edition? Grosart had based his whole text on one or two manuscripts in preference to the editions. Mr. Chambers, while wisely refusing to do this, and adopting the editions as the basis of his text, had made frequent reference to the manuscripts and adopted corrections from them. Professor Norton made no use of the manuscripts in preparing the text of his edition, but he added in an Appendix an account of one of these which had come into his hands, and later he described some more and showed clearly that he believed corrections were to be obtained from this source. Accordingly I resolved to examine tentatively those which were accessible in the British Museum, especially the transcript of three of the *Satyres* in Harleian MS. 5110.

A short examination of the manuscripts convinced me that it would be very unsafe to base a text on any single extant manuscript, or even to make an eclectic use of a few of them, taking, now from one, now from another, what seemed a probable emendation. On the other hand it became clear that if as wide a collation as possible of extant manuscripts were made one would be able to establish in many cases what was, whether right or wrong, the traditional reading before any printed edition appeared.

A few experiments further showed that one, and a very important, result of this collation would be to confirm the trustworthiness of 1633, to show that in places where modern editors had preferred the reading of some of the later editions, generally 1635 or 1669, the text of 1633 was not only intrinsically superior but had the support of tradition, i. e. of the majority of the manuscripts. If this were the case, then it was also possible that the traditional,

manuscript text might afford corrections when 1633 had fallen into error. At the same time a very cursory examination of the manuscripts was sufficient to show that many of them afforded an infinitely more correct and intelligible text of those poems which were not published in 1633 than that contained in the printed editions.

Another possible result of a wide collation of the manuscripts soon suggested itself, and that was the settlement of the canon of Donne's poems. One or two of the poems contained in the old editions had already been rejected by modern editors, and some of these on the strength of manuscript ascriptions. But on the one hand, no systematic attempt had been made to sift the poems, and on the other, experience has shown that nothing is more unsafe than to trust to the ascriptions of individual, unauthenticated manuscripts. Here again it seemed to the present editor that if any definite conclusion was to be obtained it must be by as wide a survey as possible, by the accumulation of evidence. No such conclusion might be attainable, but it was only thus that it could be sought.

The outcome of the investigation thus instituted has been fully discussed in the article on the *Text and Canon of Donne's Poems* in the second volume, and I shall not attempt to summarize it here. But it may be convenient for the student to have a quite brief statement of what it is that the notes in this volume profess to set forth.

Their first aim is to give a complete account of the variant readings of the original editions of 1633, 1635, 1639, 1649-50-54 (the text in these three is identical), and 1669. This was the aim of the edition as originally planned, and though my opinion of the value of many of the variants of the later editions has undergone considerable abatement since I was able to study them in the light afforded by the manuscripts, I have endeavoured to

complete my original scheme; and I trust it may be found that nothing more important has been overlooked than an occasional misprint in the later editions. But I know from the experience of examining the work of my precursors, and of revising my own work, that absolute correctness is almost unattainable. It has been an advantage to me in this part of the work to come after Mr. Chambers and the Grolier Club editors, but neither of these editions records changes of punctuation.

The second purpose of the notes is to set forth the evidence of the manuscripts. I have not attempted to give anything like a full account of the variant readings of these, but have recorded so much as is sufficient for four different purposes.

(1) To vindicate the text of 1633. I have not thought it necessary to detail the evidence in cases where no one has disputed the 1633 reading. If the note simply records the readings of the editions it may be assumed that the manuscript evidence, so far as it is explicit (the manuscripts frequently abound in absurd errors), is on the side of 1633. In other cases, when there is something to be said for the text of the later editions, and especially when modern editors have preferred the later reading (though I have not always called attention to this) I have set forth the evidence in some detail. At times I have mentioned each manuscript, at others simply *all the MSS.*, occasionally just *MSS.* This last means generally that all the positive evidence before me was in favour of the reading, but that my collations were silent as to some of the manuscripts. My collators, whether myself or those who worked for me, used Mr. Chambers' edition because of its numbered lines. Now if Mr. Chambers had already adopted a 1635 or later reading the tendency of the collator—especially at first, before the importance of certain readings had become obvious—was to pass over

the agreement of the manuscript with this later reading in silence. In all important cases I have verified the reading by repeated reference to the manuscripts, but in some of smaller importance I have been content to record the general trend of the evidence. I have tried to cite no manuscript unless I had positive evidence as to its reading.

(2) The second use which I have made of the manuscript evidence is to justify my occasional departures from the text of the editions, whether 1633 (and these are the departures which call for most justification) or whatever later edition was the first to contain the poem. In every such case the reader should see at a glance what was the reading of the first edition, and on what authority it has been altered. My aim has been a true text (so far as that was attainable), not a reprint; but I have endeavoured to put the reader in exactly the same position as I was myself at each stage in the construction of that text. If I have erred, he can (in a favourite phrase of Donne's) 'control' me. This applies to spelling and punctuation as well as to the words themselves. But two warnings are necessary. When I note a reading as found in a number of editions, e.g. 1635 to 1654 (1635-54), or in *all* the editions (1633-69), it must be understood that the spelling is not always the same throughout. I have generally noted any variation in the use of capitals, but not always. The spelling and punctuation of each poem is that of the *first* edition in which it was published, or of the manuscript from which I have printed, all changes being recorded. Again, if, in a case where the words and not the punctuation is the matter in question, I cite the reading of an edition or some editions followed by a list of agreeing manuscripts, it will be understood that any punctuation given is that of the editions. If a list of manuscripts only

is given, the punctuation, if recorded, is that of one or two of the best of these.

In cases where punctuation is the matter in question the issue lies between the various editions and my own sense of what it ought to be. Wherever it is not otherwise indicated the punctuation of a poem is that of the first edition in which it appeared or of the manuscript from which I have printed it. I have not recorded every variant of the punctuation of later editions, but all that affect the sense while at the same time not manifestly absurd. The punctuation of the manuscripts is in general negligible, but of a few manuscripts it is good, and I have occasionally cited these in support of my own view as to what the punctuation should be.

(3) A third purpose served by my citation of the manuscripts is to show clearly that there are more versions than one of some poems. A study of the notes to the *Satyres*, *The Flea*, *The Curse*, *Elegy XI: The Bracelet*, will make this clear.

(4) A fourth, subordinate and occasional, purpose of my citation of the manuscripts is to show how Donne's poems were understood or misunderstood by the copyists. Occasionally a reading which is probably erroneous throws light upon a difficult passage. The version of *P* at p. 34, ll. 18-19, elucidates a difficult stanza. The reading of *Q* in *The Storme*, l. 38,

Yea, and the Sunne

for the usual

I, and the Sunne

suggests, what is probably correct but had not been suspected by any editor, that 'I' here, as often, is not the pronoun, but 'Aye'.

The order of the poems is that of the editions of 1635 onwards with some modifications explained in the

Introduction. In Appendix B I have placed all those poems which were printed as Donne's in the old editions (1633 to 1669), except Basse's *Epitaph on Shakespeare*, and a few found in manuscripts connected with the editions, or assigned to Donne by competent critics, all of which I believe to be by other authors. The text of these has been as carefully revised as that of the undoubted poems. In Appendix C I have placed a miscellaneous collection of poems loosely connected with Donne's name, and illustrating the work of some of his fellow-wits, or the trend of his influence in the occasional poetry of the seventeenth century.

The work of settling the text, correcting the canon, and preparing the Commentary has been done by myself. It was difficult to consult others who had not before them all the complex mass of evidence which I had accumulated. On some five or six places in the text, however, where the final question to be decided was the intrinsic merits of the readings offered by the editions and by the manuscripts, or the advisability of a bolder emendation, I have had the advantage of comparing my opinion with that of Sir James Murray, Sir Walter Raleigh, Dr. Henry Bradley, Mr. W. A. Craigie, Mr. J. C. Smith, or Mr. R. W. Chapman.

For such accuracy as I have secured in reproducing the old editions, in the text and in the notes, I owe much to the help of three friends, Mr. Charles Forbes, of the Post Office, Aberdeen, who transcribed the greater portion of my manuscript; Professor John Purves, of University College, Pretoria, who during a visit to this country read a large section of my proofs, comparing them with the editions in the British Museum; and especially to my assistant, Mr. Frederick Rose, M.A., now Douglas Jerrold Scholar, Christ Church, Oxford, who has revised my proofs throughout with minute care.

I am indebted to many sources for the loan of necessary

material. In the first place I must acknowledge my debt to the Carnegie Trust for the Universities of Scotland for allowing me a grant of £40 in 1908-9, and of £30 in 1909-10, for the collation of manuscripts. Without this it would have been impossible for me to collate, or have collated for me, the widely scattered manuscripts in London, Petworth, Oxford, Cambridge, Manchester, and Boston. Some of my expenses in this connexion have been met by the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, who have also been very generous in the purchase of necessary books, such as editions of the Poems and the Sermons. At the outset of my work the Governing Body of Christ Church, Oxford, lent me the copy of the edition of 1633 (originally the possession of Sir John Vaughan (1603-1674) Chief Justice of the Common Pleas) on which the present edition is based, and also their copies of the editions of 1639, 1650, and 1654. At the same time Sir Walter Raleigh lent me his copy of the edition of 1669. At an early stage of my work Captain C. Shirley Harris, of 90 Woodstock Road, Oxford, communicated with me about Donne's use of the word 'Mucheron', and he was kind enough to lend me both his manuscript, *P*, and the transcript which he had caused to be made. By the kindness of Lord Ellesmere I was permitted to collate his unique copy of the 1611 edition of the *Anatomy of the World* and *Funerall Elegie*. While I was doing so, Mr. Strachan Holme, the Librarian, drew my attention to a manuscript collection of Donne's poems (*B*), and with his kind assistance I was enabled to collate this at Walkden, Manchester, and again at Bridgewater House. Mr. Holme has also furnished a photograph of the title-page of the edition of 1611. To the authorities of Trinity College, Dublin, and of Trinity College, Cambridge, I am indebted not only for permission

to collate their manuscripts on the spot, but for kindly lending them to be examined and compared in the Library at King's College, Aberdeen ; and I am indebted for a similar favour to the authorities of Queen's College, Oxford. In Dublin I met Professor Edward Dowden, and no one has been a kinder friend to my enterprise. He put at my disposal his interesting and valuable manuscript (*D*) and all his collection of Donne's works. He drew my attention to a manuscript (*O'F*) in Ellis and Elvey's catalogue for 1903. Mr. Warwick Bond was good enough to lend me the notes he had made upon this manuscript, which ultimately I traced to Harvard College Library. With Professor Dowden, Mr. Edmund Gosse has given me the most generous and whole-hearted assistance. He lent me, as soon as ever I applied to him, his valuable and unique Westmoreland MS., containing many poems which were not included in any of the old editions. Some of these Mr. Gosse had already printed in his own delightful *Life and Letters of John Donne* (1899), but he has allowed me to reprint these and to print the rest of the unpublished poems for the first time. From his manuscript (*G*) of the *Progresse of the Soule*, or *Metempsychosis*, I have also obtained important emendations of the text. This is the most valuable manuscript copy of this poem. It will be seen that Mr. Gosse is a very material contributor to the completeness and interest of the present edition.

To the Marquess of Crewe I am indebted for permission to examine the manuscript *M*, to which a note of Sir John Simon's had called my attention ; and to Lord Leconfield for a like permission to collate a manuscript in his possession, of which a short description is given in the *Hist. MSS. Commission, Sixth Report*, p. 312, No. 118. With Mr. Whitcomb's aid I was enabled to do this carefully, and he has subsequently verified references. Another

interesting manuscript (JC) was lent me by Mr. Elkin Mathews, who has also put at my disposal his various editions of the *Lives* of Walton and other books connected with Donne. Almost at the eleventh hour, Mr. Geoffrey Keynes, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, discovered for me a copy of the 1612 edition of the *Anniversaries*, for which I had asked in vain in *Notes and Queries*. I owe to him, and to the kind permission of Mr. Edward Huth and the Messrs. Sotheby, a careful collation and a photograph of the title-page.

For the Commentary Dr. Norman Moore supplied me with a note on the Galenists and Paracelsians; and Dr. Gaster with the materials for a note on Donne's use of Jewish Apocrypha. Professor Picavet, of the Sorbonne, Paris, was kind enough to read in proof my notes on Donne's allusions to Scholastic doctrines, and to make suggestions. But I have added to these notes as they passed through the Press, and he must not be made responsible for my errors. Mr. W. Barclay Squire and Professor C. Sanford Terry have revised my transcripts and proofs of the music.

I desire lastly to express my gratitude to the officials of the Clarendon Press for the care with which they have checked my proofs, the patience with which they have accepted my changes and additions, and the trouble they have taken to secure photographs, music, and other details. Whatever faults may be found—and I doubt not they will be many—in my part of the work, I think the part for which the Press is responsible is wellnigh faultless.

H. J. C. GRIERSON.

LANGCROFT,
DINNET, ABERDEENSHIRE.

July 15, 1912.

NOTE

The typography of the edition of 1633 has been closely followed, in its use for example of 'u' and 'v'; and of long 'f', which is avoided in certain combinations, e.g. 'sk' (but P. 12, l. 27. 'afkes' 1633) and frequently 'sb'; nor is it generally used when the letter following 's' is elided; but there are one or two exceptions to this.

In the following places I have printed a full 'and' where 1633 contracts to '&' owing to the length of the line :

Page 12, l. 4. & whō; P. 15, l. 40. & drove; P. 65, l. 8. & nought; P. 153, l. 105. & almes; P. 158, l. 101. & name; do, l. 107. & rockes, &; P. 159, l. 30. & black; P. 171, l. 83. & lawes; P. 183, l. 18. & Courts; P. 184, l. 29. & God; P. 205, l. 2. & pleasure; P. 240, l. 288. & finke; P. 254, l. 107. & thinke; do., l. 113. & think; P. 280, l. 24. & Mines; P. 297, l. 56. & lands; do., l. 62. & brow; P. 306, l. 290. & lents; P. 327 (xii), l. 8. & feed; P. 337, l. 35. & thou; P. 360, l. 188. & turn'd; P. 384, l. 78. & face.

In the following places 'm' or 'n', indicated by a contraction, has been printed in full : Page 12, l. 4. Her whō; do. & whō; P. 37, l. 17. whê (*bis*); P. 82, l. 46. thê; P. 90, l. 2. frō; P. 128, l. 28. Valêtine; P. 141, l. 8. whê; P. 150, l. 16. thê; P. 159, l. 30. strâge; P. 169, l. 31. whō; P. 257, l. 210. succeſſiō; P. 266, l. 513. anciêt; P. 305, l. 255. thê; P. 336, l. 10. whê; P. 343, l. 126. Frō; P. 345, l. 169. thê; P. 387, l. 71. Pêbrooke.

There are a few examples of the same changes in the poems printed from the later editions, but I have not reproduced any of these editions so completely as 1633, every poem in which, with the exception of Basse's *An Epitaph upon Shakespeare* (1633. p. 149. i. e. 165) has been here reprinted.

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John Donne, from the frontispiece to <i>Death's Duel</i> , 1632	face page 369

LIST OF EDITIONS REGULARLY CITED IN NOTES.

1633, 1635, 1639, 1650, 1654, 1669.

Contractions :—

1633-54 i. e. All editions between and including these dates.

1633-69 i. e. All the editions.

Etc.

EDITIONS OCCASIONALLY CITED.

1649, in lists of editions and MSS. appended to poems first published in that edition. Textually it is identical with *1650-54*.

1719, Tonson's edition.

1855, The Boston edition of that year—cited once.

Grosart, A. B. Grosart's edition of 1872-3.

Grolier, The Grolier Club edition of Professor Norton and Mrs. Burnett, 1895.

Chambers, Mr. E. K. Chambers' edition of 1896.

LIST OF MS. SIGLA.

<i>A10</i>	Additional MS. 10,309, British Museum.
<i>A11</i>	" " 11,811, "
<i>A18</i>	" " 18,646, "
<i>A23</i>	" " 23,229, "
<i>A25</i>	" " 25,707, "
<i>A34</i>	" " 34,744, "
<i>Ash 38</i>	Ashmole MS. 38, Bodleian Library.
<i>B</i>	Bridgewater MS., Bridgewater House.
<i>Bur</i>	Burley MS., formerly at Burley-on-the-Hill House, Rutland
<i>C</i>	Cambridge University Library MS.
<i>Cy</i>	Carnaby MS., Harvard College.
<i>D</i>	Dowden MS., belonging to Professor Edward Dowden.
<i>E20</i>	Egerton MS. 2013, British Museum.
<i>E22</i>	" " 2230, "
<i>G</i>	Gosse MS. of <i>Metempsychosis</i> , belonging to Mr. Edmund Gosse.
<i>H39</i>	Harleian MS. 3910, British Museum.
<i>H40</i>	" " 4064, "
<i>H49</i>	" " 4944, "
<i>H51</i>	" " 5110, "
<i>HN</i>	Hawthornden MS., Library of Society of Antiquaries, Edinburgh.
<i>JC</i>	John Cave MS., belonging to Mr. Elkin Mathews.
<i>L74</i>	Lansdowne MS. 740, British Museum.
<i>L77</i>	" " 777, "
<i>Lec</i>	Leconfield MS., at Petworth House.
<i>M</i>	Monckton-Milnes MS., belonging to the Marquis of Crewe.
<i>N</i>	Norton MS., Harvard College.
<i>O'F</i>	O'Flaherty MS., Harvard College.
<i>P</i>	Phillipps MS., belonging to Captain C. Shirley Harris.
<i>Q</i>	Queen's College MS., Queen's College, Oxford.
<i>RP31</i>	Rawlinson Poetical MS. 31, Bodleian Library, Oxford.
<i>RP61</i>	" " " 61, " " "
<i>S</i>	Stephens MS., Harvard College.
<i>S96</i>	Stowe MS. 961, British Museum.
<i>TCC</i>	Trinity College, Cambridge, MS.
<i>TCD</i>	Trinity College, Dublin, MS. G. 2. 21.
<i>TCD (II)</i>	A second collection of poems in the same MS.
<i>W</i>	Westmoreland MS., belonging to Mr. Edmund Gosse.

The following groups are important:—

D, H49, Lec,

and

A18, N, TC, where *TC* represents *TCC* and *TCD*.

T H E
P R I N T E R
T O T H E
U N D E R S T A N D E R S.



Or this time I must speake only to you: at another, *Readers* may perchance serve my turne; and I thinke this a way very free from exception, in hope that very few will have a minde to confesse themselves ignorant.

If you looke for an Epistle, as you have before ordinary publications, I am sory that I must deceive you; but you will not lay it to my charge, when you shall consider that this is not ordinary, for if I should say it were the best in this kinde, that ever this Kingdome hath yet-seene; he that would doubt of it must goe out of the Kingdome to enforme himselfe, for the best judgments, within it, take it for granted.

You may imagine (if it please you) that I could endear it unto you, by saying, that importunity drew it on; that had it not beene presented here, it would have come to us from beyond the Seas; (which perhaps is true enough,) That my charge and paines in procuring of it hath beene such, and such. I could adde hereto, a promise of more correctnesse, or enlargement in the next Edition, if you shall in the meane time content you with this. But these

The Printer &c. 1633-49: om. 1650-69, which substitute *Dedication*
To the &c. (p. 4) 2 you: 1635-49: you, 1633

things

things are so common, as that I should profane this Peece by applying them to it ; A Peece which who so takes not as he findes it, in what manner soever, he is unworthy of it, sith a scattered limbe of this Author, hath more amiable-nesse in it, in the eye of a discerner, then a whole body of some other ; Or, (to expresse him best by himselfe)

*In the
Storme.*

—*A hand, or eye,*

By Hilyard drawne, is worth a history

By a worse Painter made;—

If any man (thinking I speake this to enflame him for the vent of the Impression) be of another opinion, I shall as willingly spare his money as his judgement. I cannot lose so much by him as hee will by himselfe. For I shall satisfie my selfe with the conscience of well doing, in making so much good common.

Howsoever it may appeare to you, it shall suffice mee to enforme you, that it hath the best warrant that can bee, publique authority, and private friends.

There is one thing more wherein I will make you of my counsell, and that is, That whereas it hath pleased some, who had studyed and did admire him, to offer to the memory of the Author, not long after his decease, I have thought I should do you service in presenting them unto you now ; onely whereas, had I placed them in the beginning, they might have serv'd for so many Encomiums of the Author (as is usuall in other workes, where perhaps there is need of it, to prepare men to digest such stuffe as follows after,) you shall here finde them in the end, for whosoever reades the rest so farre, shall perceive that there is no occasion to use them to that purpose ; yet there they are, as an attestation for their sakes that knew not so much before, to let them see how much honour was attributed to this worthy man, by those that are capable to give it.
Farewell.

The Printer to the Vnderstanders. 1635-69: The Printer to the Reader. 1633. See note 28 here 1635-69 : om. 1633

Hexastichon

Hexastichon Bibliopolae.

I See in his last preach'd, and printed Booke,
His Picture in a sheet ; in *Pauls* I looke,
And see his Statue in a sheete of stone,
And sure his body in the grave hath one :
Those sheetes present him dead, these if you buy,
You have him living to Eternity.

JO. MAR.

Hexastichon ad Bibliopolam.

Incerti.

IN thy Impression of *Donnes Poems* rare,
For his Eternitie thou hast ta'ne care :
'Twas well, and pious ; And for ever may
He live : Yet shew I thee a better way ;
Print but his Sermons, and if those we buy,
He, We, and Thou shall live t' Eternity.

Hexastichon Bibliopolae. 1633-69

Hexastichon ad Bibliopolam. 1635-69

Dedication

To the Right Honourable
William Lord Craven Baron of
Hamsted-Marsham.

My Lord,



Any of these Poems have, for severall impressions, wandred up and down trusting (as well they might) upon the Authors reputation; neither do they now complain of any injury but what may proceed either from the kindnesse of the Printer, or the curtesie of the Reader; the one by adding something too much, lest any spark of this sacred fire might perish undiscerned, the other by putting such an estimation upon the wit & fancy they find here, that they are content to use it as their own: as if a man should dig out the stones of a royall Amphitheatre to build a stage for a countrey show. Amongst all the monsters this unlucky age has teemed with, I finde none so prodigious, as the Poets of these later times, wherein men as if they would level understandings too as well as estates, acknowledging no inequality of parts and Judgements, pretend as indifferently to the chaire of wit as to the Pulpit, & conceive themselves no lesse inspired with the spirit of Poetry then with that of Religion: so it is not onely the noise of Drums and Trumpets which have drowned the Muses harmony, or the feare that the Churches ruine wil destroy their Priests likewise, that now frights them from this Countrey, where they have been so ingenuously received, but these rude pretenders to excellencies they unjustly own who profanely rushing into *Minervæ* Temple, with noysome Ayres blast the lawrell

To the &c. 1650-69

w^{ch} thunder cannot hurt. In this sad condition these learned sifers are fled over to beg your L^{ps}. protection, who have been so certain a patron both to arts and armes, and who in this generall confusion have so intirely preserved your Honour, that in your Lordship we may still read a most perfect character of what *England* was in all her pompe and greatnesse, so that although these poems were formerly written upon severall occasions, and to severall persons, they now unite themselves, and are become one pyramid to set your Lordships statue upon, where you may stand like Armed *Apollo* the defendor of the Muses, encouraging the Poets now alive to celebrate your great Acts by affording your countenance to his poems that wanted onely so noble a subject.

My Lord,

Your most humble servant

JOHN DONNE.

TO JOHN DONNE.

Donne, the delight of Phoebus, and each Muse,
Who, to thy one, all other braines refuse;
Whose every work, of thy most early wit,
Came forth example, and remaines so, yet:
Longer a knowing, than most wits doe live;
And which no'n affection praise enough can give!
To it, thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with halfe mankind maintain a strife;
All which I mean to praise, and, yet, I would;
But leave, because I cannot as I should!

B. JONS.

To John Donne. 1650-69, following the Hexastichon ad Bibliopolam.

To

TO LUCY, COUNTESSE OF BEDFORD,
with M. DONNES Satyres.

L*Ucy*, you brightnesse of our Spheare, who are
Life of the *Muses* day, their morning Starre!
If works (not th'Authors) their own grace should look
Whose poems would not wish to be your book?
But these, desir'd by you, the makers ends
Crown with their own. Rare Poems ask rare friends.
Yet, *Satyres*, since the most of mankind bee
Their unavoided subject, fewest see:
For none ere took that pleasure in fins sense,
But, when they heard it tax'd, took more offence.
They, then, that living where the matter is bred,
Dare for these Poems, yet, both ask, and read,
And like them too; must needfully, though few,
Be of the best: and 'mongst those best are you;
Lucy, you brightnesse of our Spheare, who are
The *Muses* evening, as their morning-Starre.

B. JON.

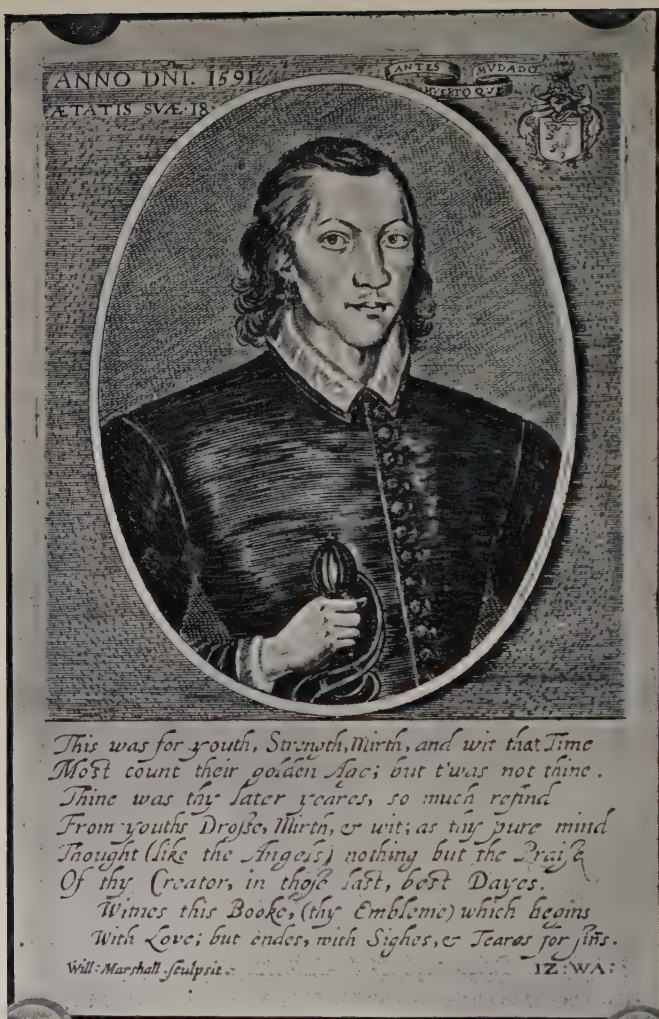
TO JOHN DONNE.

WHO shall doubt, *Donne*, where I a *Poet* bee,
When I dare send my *Epigrammes* to thee?
That so alone canst judge, so'alone do'st make:
And, in thy censures, evenly, dost take
As free simplicity, to dis-avow,
As thou hast best authority, t'allow.
Read all I send: and, if I finde but one
Mark'd by thy hand, and with the better stone,
My title's seal'd. Those that for claps doe write,
Let punees, porters, players praise delight,
And, till they burst, their backs, like asses load:
A man should seek great glory, and not broad.

B. JON.

To Lucy &c. To John Donne &c. 1650-69, in sheets added 1650.
See Text and Canon &c.

SONGS



JOHN DONNE

From the engraving prefixed to the Poems in the
Editions of 1635, 1639, 1649, 1650, 1654

SONGS

AND

SONETS.

The good-morrow.

I Wonder by my troth, what thou, and I
 Did, till we lov'd? were we not wean'd till then?
 But suck'd on countrey pleasures, childishly?
 Or snorted we in the seven sleepers den?
 T'was so; But this, all pleasures fancies bee. 5
 If ever any beauty I did see,
 Which I desir'd, and got, t'was but a dreame of thee.

And now good morrow to our waking foules,
 Which watch not one another out of feare;
 For love, all love of other fights controules, 10
 And makes one little roome, an every where.
 Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
 Let Maps to other, worlds on worlds have showne,
 Let us possesse one world, each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appeares, 15
 And true plaine hearts doe in the faces rest,
 Where can we finde two better hemisphaeres
 Without sharpe North, without declining West?

SONGS AND SONETS. 1635-69: no division into sections, 1633

The good-morrow. 1633-69, A18, L74, N, TCC, TCD: no title, A25, B, C, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S: Elegie. S96 2 lov'd? 1639-69: lov'd, 1633-35 3 countrey pleasures, childishly? 1633-54, D, H40, H49, Lec: childish pleasures feelily? 1669, A18, A25, B, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC 4 snorted 1633-54, D, H40, H49, Lec, O'F, S96: slumbred 1669, A18, A25, JC, L74, N, P, TC seven sleepers 1633: seven-sleepers 1635-69 5 this,] as 1669 10 For 1633-69, D, H40, H49, Lec: But rest of MSS. 13 to other, worlds on 1633-54: to other worlds our 1669: to others, worlds on D, H49, Lec, and other MSS. 14 one world 1633-69, D, H49, Lec: our world rest of MSS. 17 better 1633, D, H40, H49, Lec: fitter 1635-69, and rest of MSS.

What

What ever dyes, was not mixt equally;
 If our two loves be one, or, thou and I
 Love so alike, that none doe slacken, none can die.

20

Song.

GOe, and catche a falling starre,
 Get with child a mandrake roote,
 Tell me, where all past yeares are,
 Or who cleft the Divels foot,
 Teach me to heare Mermaides singing,
 Or to keep off envies stinging,
 And finde
 What winde
 Serves to advance an honest minde.

5

If thou bee't borne to strange sights,
 Things invisible to see,
 Ride ten thousand daies and nights,
 Till age snow white haies on thee,
 Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell mee
 All strange wonders that befell thee,
 And sweare
 No where
 Lives a woman true, and faire.

10

15

19 was not] is not 1669 20-1 or. thou and I . . . can die. 1633,
D, H40, H49, Lec: or, thou and I . . . can slacken, . can die. *Chambers:*
 both thou and I

Love just alike in all, none of these loves can die. 1635-69, *JC, O'F, P:*
 or thou and I

Love just alike in all, none of these loves can die.
A18, A25, B, L74, S96, TC As thou and I &c. *H40:* And thou
 and I &c. *S*

Song. 1633-69: Song, A Songe, or no title, *A18, A25, B, C, Cy, D,*
H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD 3 past yeares]
 times past 1669: past times *P* 11 to see] go see 1669, *S, S96:* see
 most other *MSS.*

If

If thou findest one, let mee know,
 Such a Pilgrimage were sweet; 20
 Yet doe not, I would not goe,
 Though at next doore wee might meet,
 Though shee were true, when you met her,
 And last, till you write your letter,
 Yet shee 25
 Will bee
 False, ere I come, to two, or three.

Womans constancy.

NOW thou hast lov'd me one whole day,
 To morrow when thou leav'st, what wilt thou say?
 Wilt thou then Antedate some new made vow?
 Or say that now
 We are not just those persons, which we were? 5
 Or, that oathes made in reverentiall feare
 Of Love, and his wrath, any may forswear?
 Or, as true deaths, true maryages untie,
 So lovers contracts, images of those,
 Binde but till sleep, deaths image, them unloose? 10
 Or, your owne end to Justifie,
 For having purpos'd change, and falsehood; you
 Can have no way but falsehood to be true?
 Vaine lunatique, against these escapes I could
 Dispute, and conquer, if I would, 15
 Which I abstaine to doe,
 For by to morrow, I may thinke so too.

20 sweet; 1669: sweet, 1633-54 24 last, till] last so till O'F, S, S96
 27 False, . . . three] False, ere she come to two or three. 1669
 Womans constancy. 1633-69, A18, L74, N, O'F, TCC, TCD: no title,
 B, D, H40, H49, Lec, P, S 8 Or, 1633, 1669: For, 1635-54
 (ll. 8-10 in brackets)

The undertaking.

I Have done one braver thing
 Then all the *Worthies* did,
 And yet a braver thence doth spring,
 Which is, to keepe that hid.
 It were but madnes now t'impart 5
 The skill of specular stone,
 When he which can have learn'd the art
 To cut it, can finde none.
 So, if I now should utter this,
 Others (because no more 10
 Such stufte to worke upon, there is,)
 Would love but as before.
 But he who lovelinesse within
 Hath found, all outward loathes,
 For he who colour loves, and skinne, 15
 Loves but their oldest clothes.
 If, as I have, you also doe
 Vertue'attir'd in woman fee,
 And dare love that, and say so too,
 And forget the Hee and Shee; 20
 And if this love, though placed so,
 From prophane men you hide,
 Which will no faith on this bestow,
 Or, if they doe, deride:
 Then you have done a braver thing 25
 Then all the *Worthies* did;
 And a braver thence will spring,
 Which is, to keepe that hid.

The undertaking. 1635-69: no title, 1633, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec,
 O'F, P, S: Platonique Love. Ar8, N, TCC, TCD 2 *Worthies*] *worthies*
 1633 3 And yet] Yet B, D, H49, Lec 7-8 art . . . it, 1669:
 art, . . . it 1633-54 16 their] her B 18 Vertue'attir'd in 1633, Ar8,
 B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, S, TC: Vertue in 1635-69, O'F, Chambers
 26 did; Ed: did. 1633-39: did. 1650-69 27 spring.] spring 1633-39
The

The Sunne Rising.

BUfie old foole, unruly Sunne,
 Why doft thou thus,
 Through windowes, and through curtaines call on us?
 Muft to thy motions lovers feafons run?
 Sawcy pedantique wretch, goe chide 5
 Late fchoole boyes, and fowre prentices,
 Goe tell Court-huntfmen, that the King will ride,
 Call countrey ants to harveft offices;
 Love, all alike, no feafon knowes, nor clyme,
 Nor houres, dayes, moneths, which are the rags of time.

 Thy beames, fo reverend, and ftrong 11
 Why fhouldft thou thinke?
 I could eclipse and cloud them with a winke,
 But that I would not lofe her fight fo long:
 If her eyes have not blinded thine, 15
 Looke, and to morrow late, tell mee,
 Whether both the'India's of fpice and Myne
 Be where thou leftft them, or lie here with mee.
 Aske for thofe Kings whom thou faw'ft yesterday,
 And thou fhalt heare, All here in one bed lay. 20

 She'is all States, and all Princes, I,
 Nothing elfe is.
 Princes doe but play us; compar'd to this,
 All honor's mimique; All wealth alchimie.

The Sunne Riling. 1633-69: Sunne Riling. *A18, L74, N, TCC, TCD:*
Ad Solem. A25, D, H49, JC, O'F, S, S96: To the Sunne. *Cy, Lec, O'F*
(as a second title): no title, B 3 call] look 1669 6 and] or 1669
fowre] flowe B, Cy, P 8 offices;] offices, 1633 11-14 Thy
beames, . . . fo long: 1633 and all MSS.:

 Thy beames fo reverend, and ftrong
 Doft thou not thinke
 I could eclipse and cloude them with a winke,
 But that I would not lofe her fight fo long? 1635-69
 17 fpice] fpace 1650-54 18 leftft 1633: left 1635-69 23 us;]
 us, 1633 24 wealth] wealth's A25, C, P alchimie. *Ed:* alchimie;
 1633-69

Thou

Thou funne art halfe as happy'as wee, 25
 In that the world's contracted thus;
 Thine age askes ease, and since thy duties bee
 To warme the world, that's done in warming us.
 Shine here to us, and thou art every where;
 This bed thy center is, these walls, thy spheare. 30

The Indifferent.

I Can love both faire and browne,
 Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betraies,
 Her who loves loneneffe best, and her who maskes and plaies,
 Her whom the country form'd, and whom the town,
 Her who beleeves, and her who tries, 5
 Her who still weepes with spungie eyes,
 And her who is dry corke, and never cries;
 I can love her, and her, and you and you,
 I can love any, so she be not true.

Will no other vice content you? 10
 Wil it not serue your turn to do, as did your mothers?
 Or have you all old vices spent, and now would finde out
 others?
 Or doth a feare, that men are true, torment you?
 Oh we are not, be not you so,
 Let mee, and doe you, twenty know. 15
 Rob mee, but binde me not, and let me goe.
 Must I, who came to travaile thorow you,
 Grow your fixt subject, because you are true?

26 thus; *Ed*: thus. 1633-69

The Indifferent. 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD*: A Songe, Songe, or no
 title, *B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S, S96*: Sonnet. *P* 3 loneneffe]
 lovers 1669 maskes] sports 1669, *S* and 1669: & 1633-39: om.
 1650-54 12 spent] worn 1669 15 mee, 1633: me; 1635-69
 17 travaile] *spelt* travell, travel 1635-69

Venus heard me sigh this song,
 And by Loves sweetest Part, Variety, she swore, 20
 She heard not this till now; and that it should be so no more.
 She went, examin'd, and return'd ere long,
 And said, alas, Some two or three
 Poore Heretiques in love there bee,
 Which thinke to stablish dangerous constancie. 25
 But I have told them, since you will be true,
 You shall be true to them, who'are false to you.

Loves Vsfury.

For every houre that thou wilt spare mee now,
 I will allow,
 Ufurious God of Love, twenty to thee,
 When with my browne, my gray haire equall bee;
 Till then, Love, let my body raigne, and let 5
 Mee travell, sojourne, snatch, plot, have, forget,
 Resume my last yeares reliet: thinke that yet
 We'had never met.
 Let mee thinke any rivalls letter mine,
 And at next nine 10
 Keepe midnights promise; mistake by the way
 The maid, and tell the Lady of that delay;
 Onely let mee love none, no, not the sport;
 From country graffe, to comfitures of Court,
 Or cities quelque choses, let report 15
 My minde transport.

19 sigh] sing 1669 20 sweetest Part,] sweetest sweet, 1669, P, S
 21 and that it 1633, B, D, H49, Lec, S: it 1635-69, H40, P: and it A18,
 JC, N, O'F, S96, TC

Loves Vsfury. 1633-69, L74: no title, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, Lec, O'F,
 P, S: Elegie. S96 5 raigne, 1633, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec,
 P, S: range, 1635-69, O'F, S96. See note 6 snatch, 1633, 1669:
 match, 1635-54 7 reliet] relique 1669 12 that] her 1669 13
 sport; 1669: sport 1633-54: sport, most MSS. 15 let report 1633,
 1669, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, P, S: let not report 1635-54, O'F,
 S96, Chambers. See note

This

This bargaine's good; if when I'am old, I bee
 Inflam'd by thee,
 If thine owne honour, or my shame, or paine,
 Thou covet most, at that age thou shalt gaine. 20
 Doe thy will then, then subject and degree,
 And fruit of love, Love I submit to thee,
 Spare mee till then, I'll beare it, though she bee
 One that loves mee.

The Canonization.

For Godfake hold your tongue, and let me love,
 Or chide my palfie, or my gout,
 My five gray haire, or ruin'd fortune flout,
 With wealth your state, your minde with Arts improve,
 Take you a course, get you a place, 5
 Observe his honour, or his grace,
 Or the Kings reall, or his stamped face
 Contemplate, what you will, approve,
 So you will let me love.
 Alas, alas, who's injur'd by my love? 10
 What merchants ships have my sighs drown'd?
 Who saies my teares have overflow'd his ground?
 When did my colds a forward spring remove?
 When did the heats which my veines fill
 Adde one more to the plaguie Bill? 15
 Soldiers finde warres, and Lawyers finde out still
 Litigious men, which quarrels move
 Though she and I do love.

19 or paine 1633, 1669, and most MSS.: and paine 1635-54, O'F 22
 fruit] fruites B, D, H49, Lec, O'F, S96 24 loves 1633, 1669 and all the
 MSS.: love 1635-54

The Canonization. 1633-39, Ar8, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, TCC, TCD:
 Canonization. 1650-69, S: Canonizatio. S96: no title, B, H40, JC 3
 five 1633, 1669: true 1635-54 fortune] fortunes 1669 4 improve,
 1650-69: improve 1633-39 7 reall] Roiall Lec 14 veines] reynes
 1669 15 more, 1633-54, Lec: man 1669, Ar8, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC,
 N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC 17 which] whom 1669 18 Though]
 While 1669

Call

Call us what you will, wee are made such by love;
 Call her one, mee another flye, 20
 We're Tapers too, and at our owne cost die,
 And wee in us finde the'Eagle and the Dove.
 The Phœnix ridle hath more wit
 By us, we two being one, are it.
 So to one neutrall thing both sexes fit, 25
 Wee dye and rise the fame, and prove
 Myfterious by this love.

Wee can dye by it, if not live by love,
 And if unfit for tombes and hearse
 Our legend bee, it will be fit for verse; 30
 And if no peece of Chronicle wee prove,
 We'll build in sonnets pretty roomes;
 As well a well wrought urne becomes
 The greatest ashes, as halfe-acre tombes,
 And by these hymnes, all shall approve 35
 Us *Canoniz'd* for Love:

And thus invoke us; You whom reverend love
 Made one anothers hermitage;
 You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage;
 Who did the whole worlds soule contract, and drove 40
 Into the glasses of your eyes
 (So made such mirrors, and such spies,
 That they did all to you epitomize,)
 Countries, Townes, Courts: Beg from above
 A patterne of your love! 45

22 Dove. *Ed:* dove, 1633-69 24 are it. 1633-69: are it; *Chambers*
and Grolier 25 So 1650-69: So, 1633-39. See note fit, *D, H49,*
Lec: fit. 1633-69. See note 29 tombes and 1633-54: tomb or 1669
 30 legend] legends 1633 35 these 1633: those 1635-69 36 Love:]
 Love. 1633 39 rage; *Ed:* rage, 1633-69 40 contract] extract
A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCC 41 eyes 1633-69:
 eyes; *Chambers* 42-3 brackets, *Ed* 44 Courts: Beg] Courts Beg
 1669: courts beg *Chambers*. See note from] frow 1633 45 your 1669,
A18, B, H40, JC, N, O'F, P, S96, TC: our 1633-54, *D, H49, Lec* love!
Ed: love. 1633-69

The

The triple Foole.

I Am two fooles, I know,
 For loving, and for faying so
 In whining Poëtry;
 But where's that wiseman, that would not be I,
 If she would not deny? 5
 Then as th'earths inward narrow crooked lanes
 Do purge sea waters fretfull salt away,
 I thought, if I could draw my paines,
 Through Rimes vexation, I should them allay,
 Griefe brought to numbers cannot be so fierce, 10
 For, he tames it, that fetters it in verse.

But when I have done so,
 Some man, his art and voice to show,
 Doth Set and sing my paine,
 And, by delighting many, frees againe 15
 Griefe, which verse did restraine.
 To Love, and Griefe tribute of Verse belongs,
 But not of such as pleases when'tis read,
 Both are increased by such songs:
 For both their triumphs so are published, 20
 And I, which was two fooles, do so grow three;
 Who are a little wise, the best fooles bee.

The triple Foole. 1633-69, A18, L74, N, TCC, TCD: Song or no title,
 B, Cy, D, H40, H49, HN, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96 4 the wiser
 man, 1669 5 If he should not deny? P 6 narrow om, P:
 crooked om. B lanes] vaines Cy, P 9 allay. 1633-39: allay. 1650-69,
 Chambers 10 numbers] number 1669 11 For, he tames it] He
 tames it much B 13 and] or 1669

Lovers infinitenesse.

IF yet I have not all thy love,
 Deare, I shall never have it all,
 I cannot breath one other sigh, to move,
 Nor can intreat one other teare to fall,
 And all my treasure, which should purchase thee, 5
 Sighs, teares, and oathes, and letters I have spent.
 Yet no more can be due to mee,
 Then at the bargaine made was ment,
 If then thy gift of love were partiall,
 That some to mee, some should to others fall, 10
 Deare, I shall never have Thee All.

Or if then thou gavest mee all,
 All was but All, which thou hadst then;
 But if in thy heart, since, there be or shall,
 New love created bee, by other men, 15
 Which have their stocks intire, and can in teares,
 In sighs, in oathes, and letters outbid mee,
 This new love may beget new feares,
 For, this love was not vowed by thee.
 And yet it was, thy gift being generall, 20
 The ground, thy heart is mine, what ever shall
 Grow there, deare, I should have it all.

Yet I would not have all yet,
 Hee that hath all can have no more,
 And since my love doth every day admit 25
 New growth, thou shouldst have new rewards in store;

Lovers infinitenesse. 1633-69: Mon Tout. A25, C: no title, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S: Elegie. S96 Query Loves infinitenesse.
 3 move, Ed: move; 1633-69 4 fall, Ed: fall. 1633: fall; 1635-69
 6 teares,] teares 1633 spent. Ed: spent. 1633-69 and Grolier: spent;
 Chambers 8 Then 1633-35, 1669: That 1639-54 9 were] was
 1669 partiall] generall A25, C 11 Thee 1633: It 1635-69
 (it 1669) 12 gavest] givest 1669 13 then; 1635-54: then, 1633
 17 and letters 1633: in letters 1635-69 19 thee. 1639-69: thee,
 1633-35 20 it] is 1633 21 is 1633, 1669: was 1635-54 25-6
 And since my heart doth every day beget New love, &c. A25.

Thou

Thou canst not every day give me thy heart,
 If thou canst give it, then thou never gavest it :
 Loves riddles are, that though thy heart depart,
 It stayes at home, and thou with losing savest it : 30
 But wee will have a way more liberall,
 Then changing hearts, to joyne them, so wee shall
 Be one, and one anothers All.

Song.

Sweetest love, I do not goe,
 For wearinesse of thee,
 Nor in hope the world can show
 A fitter Love for mee;
 But since that I 5
 Must dye at last, 'tis best,
 To use my felfe in jest
 Thus by fain'd deaths to dye ;

29-30 Except mine come when thine doth part
 And in such giving it, thou savest it : *A25, C*
 Perchance mine comes, when thine doth parte,
 And by such losing it, &c. *JC*

31 have] love 1669 : find *A25, C* 32 them] us 1669

Song. 1633-69 : Song. or no title, *A18, A25, B, C, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD* : in *A18, N, TCC, TCD*, this with Send home my long stray'd eyes and The Bait are given as Songs which were made to certain ayres which were made before. 1-4 In most

MSS. these lines are written as two long lines, and so with ll. 9-12, 17-20, 25-28, 33-36 4 mee ; 1650-69 : mee, 1633-39 5-8 But since . . . dye ; 1633, *A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, P, S, S96, TC* :

At the last must part 'tis best,
 Thus to use my felfe in jest

By fained deaths to dye ; 1635-54, *O'F* :

Must dye at last, 'tis best,

Thus to use my self in jest

By fained death to dye ; 1669

Yesternight

Yesternight the Sunne went hence,
 And yet is here to day, 10
 He hath no desire nor fenfe,
 Nor halfe so short a way :
 Then feare not mee,
 But beleeve that I shall make
 Speedier journeyes, since I take 15
 More wings and spurres then hee.
 O how feeble is mans power,
 That if good fortune fall,
 Cannot adde another houre,
 Nor a lost houre recall ! 20
 But come bad chance,
 And wee joyne to't it our strength,
 And wee teach it art and length,
 It selfe o'r us to'advance.
 When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not winde, 25
 But sigh'st my soule away,
 When thou weep'st, unkindly kinde,
 My lifes blood doth decay.
 It cannot bee
 That thou lov'st mee, as thou say'st, 30
 If in thine my life thou waste,
 Thou art the best of mee.
 Let not thy divining heart
 Forethinke me any ill,
 Destiny may take thy part, 35
 And may thy feares fulfill ;
 But thinke that wee
 Are but turn'd aside to sleepe ;
 They who one another keepe
 Alive, ne'r parted bee. 40

15 Speedier] Haftier 1669 20 recall ! *Ed*: recall ? 1633-69 25 not
 wind 1633: no wind 1635-69 32 Thou 1633 and *MSS.* generally :
 That 1635-54: Which 1669 best 1633-54: life 1669 36 may
 1633-35, 1669: make 1639-54 fulfill; *Ed*: fulfill, 1633-69
 38 turn'd] lai'd 1669

The Legacie.

WHEN I dyed laſt, and, Deare, I dye
 As often as from thee I goe,
 Though it be but an houre agoe,
 And Lovers houres be full eternity,
 I can remember yet, that I 5
 Something did ſay, and ſomething did beſtow;
 Though I be dead, which ſent mee, I ſhould be
 Mine owne executor and Legacie.
 I heard mee ſay, Tell her anon,
 That my ſelfe, (that is you, not I,) 10
 Did kill me, and when I felt mee dye,
 I bid mee ſend my heart, when I was gone,
 But I alas could there finde none,
 When I had ripp'd me, and ſearch'd where hearts did lye;
 It kill'd mee againe, that I who ſtill was true, 15
 In life, in my laſt Will ſhould cozen you.
 Yet I found ſomething like a heart,
 But colours it, and corners had,
 It was not good, it was not bad,
 It was intire to none, and few had part. 20
 As good as could be made by art
 It ſeem'd; and therefore for our loſſes ſad,
 I meant to ſend this heart in ſtead of mine,
 But oh, no man could hold it, for twas thine.

The Legacie. 1633-69: Legacie. L74: Song. or no title. A25, B, Cy,
 D, H40, H49, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96: Elegie. A18, N, TCC, TCD 1
 When I dyed laſt,] When laſt I dyed, 1669 1-4 (and deare . . .
 eternity) Grolier. 7 ſent 1633. 1669: meant 1635-54 ſhould be]
 might be 1669 10 that is 1635-69: that's 1633: brackets from A18,
 N, TC 13 none. 1633-69: none. Chambers and Grolier 14 When
 . . . did 1633. A25 (doe). D, H40, H49, Lec, S, S96: When I had ripp'd, and
 ſearch'd where hearts ſhould 1635-69, A18, L74, N, TC lye; Ed: lye,
 1633-69, Chambers and Grolier. See note 18 But] For 1650-69 20
 part. 1633-39: part: 1650-69 22 ſeem'd; Ed: ſeem'd, 1633-69,
 Grolier, and Chambers our loſſes ſad. 1633-54, A18, A25, L74, N, O'F,
 P, S96, TC: our loſs be ſad. 1669: our loſs be ye ſad. B, Cy, D, H40,
 H49, Lec, S: our loſſes ſad; Grolier: our loſs be ſad. Chambers 23
 meant] thought A18, L74, N, O'F, TC this 1633: that 1635-69

A Feaver.

OH doe not die, for I shall hate
 All women so, when thou art gone,
 That thee I shall not celebrate,
 When I remember, thou wast one.
 But yet thou canst not die, I know; 5
 To leave this world behinde, is death,
 But when thou from this world wilt goe,
 The whole world vapors with thy breath.
 Or if, when thou, the worlds foule, goest,
 It stay, tis but thy carkasse then, 10
 The fairest woman, but thy ghost,
 But corrupt wormes, the worthyest men.
 O wrangling schooles, that search what fire
 Shall burne this world, had none the wit
 Unto this knowledge to aspire, 15
 That this her feaver might be it?
 And yet she cannot wast by this,
 Nor long beare this torturing wrong,
 For much corruption needfull is
 To fuell such a feaver long. 20
 These burning fits but meteors bee,
 Whose matter in thee is soone spent.
 Thy beauty, and all parts, which are thee,
 Are unchangeable firmament.
 Yet t'was of my minde, seising thee, 25
 Though it in thee cannot perseuer.
 For I had rather owner bee
 Of thee one houre, then all else ever.

A Feaver. 1633-69, D, H40, H49, Lec, S96: Of a fever. L74: The
 Fever. B, Cy, O'F, P: Fever. A18, N, TCC, TCD: no title, JC 5
 know; Ed: know, 1633-69 8 with] in 1669 16 might] must TCC
 18 beare] endure 1669 torturing] tormenting JC, O'F (corr. from
 torturing) 19 For much 1633, A18, B, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec,
 N, S, S96, TC: For more 1635-69, O'F: Far more Cy, P 22 is
 soon] soon is 1669 24 Are] Are an 1669, P, S96 25 Yet
 'twas of 1633-54: And here as 1669 27 For] Yet 1669

Aire

Aire and Angels.

TWice or thrice had I loved thee,
 Before I knew thy face or name;
 So in a voice, so in a shapelesse flame,
Angells affect us oft, and worship'd bee;
 Still when, to where thou wert, I came, 5
 Some lovely glorious nothing I did see.
 But since my soule, whose child love is,
 Takes limmes of flesh, and else could nothing doe,
 More subtile then the parent is,
 Love must not be, but take a body too, 10
 And therefore what thou wert, and who,
 I bid Love aske, and now
 That it assume thy body, I allow,
 And fixe it selfe in thy lip, eye, and brow.

 Whilst thus to ballast love, I thought, 15
 And so more steddily to have gone,
 With wares which would sinke admiration,
 I saw, I had loves pinnace overfraught,
 Ev'ry thy haire for love to worke upon
 Is much too much, some fitter must be sought; 20
 For, nor in nothing, nor in things
 Extreme, and scatt'ring bright, can love inhere;
 Then as an Angell, face, and wings
 Of aire, not pure as it, yet pure doth weare,
 So thy love may be my loves spheare; 25
 Just such disparitie
 As is twixt Aire and Angells puritie,
 'Twixt womens love, and mens will ever bee.

Aire and Angels. 1633-69. *A18, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD*: no title, *B, H40* 4 bee; *Ed*: bee, 1633-69 5 came,]
 came 1633 6 I did] did I 1669 fee. *Ed*: see, 1633-69 7 since
Ed: since, 1633-69 11 who, *Ed*: who 1633-69 14 lip, eye,]
 lips, eyes, 1669, *Chambers* 19 Ev'ry thy 1633-39. *A18, B(Even), D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S(Ever), S96, TC*: Thy every 1650-69 22
 scatt'ring *Ed*: scattrring 1633-35: scattering 1639-69 27 Aire 1633-54
 and all MSS.: Airs 1669, *Chambers*

Breake

Breake of day.

'T Is true, 'tis day; what though it be?
 O wilt thou therefore rise from me?
 Why should we rise, because 'tis light?
 Did we lie downe, because 'twas night?
 Love which in spight of darknesse brought us hether, 5
 Should in despight of light keepe us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye;
 If it could speake as well as spie,
 This were the worst, that it could say,
 That being well, I faine would stay, 10
 And that I lov'd my heart and honor so,
 That I would not from him, that had them, goe.

Must businesse thee from hence remove?
 Oh, that's the worst disease of love,
 The poore, the foule, the false, love can 15
 Admit, but not the busied man.
 He which hath businesse, and makes love, doth doe
 Such wrong, as when a maryed man doth woove.

Breake of day. 1633-69, *A18, L74, N, TCC, TCD*: no title or Sonnet,
B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96: A Songe. *A25* 1 day;] day,
 1633 5 in spight 1633-39. 1669, *A25, JC, S96*: in disspight 1650-54,
A18, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, N, S, TC 6 in despight 1633, 1650-69: in
 spight 1635-39 keepe] holde *A18, L74, N, S96, TC* 9 were]
 is *A18, L74, N, O'F, S, TC* 11 I lov'd] I love *JC, N, O'F, TC* 12
 him, that had them, 1633-54, *D, H49, Lec, S*: him that hath them (or it)
A25, B, C, L74, N, O'F, TC: her, that had them, 1669: her that hath
 them *B, JC* (it), *S96* 15 foule,] foole, *H40* 18 as when . . . doth
 1633, 1669, *A25, C, D, H40, H49, Lec, S, S96*: as if . . . should *A18,*
B, JC, I, 74, N, O'F, TC: as when . . . should 1635-54

The

The Anniversarie.

ALL Kings, and all their favorites,
 All glory of honors, beauties, wits,
 The Sun it selfe, which makes times, as they passe,
 Is elder by a yeare, now, then it was
 When thou and I first one another saw : 5
 All other things, to their destruction draw,
 Only our love hath no decay;
 This, no to morrow hath, nor yesterday,
 Running it never runs from us away,
 But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day. 10

Two graves must hide thine and my coarfe,
 If one might, death were no divorce.
 Alas, as well as other Princes, wee,
 (Who Prince enough in one another bee,) 15
 Must leave at last in death, these eyes, and eares,
 Oft fed with true oathes, and with sweet salt teares;
 But foules where nothing dwells but love
 (All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove
 This, or a love increased there above,
 When bodies to their graves, foules from their graves
 remove. 20

The Anniversarie. 1633-69, *At8, N, TCC, TCD*: no title, *B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S*: Ad Liviam. *S96* 3 times, as they
 passe, 1633, 1669 (*which brackets which . . . pafs*), *MSS.*: times, as these
 pafs, 1635-54: time, as they pass, *Chambers*, who attributes to 1633, 1669
 12 divorce. *Ed*: divorce, 1633-69 17 love *Ed*: love; 1633-69 20
 to their graves] to their grave 1635-39

And

And then wee shall be throughly blest,
 But wee no more, then all the rest;
 Here upon earth, we're Kings, and none but wee
 Can be such Kings, nor of such subjects bee.
 Who is so safe as wee? where none can doe
 Treason to us, except one of us two. 25
 True and false feares let us refraine,
 Let us love nobly, and live, and adde againe
 Yeares and yeares unto yeares, till we attaine
 To write threescore: this is the second of our raigne. 30

A Valediction: of my name, in the window.

I.

MY name engrav'd herein,
 Doth contribute my firmnesse to this glasse,
 Which, ever since that charme, hath beene
 As hard, as that which grav'd it, was;
 Thine eye will give it price enough, to mock
 The diamonds of either rock. 5

22 wee *Ar8, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC*: now
1633-69. See note rest; *Ed*: rest. *1633-69* 23 none om.
1669, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, S, S96 24 None are such Kings, *1669,*
D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, S, S96 nor] and *D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, S, S96*
 bee. *Ed*: bee; *1633-69* 27 refraine,] refraine. *1669* 30 threescore:
Grolier: threescore, *1633-69*

A Valediction: Of *Sc. D, H49*: A Valediction of *Sc. 1633-69, H40,*
Lec: Valediction of *Sc. Ar8, N, TCC, TCD*: A Valediction of my
 name in the Glasse Window *Cy*: A Valediction to *Sc. B*: Valediction
 4: of Glasse *O'F*: Valediction in Glasse *P*: The Diamond and Glasse *S*:
 Vpon the engravinge of his name with a Diamonde in his mistris windowe
 when he was to travel. *S96* (*This is added to the title in O'F.*): similarly, *JC*
 4 was; *Ed*: was, *1633-69* 5 eye] eyes *Ar8, B, Cy, JC, N, O'F, P, S,*
S96, TC

II.

'Tis much that Glasse should bee
 As all confessing, and through-shine as I,
 'Tis more, that it shewes thee to thee,
 And cleare reflects thee to thine eye. 10
 But all such rules, loves magique can undoe,
 Here you see mee, and I am you.

III.

As no one point, nor dash,
 Which are but accessaries to this name,
 The showers and tempests can outwash, 15
 So shall all times finde mee the same;
 You this intirenesse better may fulfill,
 Who have the patterne with you still.

IIII.

Or, if too hard and deepe
 This learning be, for a scratch'd name to teach, 20
 It, as a given deaths head keepe,
 Lovers mortalitie to preach,
 Or thinke this ragged bony name to bee
 My ruinous Anatomie.

V.

Then, as all my foules bee, 25
 Emparadis'd in you, (in whom alone
 I understand, and grow and see,
 The rafters of my body, bone
 Being still with you, the Muscled, Sinew, and Veine,
 Which tile this house, will come againe. 30

8 I, 1633-54: I 1669 12 am you.] see you. 1669 14
 accessaries 1633-69, O'F, S: accessary A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, I.ec, N,
 P, S96, TC 15 tempests 1633, 1669: tempest 1635-54 19 Or, Ed:
 Or 1633-69

VI.

VI.

Till my returne, repaire
 And recompact my scattered body fo.
 As all the vertuous powers which are
 Fix'd in the starres, are said to flow
 Into such characters, as graved bee 35
 When these starres have supremacie:

VII.

So, since this name was cut
 When love and grieve their exaltation had,
 No doore 'gainst this names influence shut;
 As much more loving, as more sad, 40
 'Twill make thee; and thou shouldst, till I returne,
 Since I die daily, daily mourne.

VIII.

When thy inconsiderate hand
 Flings ope this casement, with my trembling name,
 To looke on one, whose wit or land, 45
 New battry to thy heart may frame,
 Then thinke this name alive, and that thou thus
 In it offendst my Genius.

IX.

And when thy melted maid,
 Corrupted by thy Lover's gold, and page, 50
 His letter at thy pillow'hath laid,
 Disputed it, and tam'd thy rage,
 And thou begin'st to thaw towards him, for this,
 May my name step in, and hide his.

32 fo. 1633-35: fo, 1639-69, *Chambers*. See note
 flow, 1633-69 36 these 1633: those 1635-69 34 flow *Ed*:
 supremacie: 1633-39: supremacie. 1650-69. See note have] had 1669
 1633-69 39 shut; *Ed*: shut, 1633-69 37 So, *Ed*: So
 596: out *A18, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, P, S, TC* 44 ope 1633-69, *O'F*,
 offends 1669 50 and] or 1669, *JC, O'F, S96* 48 offendst]
 52-3 Disputed thou it, and tame thy rage.
 If thou to him begin'st to thaw for this, 1669

X.

X.

And if this treason goe 55
 To an overt act, and that thou write againe;
 In superscribing, this name flow
 Into thy fancy, from the pane.
 So, in forgetting thou remembrest right,
 And unaware to mee shalt write. 60

XI.

But glasse, and lines must bee,
 No meanes our firme substantiall love to keepe;
 Neere death inflictis this lethargie,
 And this I murmure in my sleepe;
 Impute this idle talke, to that I goe, 65
 For dying men talke often fo.

Twicknam garden.

Blasted with sighs, and surrounded with teares,
 Hither I come to seeke the spring,
 And at mine eyes, and at mine eares,
 Receive such balmes, as else cure every thing;
 But O, selfe traytor, I do bring 5
 The spider love, which transubstantiates all,
 And can convert Manna to gall,
 And that this place may thoroughly be thought
 True Paradise, I have the serpent brought.

55 goe] growe *JC, O'F, S* 56 againe; 1633: againe: 1635-69 57
 this] my 1669 58 pane. 1633: Pen, 1635-69, *O'F, S* 60 unaware]
 unawares *B, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC* 64 this] thus 1635-69, *O'F, P, S, S96*
 Twicknam garden. 1633-69: *do. or Twitnam Garden. A18, L74 (in*
margin), N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD: In a Garden. *B:* no title, *A25,*
Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, P 3 eares] years 1669 4 balms . . .
 cure 1633, *A25, D, H49:* balm . . . cures 1635-69, *A18, B, Cy, L74, N,*
O'F, P, S, S96, TC thing; *Ed:* thing, 1633: thing: 1635-69 6
 spider] spiders 1669 8 thoroughly 1633-39: throughly 1650-69

'Twere wholsomer for mee, that winter did 10
 Benight the glory of this place,
 And that a grave frost did forbid
 These trees to laugh, and mocke mee to my face;
 But that I may not this disgrace
 Indure, nor yet leave loving, Love let mee 15
 Some senslesse peece of this place bee;
 Make me a mandrake, so I may groane here,
 Or a stone fountaine weeping out my yeare.

Hither with cristall vyals, lovers come,
 And take my teares, which are loves wine, 20
 And try your mistresse Teares at home,
 For all are false, that tast not just like mine;
 Alas, hearts do not in eyes shine,
 Nor can you more judge womans thoughts by teares,
 Then by her shadow, what she weares. 25
 O perverse fexe, where none is true but shee,
 Who's therefore true, because her truth kills mee.

A Valediction : of the booke.

I'll tell thee now (deare Love) what thou shalt doe
 To anger destiny, as she doth us,
 How I shall stay, though she Esloygne me thus
 And how posterity shall know it too;

12 did] would *A18, A25, N, TC* 13 laugh,] laugh *1633* 14 that
 I may not] since I cannot *1669* 15 nor yet leave loving, *1633: om. D,*
H40, H49, Lec: nor leave this garden, *1635-69, A18, A25, Cy, JC, L74, N,*
O'F, P, S, S96, TC 17 groane *A18, D, H40, H49, N, TC:* grow
1633-69, B, L74, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96 18 my yeare, *1633, 1669, D, H40,*
H49, Lec: the yeare. *1635-54, A18, A25, L74, N, O'F, P, TC* 20 loves]
 lovers *1639* 24 womans *A18, D, H40, H49, L74, N, TC:* womens
1633-69, Lec, P, S96

A Valediction: of &c. *Ed:* A Valediction of the Booke *A18, N, TCC,*
TCD: Valediction of the booke. *D, H49, Lec:* Valediction 3: Of the
 Booke *O'F:* The Booke *Cy, P:* Valediction to his booke. *1633-69, S:*
 A Valediction of a booke left in a windowe. *JC*

How

How thine may out-endure 5
 Sybills glory, and obscure
 Her who from Pindar could allure,
 And her, through whose helpe *Lucan* is not lame,
 And her, whose booke (they fay) *Homer* did finde, and name.

Study our manuscripts, those Myriades 10
 Of letters, which have past twixt thee and mee,
 Thence write our Annals, and in them will bee
 To all whom loves subliming fire invades,
 Rule and example found ;
 There, the faith of any ground 15
 No schismaticke will dare to wound,
 That fees, how Love this grace to us affords,
 To make, to keep, to use, to be these his Records.

This Booke, as long-liv'd as the elements,
 Or as the worlds forme, this all-graved tome 20
 In cypher writ, or new made Idiomē,
 Wee for loves clergie only're instruments :
 When this booke is made thus,
 Should againe the ravenous
 Vandals and Goths inundate us, 25
 Learning were safe; in this our Univerſe
 Schooles might learne Sciences, Spheares Muſick, Angels
 Verſe.

Here Loves Divines, (ſince all Divinity
 Is love or wonder) may finde all they ſeeke,
 Whether abſtraſt ſpiritually love they like, 30
 Their Soules exhal'd with what they do not ſee,

18 Records, 1633-69: records, *Grolier* 20 tome 1633-35: to me
 1639-54: Tomb. 1669, *A18, Cy, Lec, N, S* 21 Idiomē, *Ed*: Idiomē;
 1633-69 22 instruments: *Ed*: instruments, 1633-69. See note 25
 and Goths inundate us, *A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, Lec, N, TC*: and the
 Goths invade us, 1633-54, *S*: and Goths invade us, 1669, *H40, JC* (or), *O'F*,
P 26 were ſafe; 1633: rest omit ſemicolon. Univerſe 1633-39:
 Univerſe, 1650-69 30 abſtraſt] abſtracted 1669

Or, loth fo to amuze
 Faiths infirmitie, they chuse
 Something which they may see and use;
 For, though minde be the heaven, where love doth sit, 35
 Beauty a convenient type may be to figure it.

Here more then in their bookes may Lawyers finde,
 Both by what titles Mistresses are ours,
 And how prerogative these states devours,
 Transferr'd from Love himselfe, to womankind, 40
 Who though from heart, and eyes,
 They exact great subsidies,
 Forfake him who on them relies,
 And for the cause, honour, or conscience give,
 Chimeraes, vaine as they, or their prerogative. 45

Here Statesmen, (or of them, they which can reade,)
 May of their occupation finde the grounds:
 Love and their art alike it deadly wounds,
 If to consider what 'tis, one proceed, 50
 In both they doe excell
 Who the present governe well,
 Whose weaknesse none doth, or dares tell;
 In this thy booke, such will their nothing see,
 As in the Bible some can finde out Alchimy.

Thus vent thy thoughts; abroad I'll studie thee, 55
 As he removes farre off, that great heights takes;
 How great love is, prefence best tryall makes,
 But absence tryes how long this love will bee;

32 Or, . . . amuze *Ed:* Or . . . amuze, 1633-69 33 infirmitie,
 infirmities, 1669, *D, H49, Lec* 38 titles] titles, 1633 39 these states]
 those rites *Ar8, N, TC* 40 womankind, *Ed:* womankind. 1633-54:
 womankind: 1669 43 relies, *Ed:* relies 1633: relies; 1635-69 44
 give,] give; 1635-69 46 Statesmen] Tradesmen *Cy, P* 47 grounds:
Ed: grounds, 1633-69 49 'tis, one] 'tis on, 1669 53 their nothing
 1635-54, *Ar8, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC* (nothings), *Lec, N, O'F, S, TC* (*but*
the MSS. waver between their and there): there something 1633, 1669, *P*
 55 vent 1633, 1669: went 1635-54 thoughts; abroad] thoughts abroad:
 1669 56 great heights] shadows *O'F*

To take a latitude
 Sun, or starres, are fitlieft view'd 60
 At their brightest, but to conclude
 Of longitudes, what other way have wee,
 But to marke when, and where the darke eclipses bee?

Communitie.

Good wee must love, and must hate ill,
 For ill is ill, and good good fill,
 But there are things indifferent,
 Which wee may neither hate, nor love,
 But one, and then another prove, 5
 As wee shall finde our fancy bent.

If then at first wife Nature had
 Made women either good or bad,
 Then some wee might hate, and some chuse,
 But since shee did them so create, 10
 That we may neither love, nor hate,
 Onely this refts, All, all may use.

If they were good it would be seene,
 Good is as visible as greene,
 And to all eyes it selfe betrayes : 15
 If they were bad, they could not last,
 Bad doth it selfe, and others wast,
 So, they deserve nor blame, nor praise.

63 1669 omits darke
 Communitie. 1635-69: no title, 1633, A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC,
 L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD 3 there 1635-69, A18, B, N,
 O'F, S, TC, &c.: these 1633, D, Cy, H49, Lec 7 had Ed: had, 1633-39
 12 All, all 1633-54: All men 1669 15 betrayes: 1650-69: betrayes,
 1633-39

But they are ours as fruits are ours,
 He that but tafts, he that devours, 20
 And he that leaves all, doth as well:
 Chang'd loves are but chang'd forts of meat,
 And when hee hath the kernell eate,
 Who doth not fling away the shell?

Loves growth.

I Scarce beleewe my love to be so pure
 As I had thought it was,
 Because it doth endure
 Vicissitude, and season, as the graffe;
 Me thinkes I lyed all winter, when I swore, 5
 My love was infinite, if spring make it more.

But if this medicine, love, which cures all sorrow
 With more, not onely bee no quintessence,
 But mixt of all stufes, paining foule, or sence,
 And of the Sunne his working vigour borrow, 10
 Love's not so pure, and abstract, as they use
 To say, which have no Mistresse but their Muse,
 But as all else, being elemented too,
 Love sometimes would contemplate, sometimes do.

And yet no greater, but more eminent, 15
 Love by the spring is growne;
 As, in the firmament,

21 well: *Ed*: well, 1633-69
 Loves growth. 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD*: The Spring. or Spring. *B,*
Cy, D, H49, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96: no title, *JC* 9 paining 1633, *A18, B,*
D, H49, JC, Lec, N, S96, TC: vexing 1635-69, *Cy, O'F, P, S* 10 working
 1633 and *MSS.* as above: active 1635-69 and *MSS.* as above 11 pure,
 and] pure an 1669, *O'F* 14 do.] do 1633
 Starres

Starres by the Sunne are not inlarg'd, but showne.
 Gentle love deeds, as bloffomes on a bough,
 From loves awakened root do bud out now. 20
 If, as in water stir'd more circles bee
 Produc'd by one, love such additions take,
 Those like so many spheares, but one heaven make,
 For, they are all concentrique unto thee.
 And though each spring doe adde to love new heate, 25
 As princes doe in times of action get
 New taxes, and remit them not in peace,
 No winter shall abate the springs encrease.

Loves exchange.

Love, any devill else but you,
 Would for a given Soule give something too.
 At Court your fellowes every day,
 Give th'art of Riming, Huntsmanship, or Play,
 For them which were their owne before; 5
 Onely I have nothing which gave more,
 But am, alas, by being lowly, lower.
 I aske no dispensation now
 To falsifie a teare, or sigh, or vow,
 I do not sue from thee to draw 10
 A *non obstante* on natures law,
 These are prerogatives, they inhere
 In thee and thine; none should forswear
 Except that hee *Loves* minion were.

18-19 Starres . . . showne. Gentle love *Ed*: Starres . . . showne,
 Gentle love 1633-69:

Stars are not by the funne enlarg'd; but showne
 Greater; Loves deeds *P*. See note

24 thee. *Ed*: thee, 1633-69 28 the 1633, *A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec,*
N, S96, TC: this 1635-69, *Cy, O'F, P, S*

Loves exchange. 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD*: no title, *B, D, H40, H49,*
JC, Lec, O'F, P 4 or] and most *MSS*. Play *D*: play 1633-69 9
 or sigh, or vow, 1633-54: a sigh, a vow, 1669

Give

Give mee thy weaknesse, make mee blinde, 15
Both wayes, as thou and thine, in eies and minde;
Love, let me never know that this
Is love, or, that love childish is;
Let me not know that others know
That she knowes my paines, leaft that fo 20
A tender shame make me mine owne new woe.

If thou give nothing, yet thou'art iust,
Because I would not thy first motions trust;
Small townes which stand stiffe, till great shot
Enforce them, by warres law *condition* not. 25
Such in loves warfare is my case,
I may not article for grace,
Having put Love at last to shew this face.

This face, by which he could command
And change the Idolatrie of any land, 30
This face, which wheresoe'r it comes,
Can call vow'd men from cloisters, dead from tombes,
And melt both Poles at once, and store
Deferts with cities, and make more
Mynes in the earth, then Quarries were before. 35

For this, Love is enrag'd with mee,
Yet kills not. If I must example bee
To future Rebels; If th'unborne
Must learne, by my being cut up, and torne:
Kill, and dissect me, Love; for this 40
Torture against thine owne end is,
Rack't carcasses make ill Anatomies.

18 is; *Ed*: is. 1633-69 20 paines] paine *A18, B, D, H40, H49,*
JC, Lec, O'F, P, TC 21 1669 omits new 28 Love *D*: love 1633-69
this] his 1669 36 For this, *Ed*: For, this 1633-69 Love *D*: love
1633-69 37 not. If *Ed*: not; if 1633-39: not: if 1650-69

Confined Love.

SOME man unworthy to be possessor
 Of old or new love, himselfe being false or weake,
 Thought his paine and shame would be lesser,
 If on womankind he might his anger wreake,
 And thence a law did grow, 5
 One might but one man know;
 But are other creatures so?

Are Sunne, Moone, or Starres by law forbidden,
 To smile where they list, or lend away their light?
 Are birds divorc'd, or are they chidden 10
 If they leave their mate, or lie abroad a night?
 Beasts doe no joyntures lose
 Though they new lovers choose,
 But we are made worse then those.

Who e'r rigg'd faire ship to lie in harbors, 15
 And not to seeke new lands, or not to deale withall?
 Or built faire houses, set trees, and arbors,
 Only to lock up, or else to let them fall?
 Good is not good, unlesse
 A thousand it possesse, 20
 But doth waite with greedinesse.

¹ Confined Love. 1635-69: no title, 1633, A18, B, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, TCC, TCD: To the worthiest of all my lovers. Cy: To the of all my loves my virtuous mistriss. P 3 his] this 1669 lesser] the lesser A18, Cy, JC, P 6 might 1633-69: should B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, O'F, S, TC 9 lend] bend 1669 11 mate, 1633-39: meate, 1650: meat, 1669 a night (i.e. a-night) 1633-54: all night 1669 12 Beasts] Beast 1635 15 ship] ships 1669, Chambers 16 seeke new lands 1633-35 and MSS.: seeke lands 1639-69, Chambers, whose note is incorrect withall 1633: with all 1635-69 17 built 1633-35: build 1639-69

The Dreame.

DEare love, for nothing lesse then thee
 Would I have broke this happy dreame,
 It was a theame
 For reason, much too strong for phantasie,
 Therefore thou wakd'st me wisely; yet 5
 My Dreame thou brok'st not, but continued'st it,
 Thou art so truth, that thoughts of thee suffice,
 To make dreames truths; and fables histories;
 Enter these armes, for since thou thoughtst it best,
 Not to dreame all my dreame, let's act the rest. 10

As lightning, or a Tapers light,
 Thine eyes, and not thy noise wak'd mee;
 Yet I thought thee
 (For thou lovest truth) an Angell, at first sight,
 But when I saw thou sawest my heart, 15
 And knew'st my thoughts, beyond an Angels art,
 When thou knew'st what I dreamt, when thou knew'st when
 Excesse of joy would wake me, and cam'st then,
 I must confesse, it could not chuse but bee
 Prophane, to thinke thee any thing but thee. 20

Comming and staying shew'd thee, thee,
 But rising makes me doubt, that now,
 Thou art not thou.
 That love is weake, where feare's as strong as hee;

The Dreame. 1633-69: *do. or similarly*, A18, A25, B, C, Cy, D, H49, L74,
Lec, N, O'F, P, RP31, S, S96, TCC, TCD 6 brok'st . . . continued'st]
 breakest . . . continuest 1669, A25, C, P, S 7 so truth, 1633, A18, D,
 H49, L74, *Lec, N, TC*: to true, 1635-69, A25, B, C, Cy, O'F, P, S. See note
 10 act] doe A25, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, *Lec, O'F, P, S, S96* 14 an
 Angell,] but an Angell, A18, D, H49, L74, *Lec, N, TC* 16 thoughts,]
om. comma Grolier and Chambers. See note 17 then thou knew'st when
 1669 19 must] doe A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, *Lec, N, O'F, P, TC* 20
 Prophane,] Profanests A18, D, H49, L74, *Lec, N, S96, TC* 24 feare's
 as strong 1633-54, A18, D, H49, L74, *Lec, TCC*: feares are strong 1669,
 B, Cy, O'F, P, S, S96: feare is strong N, TCD

'Tis

'Tis not all spirit, pure, and brave, 25
 If mixture it of *Feare, Shame, Honor*, have.
 Perchance as torches which must ready bee,
 Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with mee,
 Thou cam'st to kindle, goest to come; Then I
 Will dreame that hope againe, but else would die. 30

A Valediction : of weeping.

LEt me powre forth
 My teares before thy face, whil'st I stay here,
 For thy face coines them, and thy stampe they beare,
 And by this Mintage they are something worth,
 For thus they bee 5
 Pregnant of thee;
 Fruits of much grieve they are, emblemes of more,
 When a teare falls, that thou falst which it bore,
 So thou and I are nothing then, when on a divers shore.

On a round ball 10
 A workeman that hath copies by, can lay
 An Europe, Afrique, and an Asia,
 And quickly make that, which was nothing, *All*,
 So doth each teare,
 Which thee doth weare, 15
 A globe, yea world by that impression grow,
 Till thy teares mixt with mine doe overflow
 This world, by waters sent from thee, my heaven dissolved so.

26 have. 1669: have; 1633-54 29 cam'st] com'st 1669 Then
 I] Thus I *A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TC* (*RP31 agrees with this group throughout*)

A Valediction: of *&c.* *Ed*: A Valediction of weeping. 1633-69: Valediction of Weeping. *A18, N, TCC, TCD*: A Valediction. *B, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec*: A Valediction of Teares. *Cy, S, S96*: Valediction 2. Of Tears. *O'F*: no title, *JC* 3 beare, 1633: beare; 1635-69 6 thee; *Ed*: thee, 1633-69 8 falst 1633-69: falls *A18, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, S, TC* 9 shore.] shore, 1633 13 *All*, 1633: *All* 1635: *All* 1639: *All*: 1650-69 16 world] would 1669

O more

O more then Moone,
 Draw not up seas to drowne me in thy spheare, 20
 Weepe me not dead, in thine armes, but forbear
 To teach the sea, what it may doe too foone;
 Let not the winde
 Example finde,
 To doe me more harme, then it purposeth; 25
 Since thou and I figh one anothers breath,
 Who e'r fighes most, is cruellest, and hafts the others death.

Loves Alchymie.

SOME that have deeper digg'd loves Myne then I,
 Say, where his centrique happineffe doth lie:
 I have lov'd, and got, and told,
 But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,
 I should not finde that hidden mysterie; 5
 Oh, 'tis imposture all:
 And as no chymique yet th'Elixar got,
 But glorifies his pregnant pot,
 If by the way to him befall
 Some odoriferous thing, or medicinall, 10
 So, lovers dreame a rich and long delight,
 But get a winter-seeming summers night.
 Our ease, our thrift, our honor, and our day,
 Shall we, for this vaine Bubles shadow pay?
 Ends love in this, that my man, 15
 Can be as happy'as I can; If he can

20 up seas] thy seas 1669 22 foone; *Ed*: foone, 1633-69 25
 purposeth; *Ed*: purposeth, 1633-69

Loves Alchymie. 1633-69: Mummye. A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC,
 L74 (or Alchymy. added in a later hand), Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCC, TCD:
 Elegie. P: no title, A25 14 Bubles] Bubles 1669 15 my 1633-69
 and MSS.: any S96, 1855, and Grolier (perhaps from some copy of 1633)
 Endure

Endure the short scorne of a Bridegroomes play ?
 That loving wretch that sweares,
 'Tis not the bodies marry, but the mindes,
 Which he in her Angelique findes, 20
 Would sweare as justly, that he heares,
 In that dayes rude hoarse minstralsey, the spheares.
 Hope not for minde in women ; at their best
 Sweetnesse and wit, they're but *Mummy*, posselt.

The Flea.

MArke but this flea, and marke in this,
 How little that which thou deny'st me is ;
 It suck'd me first, and now sucks thee,
 And in this flea, our two bloods mingled bee ;
 Thou know'st that this cannot be said 5
 A sinne, nor shame, nor losse of maidenhead,
 Yet this enjoys before it wooe,
 And pamper'd swells with one blood made of two,
 And this, alas, is more then wee would doe.

Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare, 10
 Where wee almost, yea more then maryed are.
 This flea is you and I, and this
 Our mariage bed, and mariage temple is ;

23-4 punctuation from MSS :

at their best,

Sweetnesse, and wit they're, but, *Mummy*, posselt. 1633-54 :

1669 omits all punctuation in these lines

The Flea is placed here in the 1633 edition : 1635-69 place it at beginning
 of Songs and Sonets: The Flea. or no title, A18, A25, B, C, Cy, D, H40,
 H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD 3 It suckt mee first,
 1633-54, D, H49 Lec, S96: Mee it suck'd first, 1669, A18, A25, B, C, Cy,
 L74, N, P, S, TC and now sucks] and now it sucks 1669 5 Thou
 know'st that 1633-54, D, H49, Lec: Confess it. This cannot be said 1669,
 A18, A25, B, Cy, H40, L74, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC 6 nor shame, nor
 losse 1633-54 (shame 1633), D, H49, Lec: or shame, or losf 1669, A18,
 A25, B, Cy, H40, L74, N, O'F, P, TC 9 would] could 1669 11 yea,
 1633-54, D, H49, Lec: nay, 1669, A18, A25, B, C, H40, L74, N, O'F, S, TC
 Though

Though parents grudge, and you, w'are met,
And cloysterd in these living walls of Jet. 15
Though use make you apt to kill mee,
Let not to that, selfe murder added bee,
And sacrilege, three finnes in killing three.

Cruell and sodaine, hast thou since
Purpled thy naile, in blood of innocence? 20
Wherein could this flea guilty bee,
Except in that drop which it suckt from thee?
Yet thou triumph'st, and saist that thou
Find'st not thy selfe, nor mee the weaker now;
'Tis true, then learne how false, feares bee; 25
Just so much honor, when thou yeeld'st to mee,
Will wast, as this flea's death tooke life from thee.

The Curse.

Who ever guesse, thinks, or dreames he knowes
Who is my mistress, wither by this curse;
His only, and only his purse
May some dull heart to love dispose,
And shee yeeld then to all that are his foes; 5
May he be scorn'd by one, whom all else scorne,
Forswear to others, what to her he hath sworne,
With feare of missing, shame of getting, torne:

16 you] thee *A18, Cy, N, O'F, S, S96, TC* 21 Wherein] In what
A18, A25, B, Cy, L74, N, O'F, S, S96, TC 22 drop] blood 1669
The Curse. 1633-69: A Curse. or The Curse. *A18, A25, B, C, D,*
H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, S, TCC, TCD: Dirae. P, Q 2 curse]
course 1669 3 His only, and only his purse 1633-54, *A18, A25, B,*
C, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, S, TC: Him, only for his purse
1669, *Chambers:* His one and his onely purse P 4 heart 1633-54
and *MSS.:* whore 1669 and *Chambers* 5 And she yeeld then to
1633-54 and *MSS.:* And then yield unto 1669, *Chambers* 8 getting,
Ed: getting 1633-69 torne: *Ed:* torne; 1633-54: torne. 1669. Compare
16 and 24

Madnesse his sorrow, gout his cramp, may hee
 Make, by but thinking, who hath made him such: 10
 And may he feele no touch
 Of conscience, but of fame, and bee
 Anguish'd, not that'twas sinne, but that'twas thee:
 In early and long scarcenesse may he rot,
 For land which had been his, if he had not 15
 Himselfe incestuously an heire begot:

May he dreame Treason, and beleewe, that hee
 Meant to performe it, and confesse, and die,
 And no record tell why:
 His sonnes, which none of his may bee, 20
 Inherite nothing but his infamie:
 Or may he so long Parasites have fed,
 That he would faine be theirs, whom he hath bred,
 And at the last be circumcis'd for bread:

The venom of all stepdames, gamsters gall, 25
 What Tyrans, and their subjects interwish,
 What Plants, Mynes, Beasts, Foule, Fish,
 Can contribute, all ill which all
 Prophets, or Poets spake; And all which shall
 Be annex'd in schedules unto this by mee, 30
 Fall on that man; For if it be a thee
 Nature before hand hath out-cursed mee.

9 cramp,] cramps, 1669, *Chambers*, and most MSS. 10 him 1633-54
 and MSS.: them 1669, *Chambers* 12 fame,] shame; *A18, A25, N, P, TC*
 14-16 In early and long scarcenes . . . an heire begot: 1633, *B, D, H40,*
H49, Lec, O' F (which gives alternate version in margin), *S*:

Or may he for her vertue reverence
 One that hates him onely for impotence,
 And equall Traitors be she and his sence.

1635-69, *A18, A25, C, JC, N, P, Q, S, TC*
 18 Meant] Went *A18, N, TC* 26 Tyrans, 1633-35: Tyrants, 1639:
 tyrants, 1650-69 27 Mynes, *A18, A25, B, H40, JC, L74, N, O' F,*
P, Q, S, TC: Myne, 1633-69, *D, H49, Lec* 28 ill 1669: ill, 1633-54

The Message.

SEnd home my long strayd eyes to mee,
 Which (Oh) too long have dwelt on thee;
 Yet since there they have learn'd such ill,
 Such forc'd fashions,
 And false passions,
 That they be
 Made by thee
 Fit for no good fight, keep them still. 5

Send home my harmlesse heart againe,
 Which no unworthy thought could staine;
 But if it be taught by thine
 To make jestings
 Of protestings,
 And crosse both
 Word and oath,
 Keepe it, for then 'tis none of mine. 10 15

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
 That I may know, and see thy lyes,
 And may laugh and joy, when thou
 Art in anguish
 And dost languish
 For some one
 That will none,
 Or prove as false as thou art now. 20

The Message. 1635-69: no title, 1633: Song. or no title, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S, S96: Sonnet. P: Songes w^{ch} were made to &c. (vid. sup. p. 18) A18, N, TCC, TCD 2 thee; Ed: thee, 1633-69 3 But if they there 1669, S 10 staine;] staine, 1633-69 11 But 1635-69: Which 1633, A18, A25, D, H49, Lec, N, TC 14 crosse A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC: breake 1633-69 16 Keep it still 'tis 1669 19 And may laugh, when that Thou D, H49, Lec 24 art now.] dost now. 1669

A noc-

*A nocturnall upon S. Lucies day,
Being the shortest day.*

Is the yeares midnight, and it is the dayes,
Lucies, who scarce feaven houres herself unmaskes,
The Sunne is spent, and now his flasks
Send forth light squibs, no constant rayes;

The worlds whole sap is funke: 5
The generall balme th'hydroptique earth hath drunk,
Whither, as to the beds-feet, life is shrunke,
Dead and enterr'd; yet all these seeme to laugh,
Compar'd with mee, who am their Epitaph.

Study me then, you who shall lovers bee 10
At the next world, that is, at the next Spring:

For I am every dead thing,
In whom love wrought new Alchimie.
For his art did expresse
A quintessence even from nothingnesse, 15
From dull privations, and leane emptinesse:
He ruin'd mee, and I am re-begot
Of absence, darknesse, death; things which are not.

All others, from all things, draw all that's good,
Life, soule, forme, spirit, whence they beeing have; 20

I, by loves limbecke, am the grave
Of all, that's nothing. Oft a flood
Have wee two wept, and so
Drownd the whole world, us two; oft did we grow
To be two Chaoses, when we did shew 25
Care to ought else; and often absences
Withdrew our soules, and made us carcases.

A nocturnal &c. 1633-69, A18, N, O'F, TCC, TCD 7 beds-
feet,] beds-feet 1633-69 12 every 1633, A18, N, O'F (altered to a very),
TC: a very 1635-69 16 emptinesse: 1719: emptinesse; Chambers
and Grolier: emptinesse 1633-54: emptinesse, 1669. See note 20
have; Ed: have, 1633-69.

But I am by her death, (which word wrongs her)
 Of the first nothing, the Elixer grown;
 Were I a man, that I were one, 30
 I needs must know; I should preferre,
 If I were any beaft,
 Some ends, some means; Yea plants, yea ftones deteft,
 And love; All, all fome properties invest;
 If I an ordinary nothing were, 35
 As fhadow, a light, and body must be here.

But I am None; nor will my Sunne renew.
 You lovers, for whose fake, the lesser Sunne
 At this time to the Goat is runne
 To fetch new lust, and give it you, 40
 Enjoy your summer all;
 Since shee enjoys her long nights festivall,
 Let mee prepare towards her, and let mee call
 This houre her Vigill, and her Eve, since this
 Both the yeares, and the dayes deep midnight is. 45

Witchcraft by a picture.

I Fixe mine eye on thine, and there
 Pitty my picture burning in thine eye,
 My picture drown'd in a transparent teare,
 When I looke lower I espie;
 Hadst thou the wicked skill 5
 By pictures made and mard, to kill,
 How many wayes mightst thou performe thy will?

31 know;] know, 1633 32 beaft,] beast; *Grolier* 34 love;
 All, all *Ed*: love, all, all 1633-69 invest; *Ed*: invest, 1633: invest
 1635-69 37 renew. 1633: renew, 1635-69 41 all; *Ed*: all,
 1633-69 and *Chambers*, who places a full stop after festivall 44 Eve,
 1650-69: eve, 1633-39
 Witchcraft &c. 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD*: The Picture. or Picture.
Cy, JC, O'F, P, S96: A Songe. *B* 4 espie; *Ed*: espie, 1633-69
 6 to kill, *Ed*: to kill? 1633-39: to kill; 1650-69

But

But now I have drunke thy sweet falt teares,
 And though thou poure more I'll depart;
 My picture vanish'd, vanish feares, 10
 That I can be endamag'd by that art;
 Though thou retaine of mee
 One picture more, yet that will bee,
 Being in thine owne heart, from all malice free.

The Baite.

Come live with mee, and bee my love,
 And wee will some new pleasures prove
 Of golden sands, and christall brookes,
 With filken lines, and silver hookes.

There will the river whispering runne 5
 Warm'd by thy eyes, more then the Sunne.
 And there the'inamor'd fish will stay,
 Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swimme in that live bath,
 Each fish, which every channell hath, 10
 Will amorously to thee swimme,
 Gladder to catch thee, then thou him.

9 And though] Although 1669 And though thou therefore poure more
 will depart; B, H40 10 vanish'd, vanish feares, 1633, A18, B, Cy, H40,
 JC, N, P, S96, TC: vanished, vanish all feares 1635-54, O'F: vanish, vanish
 feares, 1669 11 that] thy JC, O'F, S96 14 all] thy B, H40, S96

The Baite. 1635-69: no title, 1633: Song, or no title, D, H49, JC, Lec,
 O'F, P, S96, Walton's Compleate Angler: Fourth Day: Chap. XII.:
 Songs that were made &c. (vid. sup. p. 18) A18, N, TCC, TCD 2 some
 new] all the P 3 brookes, Ed: brookes: 1633-69 5 whispering
 1633: whispring 1635-69 6 thy] thine 1669, A18, N, TC 7
 inamor'd] enamelled Walton stay] play 1669 11 to] unto JC, O'F,
 P: to see N: Most amorously to thee will swim Walton

If thou, to be so feene, beeſt loath,
 By Sunne, or Moone, thou darkneſt both,
 And if my ſelfe have leave to ſee,
 I need not their light, having thee. 15

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
 And cut their legges, with ſhells and weeds,
 Or treacherouſly poore fiſh beſet,
 With ſtrangling ſnare, or windowie net: 20

Let coarſe bold hands, from ſlimy neſt
 The bedded fiſh in banks out-wreſt,
 Or curious traitors, ſleavesilke flies
 Bewitch poore fiſhes wandring eyes.

For thee, thou needſt no ſuch deceit,
 For thou thy ſelfe art thine owne bait;
 That fiſh, that is not catch'd thereby,
 Alas, is wiſer farre then I. 25

The Apparition.

WHen by thy ſcorne, O murthereſſe, I am dead,
 And that thou thinkſt thee free
 From all ſolicitation from mee,
 Then ſhall my gholt come to thy bed,
 And thee, fain'd veſtall, in worſe armes ſhall ſee; 5

15 my ſelfe] mine eyes *Walton*: my heart *A18, N, TC* 18 with]
 which 1633 20 ſnare,] ſnares, *Walton* windowie] winding 1669. See
 note 23 Or 1633-69: Let *Walton* ſleavesilke 1635: ſleave filke
 1639-69 and *Walton*: ſleavesicke 1633 24 To witch poor wandring
 fiſhes eyes. *Walton* 25 thou needſt] there needs *D, H49, Lec, S96*
 26 bait; *Ed*: bait, 1633-69 27 catch'd 1633-69: catch't *Walton*:
 caught *P* 28 Is wiſer far, alas *Walton*

The Apparition. 1633-69: *do. or An Apparition. A18, A25, B, Cy,*
D, H40, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD 2 that thou thinkſt]
 thou ſhalt think 1669 3 ſolicitation] ſolicitations *JC, O'F* 5 thee,
 . . . veſtall, *Ed*: thee . . . veſtall 1633-39: thee . . . Veſtall 1650-69
 Then

Then thy sicke taper will begin to winke,
 And he, whose thou art then, being tyr'd before,
 Will, if thou stirre, or pinch to wake him, thinke
 Thou call'st for more,
 And in false sleepe will from thee shrink, 10
 And then poore Aspen wretch, neglected thou
 Bath'd in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lye
 A verier ghost then I;
 What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
 Left that preserve thee'; and since my love is spent, 15
 I'had rather thou shouldst painfully repent,
 Then by my threatnings rest still innocent.

The broken heart.

HE is starke mad, who ever sayes,
 That he hath beene in love an houre,
 Yet not that love so soone decayes,
 But that it can tenne in lesse space devour;
 Who will beleewe mee, if I sweare 5
 That I have had the plague a yeare?
 Who would not laugh at mee, if I should say,
 I saw a flaske of powder burne a day?
 Ah, what a trifle is a heart,
 If once into loves hands it come! 10
 All other griefes allow a part
 To other griefes, and aske themselves but some;

7 then] 1669 omits 10 in false sleepe will from 1633, Cy, D, H49,
 Lec, S: in false sleepe from 1635-54: in a false sleepe even from 1669:
 in a false sleepe from A25, P: in a false sleepe will from A18, N, TC
 13 I;] I, 1633, some copies 17 rest still] keep thee A25, Cy, JC, O'F, P
 The broken heart. 1633-69: Broken Heart. L74: Song, or no title, A18,
 A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, TCC, TCD: Elegie. P, S96 8
 flaske 1633, A25, B, C, Cy, D, H40, Lec, O'F (corrected from flash), P, S:
 flash 1635-69, A18, H49, N, TC 10 come! Ed: come? 1633-69
 12 some; Ed: some, 1633-69

They

They come to us, but us Love draws,
 Hee swallows us, and never chawes:
 By him, as by chain'd shot, whole rankes doe dye, 15
 He is the tyran Pike, our hearts the Frye.
 If 'twere not so, what did become
 Of my heart, when I first saw thee?
 I brought a heart into the roome,
 But from the roome, I carried none with mee: 20
 If it had gone to thee, I know
 Mine would have taught thine heart to shew
 More pittie unto mee: but Love, alas,
 At one first blow did shiver it as glasse.
 Yet nothing can to nothing fall, 25
 Nor any place be empty quite,
 Therefore I thinke my breast hath all
 Those peeces still, though they be not unite;
 And now as broken glasses shew
 A hundred lesser faces, so 30
 My ragges of heart can like, wish, and adore,
 But after one such love, can love no more.

A Valediction: forbidding mourning.

AS virtuous men passe mildly away,
 And whisper to their soules, to goe,
 Whilst some of their sad friends doe say,
 The breath goes now, and some say, no:

15 chain'd shot] chain-shott *A18, A25, N, TC* 16 tyran] Tyrant
 1669 our hearts] and we 1669 17 did] could *A18, A25, B, C, L74,*
O'F, N, TC: would *B, Cy, M, S* 20 mee: 1650-69: mee; 1633-39
 23 alas,] alas 1633 24 first] fierce *A18, B, N, TC* 30 hundred]
 thousand *A18, A25, B, Cy, L74, M, N, P, S, TC*

A Valediction: forbidding &c. *Ed:* A Valediction forbidding &c.
 1633-69: Valediction forbidding &c. *A18, N, TCC, TCD:* Valediction
 agaynst &c. *A25, C:* A Valediction. *B, Cy, D, H40, H49, Lec:* Vpon
 the partinge from his Mistris. *O'F, S96:* To his love upon his departure
 from her. *JC:* Elegie. *L74, P:* also in *Walton's Life of Donne (1675)*
 4 The breath goes now, 1633-54, and all the MSS.: Now his breath
 goes, 1669, *Chambers* no: *Ed:* no. 1633-54: No; 1669

So

- So let us melt, and make no noise, 5
 No teare-floods, nor figh-tempests move,
 T'were prophanation of our joyes
 To tell the layetie our love.
- Moving of th'earth brings harmes and feares,
 Men reckon what it did and meant, 10
 But trepidation of the spheares,
 Though greater farre, is innocent.
- Dull sublunary lovers love
 (Whose foule is sence) cannot admit
 Absence, because it doth remove 15
 Those things which elemented it.
- But we by a love, so much refin'd,
 That our selves know not what it is,
 Inter-assured of the mind,
 Care lesse, eyes, lips, and hands to misse. 20
- Our two foules therefore, which are one,
 Though I must goe, endure not yet
 A breach, but an expansion,
 Like gold to avery thinnesse beate.
- If they be two, they are two fo 25
 As stiffe twin compasses are two,
 Thy foule the fixt foot, makes no shew
 To move, but doth, if the'other doe.
- 6 No wind-fighs or tear-floods us move, *Walton* 8 layetie our love.
1633-69 (love' 1633), A25, D, C, H49, Lec, S: layetie of our love. *A18, B,*
Cy, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, S96, TC 9 Moving . . . brings] Movings . . .
cause Walton, O'F 10 it] they *Walton* 15 Absence, because
1633-54 and MSS.: Of absence, cause 1669 16 Those things
1633-54 and all MSS.: The thing 1669, Chambers. See note 17
much] far 1669 18 our selves] our fouls *Walton* 20 Care lesse,
1633-35, 1669: Carelesse, 1639-54 lips, and hands *1669 and all*
MSS.: lips, hands 1633

And

And though it in the center fit,
 Yet when the other far doth rome,
 It leanes, and hearkens after it,
 And growes erect, as that comes home.
 Such wilt thou be to mee, who must
 Like th'other foot, obliquely runne;
 Thy firmnes makes my circle just,
 And makes me end, where I begunne.

The Extasie.

Where, like a pillow on a bed,
 A Pregnant banke swel'd up, to rest
 The violets reclining head,
 Sat we two, one anothers best.
 Our hands were firmly cimented
 With a fast balme, which thence did spring,
 Our eye-beames twisted, and did thred
 Our eyes, upon one double string;
 So to'entergraft our hands, as yet
 Was all the meanes to make us one,
 And pictures in our eyes to get
 Was all our propagation.
 As 'twixt two equall Armies, Fate
 Suspends uncertaine victorie,
 Our soules, (which to advance their state,
 Were gone out,) hung 'twixt her, and mee.

30 the other] my other *Walton* 31 It] Thine *Walton* 32 that]
 mine *Walton* 34 runne; *Ed*: runne. 1633-69 35 circle] circles
 1639-54 36 makes me] me to *Walton*
 The Extasie. 1633-69: *do.* or Extasie. *A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49,*
JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD 3 reclining 1633-54: de-
 clining 1669 4 best. *Ed*: best; 1633-54 Sate we on one
 anothers breasts. 1669 6 With 1633, *A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec,*
P, S, TC: By 1635-69, *Chambers* 8 string; *Ed*: string, 1633-69
 9 to'entergraft 1633, *A18, D, H40, H49, Lec, N, P, S, TC*: to engraft 1635-
 69, *A25, JC, O'F, Chambers* 11 in 1633-69, *P*: on *A18, A25, B, D,*
H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, TC 15 their 1633 and most *MSS*:
 our 1635-69, *O'F, P*

And

And whil't our foules negotiate there,
 Wee like sepulchrall statues lay;
 All day, the same our postures were,
 And wee said nothing, all the day. 20
 If any, so by love refin'd,
 That he foules language understood,
 And by good love were growen all minde,
 Within convenient distance stood,
 He (though he knew not which soule spake, 25
 Because both meant, both spake the same)
 Might thence a new concoction take,
 And part farre purer then he came.
 This Extasie doth unperplex
 (We said) and tell us what we love, 30
 Wee see by this, it was not sexe,
 Wee see, we saw not what did move: V
 But as all severall foules containe
 Mixture of things, they know not what,
 Love, these mixt foules, doth mixe againe, 35
 And makes both one, each this and that.
 A single violet transplant,
 The strength, the colour, and the size,
 (All which before was poore, and scant,)
 Redoubles still, and multiplies. 40
 When love, with one another so
 Interinanimates two foules,
 That abler soule, which thence doth flow,
 Defects of lonelinessse controules.
 Wee then, who are this new soule, know, 45
 Of what we are compos'd, and made,
 For, th'Atomies of which we grow,
 Are foules, whom no change can invade.

18 lay; *Ed*: lay, 1633-69 25 knew 1635-69, *Ar8*, *A25*, *B*, *H40*,
H49, *JC*, *N*, *P*, *TC*: knowes 1633, *D*, *Lec* 29 doth] do 1669 31 sexe,
 1669: sexe 1633-54 42 Interinanimates *Ar8*, *A25*, *B*, *H40*, *H49*,
JC, *N*, *O'F*, *P*, *TC*: Interanimates 1633-69, *D*, *Lec* 44 loneliness]
 loneliness 1669 46 made, 1633-39: made: 1650-69 47 Atomies
 1633-54: Atomes 1669 48 are foules, 1633, 1669: are foule, 1635-54
 But

But O alas, so long, so farre
 Our bodies why doe wee forbear? 50
 They are ours, though they are not wee, Wee are
 The intelligences, they the spheare.
 We owe them thanks, because they thus,
 Did us, to us, at first convey,
 Yeeled their forces, sense, to us, 55
 Nor are drosse to us, but allay.
 On man heavens influence workes not so,
 But that it first imprints the ayre,
 Soe soule into the soule may flow,
 Though it to body first repaire. 60
 As our blood labours to beget
 Spirits, as like soules as it can,
 Because such fingers need to knit
 That subtile knot, which makes us man:
 So must pure lovers soules descend 65
 T'affections, and to faculties,
 Which sense may reach and apprehend,
 Else a great Prince in prison lies.
 To'our bodies turne wee then, that so
 Weake men on love reveal'd may looke; 70
 Loves mysteries in soules doe grow,
 But yet the body is his booke.
 And if some lover, such as wee,
 Have heard this dialogue of one,
 Let him still marke us, he shall see 75
 Small change, when we're to bodies gone.

51 though they are not *A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC*: though not 1633-69 52 spheare. *A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC*: spheares. 1633-69 55 forces, sense, *A18, A25, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC*: senses force 1633-69 59 Soe *A18, A25, B, H40, JC, N, P, S, S96, TC*: For 1633-69, *D, H49, Lec* 64 makes] make 1635-39 72 his] the 1669 76 gone. 1633, *A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S, TC*: growne. 1635-69, *P, S96*

Loves Deitie.

I Long to talke with some old lovers ghost,
 Who dyed before the god of Love was borne:
 I cannot thinke that hee, who then lov'd most,
 Sunke so low, as to love one which did scorne.
 But since this god produc'd a destinie, 5
 And that vice-nature, custome, lets it be;
 I must love her, that loves not mee.
 Sure, they which made him god, meant not so much,
 Nor he, in his young godhead practis'd it;
 But when an even flame two hearts did touch, 10
 His office was indulgently to fit
 Actives to passives. Correspondencie
 Only his subject was; It cannot bee
 Love, till I love her, that loves mee.
 But every moderne god will now extend 15
 His vast prerogative, as far as Jove.
 To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,
 All is the purlewe of the God of Love.
 Oh were wee wak'ned by this Tyrannie
 To ungod this child againe, it could not bee 20
 I should love her, who loves not mee.
 Rebell and Atheist too, why murmure I,
 As though I felt the worst that love could doe?
 Love might make me leave loving, or might trie
 A deeper plague, to make her love mee too, 25
 Which, since she loves before, I'am loth to see;
 Falshood is worse then hate; and that must bee,
 If shee whom I love, should love mee.

Loves Deitie. 1633-69, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec,
 N, O'F, S, S96, TCC, TCD: Elegye. P 8 much, 1639-69: much:
 1633: much? 1635 9 it; Ed: it. 1633-69 13 subject] Subject
 1669 14 Love, . . . mee. 1633, 1669, A25, B, C, Cy, D, H40 (who),
 H49, JC, L74, N, P, S (lov'd), TCD: Love, if I love, who loves not me.
 1635-54, O'F 19 Oh . . . wak'ned] Were we not weak'ned 1669
 21 That I should love, who loves not me. A18, A25, C, Cy, D, H49,
 JC, L74, Lec, N, P, S, S96, TC: O'F reads as these but alters to as in
 printed edd. 24 might make A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74,
 N, P, S, S96, TC: may make 1633-69, Lec 26 Which,] Which 1633

Loves

Loves diet.

TO what a comberfome unwieldineffe
 And burdenous corpulence my love had growne,
 But that I did, to make it leffe,
 And keepe it in proportion,
 Give it a diet, made it feed upon
 That which love worft endures, *discretion.* 5

Above one figh a day I'allow'd him not,
 Of which my fortune, and my faults had part;
 And if fometimes by stealth he got
 A fhe figh from my miftrefle heart, 10
 And thought to feaft on that, I let him fee
 'Twas neither very found, nor meant to mee.

If he wroung from mee'a teare, I brin'd it fo
 With fcorne or shame, that him it nourish'd not;
 If he fuck'd hers, I let him know 15
 'Twas not a teare, which hee had got,
 His drinke was counterfeit, as was his meat;
 For, eyes which rowle towards all, weepe not, but fweat.

What ever he would dictate, I writ that,
 But burnt my letters; When fhe writ to me, 20
 And that that favour made him fat,
 I faid, if any title bee
 Convey'd by this, Ah, what doth it availe,
 To be the fortieth name in an entaile?

Loves diet. 1633-69, A18, A25, B, C, Cy, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, N,
 O'F, P, S, TCC (torn out of TCD): Amoris Dieta. 596 12 mee.
 Ed: mee; 1633-35: mee; 1639-69 18 For,] Her 1669 19
 Whatever . . . that, 1633-39, 1669: Whate'er might him diftaft I ftill
 writ that, 1650-54: Whatfoever hee would diftaft I writt that, A18, N, TC
 20 But burnt my letters; When fhe writ to me, 1633: But burnt her
 letters when fhe writ to me, 1635: But burnt her letters when fhe writ to
 me; 1639-54, Chambers: But burnt my letters which fhe writ to me; 1669
 21 that that 1633: if that 1635-69. See note 24 name] man 1669
 Thus

Thus I reclaim'd my buzard love, to flye 25
 At what, and when, and how, and where I chuse;
 Now negligent of sport I lye,
 And now as other Fawknere use,
 I spring a mistresse, sweare, write, sigh and weepe:
 And the game kill'd, or lost, goe talke, and sleepe. 30

The Will.

BEfore I sigh my last gaspe, let me breath,
 Great love, some Legacies; Here I bequeath
 Mine eyes to *Argus*, if mine eyes can see,
 If they be blinde, then Love, I give them thee;
 My tongue to Fame; to 'Embassadours mine eares; 5
 To women or the sea, my teares.
 Thou, Love, hast taught mee heretofore
 By making mee serve her who had twenty more,
 That I should give to none, but such, as had too much
 before.
 My constancie I to the planets give; 10
 My truth to them, who at the Court doe live;
 Mine ingenuity and opennesse,
 To Jesuites; to Buffones my pensivenesse;
 My silence to any, who abroad hath beene;
 My mony to a Capuchin. 15
 Thou Love taught'st me, by appointing mee
 To love there, where no love receiv'd can be,
 Onely to give to such as have an incapacitie.

25 reclaim'd 1635-69, A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, L74, N, O'F, S, TCC:
 redeem'd 1633, Lec 26 chuse] chose 1669 27 sport 1635-69, A18,
 B, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, S, S96, TCC: sports 1633 30 and 1633
 and most MSS.: or 1635-69, Cy, O'F, S

The Will. 1633-69: do. or A Will. A25, B, C, Cy, D, H40, H49.
 Lec, M, O'F, P: Loves Will. L74: Loves Legacies. A18, N, TCC
 (torn out of TCD), S: Testamentum. S96: His Last Will and Testament.
 JC 2 Here I 1633-54: I here 1669, Chambers 6 teares. Ed:
 teares; 1633-69 8 serve her] love her 1669 10 give; Ed:
 give, 1633-69 10-27 These stanzas printed without a break, 1669
 14 hath] have 1669 18 an incapacitie.] no good Capacity. 1669

My

My faith I give to Roman Catholiques;
 All my good works unto the Schismaticks 20
 Of Amsterdam; my best civility
 And Courtship, to an Universitie;
 My modesty I give to souldiers bare;
 My patience let gamesters share.
 Thou Love taughtst mee, by making mee 25
 Love her that holds my love disparity,
 Onely to give to those that count my gifts indignity.
 I give my reputation to those
 Which were my friends; Mine industrie to foes;
 To Schoolemen I bequeath my doubtfulnesse; 30
 My sicknesse to Physitians, or excesse;
 To Nature, all that I in Ryme have writ;
 And to my company my wit.
 Thou Love, by making mee adore
 Her, who begot this love in mee before, 35
 Taughtst me to make, as though I gave, when I did but
 restore.
 To him for whom the passing bell next tolls,
 I give my physick bookes; my writen rowles
 Of Morall counsels, I to Bedlam give;
 My brazen medals, unto them which live. 40
 In want of bread; To them which passe among
 All forrainers, mine English tongue.
 Thou, Love, by making mee love one
 Who thinkes her friendship a fit portion
 For yonger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion. 45
 Therefore I'll give no more; But I'll undoe
 The world by dying; because love dies too.
 Then all your beauties will bee no more worth
 Then gold in Mines, where none doth draw it forth;
 19-27 omitted, *A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74* (added later),
Lec, M (added later), *N, P, TCC*: given in *O'F, S*, and all editions 33
 wit. *Ed*: wit; 1633-69 34 Love, 1650-69: love, 1633-39 36 did
 1633 and *MSS.*: do 1635-69, *O'F* 45 gifts 1633-35, 1669: gift 1639-54
 46 more; But 1633: more, but 1635-69 49-51 forth; ... grave.
 1669: forth. ... grave, 1633-39 by interchange: forth ... grave. 1650-54
 VOL. I. F And

And all your graces no more use shall have 50
 Then a Sun dyall in a grave.
 Thou Love taughtst mee, by making mee
 Love her, who doth neglect both mee and thee,
 To'invent, and practife this one way, to'annihilate all three.

The Funerall.

WHo ever comes to shroud me, do not harme
 Nor question much
 That subtile wreath of haire, which crowns my arme;
 The mystery, the signe you must not touch,
 For'tis my outward Soule, 5
 Viceroy to that, which then to heaven being gone,
 Will leave this to controule,
 And keepe these limbes, her Provinces, from dissolution.

For if the finewie thread my braine lets fall
 Through every part, 10
 Can tye those parts, and make mee one of all;
 These haire which upward grew, and strength and art
 Have from a better braine,
 Can better do't; Except she meant that I
 By this should know my pain, 15
 As prisoners then are manacled, when they're condemn'd
 to die.

54 all three. 1633-39, three being below the line in 1633 and above in 1635-39: al. three 1650-54, the full stop having fallen from three to all below it: annihilate thee. 1669

The Funerall. 1633-69, A18, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD
 3 which . . . arme;] about mine arm; 1669 6
 then to A18, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC: unto 1633-69
 12 These A18, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, N, S(The), S96, TC: Those 1633-69,
 Lec, O'F grew, 1633-39: grow, 1650-69 16 condemn'd] con-
 dem'nd 1633

What

What ere shee meant by't, bury it with me,
 For since I am
 Loves martyr, it might breed idolatrie,
 If into others hands these Reliques came; 20
 As'twas humility
 To afford to it all that a Soule can doe,
 So,'tis some bravery,
 That since you would save none of mee, I bury some of
 you.

The Blossome.

Little think'ft thou, poore flower,
 Whom I have watch'd fixe or seaven dayes,
 And seene thy birth, and seene what every houre
 Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,
 And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough, 5
 Little think'ft thou
 That it will freeze anon, and that I shall
 To morrow finde thee false, or not at all;

Little think'ft thou poore heart
 That labour'ft yet to nestle thee, 10
 And think'ft by hovering here to get a part
 In a forbidden or forbidding tree,
 And hop'ft her stiffenesse by long siege to bow:
 Little think'ft thou,
 That thou to morrow, ere that Sunne doth wake, 15
 Must with this Sunne, and mee a journey take.

17 with me, 1635-69 and MSS.: by me, 1633 24 save *A18, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, N, P, TC*: have 1633-69, *Lec, O'F, S96*: om. *S*
 The Blossome. 1633-69, *A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCC, TCD*: no title, *A25* 9-13 poore heart . . . bow:] in brackets 1650-69
 10 labour'ft *A18, N, TC*: labourest 1635-69: labours 1633 15 that
 Sunne 1633: the Sunne 1635-69

But

But thou which lov'st to bee
 Subtile to plague thy selfe, wilt fay,
 Alas, if you must goe, what's that to mee ?
 Here lyes my businesse, and here I will stay : 20
 You goe to friends, whose love and meanes present
 Various content
 To your eyes, eares, and tongue, and every part.
 If then your body goe, what need you a heart ?

Well then, stay here ; but know, 25
 When thou hast stayd and done thy most ;
 A naked thinking heart, that makes no show,
 Is to a woman, but a kinde of Ghost ;
 How shall shee know my heart ; or having none,
 Know thee for one ? 30
 Practise may make her know some other part,
 But take my word, shee doth not know a Heart.

Meet mee at London, then,
 Twenty dayes hence, and thou shalt see
 Mee fresher, and more fat, by being with men, 35
 Then if I had staid still with her and thee.
 For Gods sake, if you can, be you so too :
 I would give you
 There, to another friend, whom wee shall finde
 As glad to have my body, as my minde. 40

18 wilt] will 1669 23 tongue *A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec,*
N, O'F, S96, TC: om. S: taft 1633-69 24 need you a heart? *A25,*
B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC: need you have a heart? JC: need
your heart? 1633-69 38 I would *A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, N, O'F,*
S, S96, TC: I will 1633-69, Lec

*The Primrose, being at Montgomery Castle, upon the
hill, on which it is situate.*

Vpon this Primrose hill,
Where, if Heav'n would distill
A shoure of raine, each severall drop might goe
To his owne primrose, and grow Manna so;
And where their forme, and their infinitie 5
Make a terrestriall Galaxie,
As the small starres doe in the skie:
I walke to finde a true Love; and I see
That'tis not a mere woman, that is shee,
But must, or more, or lesse then woman bee. 10

Yet know I not, which flower
I wish; a fixe, or foure;
For should my true-Love lesse then woman bee,
She were scarce any thing; and then, should she
Be more then woman, shee would get above 15
All thought of fexe, and thinke to move
My heart to study her, and not to love;
Both these were monsters; Since there must reside
Falshood in woman, I could more abide,
She were by art, then Nature falsify'd. 20

Live Primrose then, and thrive
With thy true number five;
And women, whom this flower doth represent,
With this mysterious number be content;
Ten is the farthest number; if halfe ten 25

The Primrose. 1633, A18, B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCC, TCD:
The Primrose, being at &c. 1635-69 16 fexe, 1633: fexe;
1635-69 17 and not] and om. 1635-39, A18, N, S, TC 23
women] woman Chambers 25 number; Ed: number, 1633-69
Belonge

Belonge unto each woman, then
 Each woman may take halfe us men ;
 Or if this will not serue their turne, Since all
 Numbers are odde, or even, and they fall
 First into this, five, women may take us all.

30

The Relique.

When my grave is broke up againe
 Some second gheft to entertaine,
 (For graves have learn'd that woman-head
 To be to more then one a Bed)
 And he that digs it, spies
 A bracelet of bright haire about the bone,
 Will he not let'us alone,
 And thinke that there a loving couple lies,
 Who thought that this device might be some way
 To make their foules, at the last busie day,
 Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?

5

10

If this fall in a time, or land,
 Where mis-devotion doth command,
 Then, he that digges us up, will bring
 Us, to the Bishop, and the King,
 To make us Reliques; then
 Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I
 A something else thereby;

15

26 Belonge all the MSS.: Belongs 1633-69. See note 27 men ;
 Ed: men, 1633-39: men: 1650-69 28 their 1633-39: the
 1650-69 29 and 1633: since 1635-69 30 this, Ed: this 1633,
 A18, B, D, H49, Lec, N, S, S96, TC: om. 1635-69, O'F, Chambers
 The Relique. 1633-69, A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCC,
 TCD: no title, A25 13 mis-devotion 1633-54, A18, A25, B, D, H49,
 JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC: mis-devotion 1669, Chambers 15 and
 1633-54 and MSS.: or 1669, Chambers 17 Thou shalt be] You shal
 be A25, D, H49, JC, Lec, S. See note

All

All women shall adore us, and some men;
 And since at such time, miracles are fought, 20
 I would have that age by this paper taught
 What miracles wee harmeleffe lovers wrought.

First, we lov'd well and faithfully,
 Yet knew not what wee lov'd, nor why,
 Difference of sex no more wee knew, 25
 Then our Guardian Angells doe;

Comming and going, wee
 Perchance might kisse, but not between those meales;
 Our hands ne'r toucht the seales,
 Which nature, injur'd by late law, sets free: 30
 These miracles wee did; but now alas,
 All measure, and all language, I should passe,
 Should I tell what a miracle shee was.

The Dampe.

WHEN I am dead, and Doctors know not why,
 And my friends curiositie
 Will have me cut up to survey each part,
 When they shall finde your Picture in my heart,
 You thinke a sodaine dampe of love 5
 Will through all their senses move,
 And worke on them as mee, and so preferre
 Your murder, to the name of Massacre.

20 time] times *JC, O'F* 21 have that age] that age were *A18, N, TC*
 25-26 Difference . . . doe, *1633, A18, N, TC*:
 Difference of Sex we never knew,
 No more then Guardian Angells do, *1635-69*:
 Difference of Sex we never knew,
 More then our Guardian Angells do. *A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, S, S96* (No more then our *&c. B, S96*)
 26 doe; *Ed*: doe, *1633-69* 27 wee *Ed*: wee, *1633-69* 28 not]
 yet *1669* meales; *Ed*: meales. *1633*: meales *1635-69*, following some
 copies of *1633* 30 sets] set *1669* free: *1650-69*: free, *1633-39*
 The Dampe. *1633-69, A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96,*
TCC, TCD 4 When] And *1669* my *1633-39*: mine *1650-69*
 Poore

Poore victories ! But if you dare be brave,
 And pleasure in your conquest have, 10
 First kill th'enormous Gyant, your *Disdaine*,
 And let th'enchantresse *Honor*, next be slaine,
 And like a Goth and Vandall rize,
 Deface Records, and Histories
 Of your owne arts and triumphs over men, 15
 And without such advantage kill me then.

For I could muster up as well as you
 My Gyants, and my Witches too,
 Which are vast *Constancy*, and *Secretnesse*,
 But these I neyther looke for, nor professe; 20
 Kill mee as Woman, let mee die
 As a meere man; doe you but try
 Your passive valor, and you shall finde than,
 In that you'have odds enough of any man.

The Diffolution.

SHee'is dead; And all which die
 STo their first Elements resolve;
 And wee were mutuall Elements to us,
 And made of one another.
 My body then doth hers involve, 5
 And those things whereof I consist, hereby
 In me abundant grow, and burdenous,
 And nourish not, but smother.

9 victories! 1650-69: victories; 1633-39 10 your] the 1669 con-
 quest] conquests JC 13 and Vandall 1633-54, A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec,
 N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC: or Vandall 1669, Chambers 15 arts] acts 1669,
 JC 20 professe; Ed: professe, 1633-69 24 In that 1633, A18, N,
 TC: Naked 1635-69, B, D, H49, Lec, JC, O'F, P, S
 The Diffolution. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD

My fire of Passion, fighes of ayre,
 Water of teares, and earthly sad despaire, 10
 Which my materialls bee,
 But neere worne out by loves securitie,
 Shee, to my losse, doth by her death repaire,
 And I might live long wretched fo
 But that my fire doth with my fuell grow. 15
 Now as those Active Kings
 Whose foraine conquest treasure brings,
 Receive more, and spend more, and sooneſt breake:
 This (which I am amaz'd that I can ſpeake)
 This death, hath with my ſtore 20
 My uſe encreas'd.
 And ſo my ſoule more earneſtly releas'd,
 Will outſtrip hers; As bullets flowen before
 A latter bullet may o'rtake, the powder being more.

A Jeat Ring ſent.

THou art not ſo black, as my heart,
 Nor halfe ſo brittle, as her heart, thou art;
 What would'ſt thou ſay? ſhall both our properties by thee
 bee ſpoke,
 Nothing more endleſſe, nothing ſooner broke?

 Marriage rings are not of this ſtuffe; 5
 Oh, why ſhould ought leſſe precious, or leſſe tough
 Figure our loves? Except in thy name thou have bid it ſay,
 I'am cheap, and nought but faſhion, fling me'away.

10 earthly 1633, A18, N, TC: earthly 1635-69 12 neere 1635-
 69 (But . . . securitie bracketed 1669): ne'r 1633 24 latter] later 1669
 A Jeat Ring ſent. 1633-69, A18, N, O'F, TCC, TCD: 'To a Jeat Ring
 ſent to me. W (among the Epigrams) 7 loves] love O'F ſay, Ed:
 ſay 1633-69

Yet

Yet stay with mee since thou art come,
 Circle this fingers top, which did't her thombe. 10
 Be justly proud, and gladly faze, that thou dost dwell with
 me,
 She that, Oh, broke her faith, would soon breake thee.

Negative love.

I Never stoop'd so low, as they
 Which on an eye, cheeke, lip, can prey,
 Seldome to them, which soare no higher
 Then vertue or the minde to'admire,
 For sense, and understanding may 5
 Know, what gives fuell to their fire:
 My love, though filly, is more brave,
 For may I misse, when ere I crave,
 If I know yet, what I would have.

If that be simply perfectest 10
 Which can by no way be exprest
 But *Negatives*, my love is so.
 To All, which all love, I say no.
 If any who decipheres best,
 What we know not, our selves, can know, 15
 Let him teach mee that nothing; This
 As yet my ease, and comfort is,
 Though I speed not, I cannot misse.

Negative love. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: Negative Love: or the
 Nothing. O'F: The Nothing. A25, C 4 to'admire, 1633-39: to'admire;
 1650-69 5 For] Both A25, C 11 way] means 1669, O'F
 16 nothing; 1633: nothing. 1635-69

The Prohibition.

Take heed of loving mee,
 At least remember, I forbade it thee;
 Not that I shall repaire my'unthrifty waft
 Of Breath and Blood, upon thy sighes, and teares,
 By being to thee then what to me thou waft; 5
 But, so great Joy, our life at once outweares,
 Then, least thy love, by my death, frustrate bee,
 If thou love mee, take heed of loving mee.

Take heed of hating mee,
 Or too much triumph in the Victorie. 10
 Not that I shall be mine owne officer,
 And hate with hate againe retaliate;
 But thou wilt lose the stile of conquerour,
 If I, thy conquest, perish by thy hate.
 Then, least my being nothing lessen thee, 15
 If thou hate mee, take heed of hating mee.

Yet, love and hate mee too,
 So, these extreames shall neithers office doe;
 Love mee, that I may die the gentler way;
 Hate mee, because thy love is too great for mee; 20
 Or let these two, themselves, not me decay;
 So shall I, live, thy Stage, not triumph bee;

The Prohibition. 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD*: no title, *B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, O'F, S96*: in *B* first two verses headed *J. D.*, last verse *T. R.*: in *A18, N, S96, TCC, TCD* the last stanza is omitted 3
 repaire my'unthrifty waft] repay in unthrifty a waft, 1669 5 By . . .
 waft; *Ed*: By . . . waft, 1635-69, *B, Cy, H40, O'F, P, RP31, S96* (mee
 for thee *B, P*): By being to mee then that which thou waft; 1633: *om.*
A18, D, H40, H49, N, TC 18 neithers *Ed*: neythers *D, H40, H49, JC*:
 neyther *O'F, RP31*: neyther their *Cy*: ne'r their 1633-69, *B* 20 thy
 1635-69: my 1633 (thy in some copies) 22 I, live, *Ed*: I live 1633-69
 Stage, 1635-69, *B, Cy, H40, O'F*: stay, 1633, *JC*: staye, *D, H49* not]
 and *H40*

Left

Left thou thy love and hate and mee undoe,
To let mee live, O love and hate mee too.

The Expiration.

SO, fo, breake off this last lamenting kisse,
 Which sucks two foules, and vapors Both away,
 Turne thou ghost that way, and let mee turne this,
 And let our selves benight our happiest day,
 We ask'd none leave to love; nor will we owe
 Any, so cheape a death, as faying, Goe;

5

Goe; and if that word have not quite kil'd thee,
 Ease mee with death, by bidding mee goe too.
 Oh, if it have, let my word worke on mee,
 And a just office on a murderer doe.
 Except it be too late, to kill me fo,
 Being double dead, going, and bidding, goe.

10

23-4 Left thou thy love and hate and mee undoe
To let mee live, Oh (of in some copies) love and hate mee too. 1633. B
 Then left thou thy love hate, and mee thou undoe
O let me live, yet love and hate me too. 1635-54, Cy, D, H40, H49.
JC, O'F (MSS. omitting first thou and some with Oh for yet)
 Left thou thy love, and hate, and me thou undo,
O let me live, yet love and hate me too. 1669.

The Expiration. 1633-69: An Expiration. A18, N, TCC, TCD:
 Valediction. B: Valedictio. O'F: Valedictio Amoris. S: Valedico. P: no
 title, A25, C, JC 1 So, fo,] So, go 1669 5 ask'd A18, A25, B, C,
 JC, N, O'F, S96, TC: aske 1633-69, P, S 9 Oh, 1633, A18, A25, JC,
 N, TC: Or, 1635-69, B, O'F, S, S96

The

The Computation.

FOr the first twenty yeares, since yesterday,
 I scarce beleev'd, thou could'st be gone away,
 For forty more, I fed on favours past,
 And forty'on hopes, that thou would'st, they might last.
 Teares drown'd one hundred, and sighes blew out two, 5
 A thousand, I did neither thinke, nor doe,
 Or not divide, all being one thought of you;
 Or in a thousand more, forgot that too.
 Yet call not this long life; But thinke that I
 Am, by being dead, Immortall; Can ghosts die? 10

The Paradox.

NO Lover faith, I love, nor any other
 Can judge a perfect Lover;
 Hee thinks that else none can, nor will agree
 That any loves but hee:
 I cannot say I lov'd, for who can say 5
 Hee was kill'd yesterday?
 Love with excessse of heat, more yong then old,
 Death kills with too much cold;
 Wee dye but once, and who lov'd last did die,
 Hee that faith twice, doth lye: 10
 For though hee seeme to move, and stirre a while,
 It doth the sense beguile.

The Computation. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: no title, B, O'F, S
 1 For 1633-54: From 1669 the 1633, A18, N, TC: my 1635-69, B,
 O'F, S, Chambers 3 For] And 1669 6 One thousand
 I did think nothing nor doe, S, O'F (nothing think) doe, 1635-69: doe. 1633
 7 divide, 1633, 1669: deem'd, 1635-54, O'F 8 a] one O'F, S: line
 dropped A18, N, TC forgot] forget 1669, A18, N, O'F, S, TC
 The Paradox. 1635-69: no title, 1633, A18, H40, L74, N, O'F, S, S96
 TCC, TCD 3 can, nor will agree A18, H40, N, O'F, S, TC: can or
 will agree, 1633-69 6 yesterday?] yesterday. 1633-39

Such

Such life is like the light which bideth yet
 When the lights life is fet,
 Or like the heat, which fire in solid matter 15
 Leaves behinde, two houres after.
 Once I lov'd and dy'd; and am now become
 Mine Epitaph and Tombe.
 Here dead men speake their last, and so do I;
 Love-flaine, loe, here I lye. 20

Farewell to love.

W Hilft yet to prove,
 I thought there was some Deitie in love
 So did I reverence, and gave
 Worship; as Atheists at their dying houre
 Call, what they cannot name, an unknowne power, 5
 As ignorantly did I crave:
 Thus when
 Things not yet knowne are coveted by men,
 Our desires give them fashion, and so
 As they waxe lesser, fall, as they rise, grow. 10
 But, from late faire
 His highnesse sitting in a golden Chaire,
 Is not lesse cared for after three dayes
 By children, then the thing which lovers so
 Blindly admire, and with such worship woove; 15
 Being had, enjoying it decayes:
 And thence,
 What before pleas'd them all, takes but one sence,
 And that so lamely, as it leaves behinde
 A kinde of forrowing dulnesse to the minde. 20

14 lights life *H40, L74, RP31, S*: lifes light 1633-69, *A18, N, O'F, S96, TC*
 15 which *Ed*: which, 1633-69 17 lov'd *A18, H40, L74, N, O'F, S, TC*: love 1633-69 dy'd] dyed 1633-69 20 lye. *H40, RP31, S, S96*: dye. 1633-69, *A18, L74, N, O'F, TC*
 Farewell to love. 1635-69 (*following* Soules joy: p. 429), *O'F, S96* 4
 Worship; *Ed*: Worship, 1635-69 10 lisc. 1635-69, *O'F*: rise *S96*
 Ah

Ah cannot wee,
 As well as Cocks and Lyons jocund be,
 After such pleasures? Unlesse wife
 Nature decreed (since each such Act, they say,
 Diminisheth the length of life a day) 25
 This, as shée would man should despise
 The sport;
 Because that other curse of being short,
 And onely for a minute made to be,
 (Eagers desire) to raise posterity. 30

Since so, my minde
 Shall not desire what no man else can finde,
 I'll no more dote and runne
 To pursue things which had indammag'd me.
 And when I come where moving beauties be, 35
 As men doe when the summers Sunne
 Growes great,
 Though I admire their greatnesse, shun their heat;
 Each place can afford shadowes. If all faile,
 'Tis but applying worme-feed to the Taile. 40

A Lecture upon the Shadow.

STand still, and I will read to thee
 A Lecture, Love, in loves philosophy.
 These three houres that we have spent,
 Walking here, Two shadowes went

23 pleasures? *Ed:* pleasures, 1635-69 26 This, *Ed:* This;
 1635-69 27 sport; *Ed:* sport, 1635-69 29 to be, *Ed:*
 to be 1635-69 30 (Eagers desire) *Ed:* Eager, desires 1635-69. See
 note 36 summers 1635-39: summer 1650-69
 A Lecture &c. 1650-69: Lecture &c, *Ar8, N, TCC, TCD:* Song.
 1635-39 (following Dear Love continue: p. 412): The Shadowe. *O'F,*
P: Shadowe. *S96:* Loves Lecture. *S:* Loves Lecture upon the Shaddow.
L74: Loves Philosophy. *JC:* no title, *A25, B, C, D, H40, H49, Lec*
 4 Walking 1635-69, *Ar8, A25, N, TC:* In walking *B, D, H40, H49, JC,*
Lec, S96 here, 1719: here; 1635-39: here: 1650-69

Along

Along with us, which we our selves produc'd; 5
 But, now the Sunne is juſt above our head,
 We doe thoſe ſhadowes tread;
 And to brave clearneſſe all things are reduc'd.
 So whilſt our infant loves did grow;
 Diſguiſes did, and ſhadowes, flow, 10
 From us, and our cares; but, now 'tis not ſo.
 That love hath not attain'd the high'ſt degree,
 Which is ſtill diligent left others ſee.
 Except our loves at this noone ſtay,
 We ſhall new ſhadowes make the other way. 15
 As the firſt were made to blinde
 Others; theſe which come behinde
 Will worke upon our ſelves, and blind our eyes.
 If our loves faint, and weſtwardly decline;
 To me thou, falſly, thine, 20
 And I to thee mine actions ſhall diſguiſe.
 The morning ſhadowes weare away,
 But theſe grow longer all the day,
 But oh, loves day is ſhort, if love decay.
 Love is a growing, or full conſtant light; 25
 And his firſt minute, after noone, is night.

Sonnet. The Token.

SEND me ſome token, that my hope may live,
 Or that my eaſeleſſe thoughts may ſleep and reſt;
 Send me ſome honey to make ſweet my hive,
 That in my paſſion I may hope the beſt.

9 loves 1635-54, *A18, L74, N, TC*: love 1669, *B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S* 12 high'ſt] leaſt *B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S, S96*
 14 loves 1635-69, *A18, A25, L74, N, TC*: love *B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S, S96* 19 If our loves faint 1635-69, *A25, O'F (love), P, S96 (love), TC*: If once love faint *B, D, H40, H49, JC, S* 26 firſt *A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TC*: ſhort 1635-69
 Sonnet. The Token. 1649-69 (*following Vpon Mr. Thomas Coryats Crudities. at cloſe of Epicedes*): Ad Leſbiam. *S96*: no title, *B, Cy*: Sonnet. *O'F*: Elegie. *P* 1 token *B, O'F, S96*: Tokens 1650-69, *P*
 4 paſſion *S96*: paſſions 1650-69, *B, P*

I beg

I beg noe ribbond wrought with thine owne hands, 5
 To knit our loves in the fantaſtick ſtraine
 Of new-tought youth; nor Ring to ſhew the ſtands
 Of our affection, that as that's round and plaine,
 So ſhould our loves meet in ſimplicity;
 No, nor the Coralls which thy wrift infold, 10
 Lac'd up together in congruity,
 To ſhew our thoughts ſhould reſt in the ſame hold;
 No, nor thy picture, though moſt gracious,
 And moſt deſir'd, becauſe beſt like the beſt;
 Nor witty Lines, which are moſt copious, 15
 Within the Writings which thou haſt addreſt.
 Send me nor this, nor that, t'increase my ſtore,
 But ſwear thou thinkeſt I love thee, and no more.

⟨Selfe Love.⟩

HE that cannot chuſe but love,
 And ſtrives againſt it ſtill,
 Never ſhall my fancy move;
 For he loves 'gaynſt his will;
 Nor he which is all his own, 5
 And can att pleaſure chuſe,
 When I am caught he can be gone,
 And when he liſt reſuſe.
 Nor he that loves none but faire,
 For ſuch by all are ſought; 10
 Nor he that can for foul ones care,
 For his Judgement then is nought:

5 noe *B, O'F, P, S96*: nor 1650-69 9 ſimplicity; *Ed*: ſimplicity.
 1650-69 11 in 1650-69: with *B, O'F, S96* 12 hold; *Ed*: hold.
 1650-69 14 deſir'd becauſe . . . beſt; *B, O'F, S96*: deſired 'cauſe 'tis
 like thee beſt; 1650-54: deſired 'cauſe 'tis like the beſt; 1669, *Chambers*
 17 ſtore, *B, O'F, P, S96*: ſcore, 1650-69
 ⟨Selfe Love.⟩ title given by *Chambers*: no title, 1650-69 (in appendix),
JC, O'F 4 'gaynſt *JC, O'F*: againſt 1650-69 6 And
 can . . . chuſe, *JC*: And cannot pleaſure chuſe, 1650-69: And can all
 pleaſures' chuſe, *O'F* 11 foul ones] fouleneſs *O'F*

Nor he that hath wit, for he
 Will make me his jest or slave ;
 Nor a fool, for when others . . . , 15
 He can neither
 Nor he that still his Mistresse payes,
 For she is thrall'd therefore :
 Nor he that payes not, for he faves
 Within, shee's worth no more. 20
 Is there then no kinde of men
 Whom I may freely prove ?
 I will vent that humour then
 In mine own selfe love.

14 slave; 1719: slave 1650-69

17 payes, *JC, O'F*: prays, 1650-69

20 Within, *Ed*: Within 1650-69

15 fool, 1719: fool 1650-69

19 payes not,] payes, not, 1650-69

The end of the Songs and Sonets.

EPIGRAMS.

Hero and Leander.

BOth rob'd of aire, we both lye in one ground,
Both whom one fire had burnt, one water drown'd.

Pyramus and Thisbe.

TWo, by themselves, each other, love and feare
Slaine, cruell friends, by parting have joyn'd here.

Niobe.

BY childrens births, and death, I am become
So dry, that I am now mine owne fad tombe.

A burnt ship.

OUt of a fired ship, which, by no way
But drowning, could be rescued from the flame,
Some men leap'd forth, and ever as they came
Neere the foes ships, did by their shot decay;
So all were lost, which in the ship were found,
They in the sea being burnt, they in the burnt ship
drown'd.

Hero and Leander. 1633-69, A18, HN, N, O'F, TCC, TCD, W

Pyramus and Thisbe. 1633-69, A18, Cy, HN, N, O'F, TCC, TCD, W

1 feare] feare, Chambers, and Grolier (which drops all the other commas)

Niobe. 1633-69, A18, HN, N, O'F, TCC, TCD, W

2 mine owne

fad tombe. 1633-69: mine owne tombe. A18, N, TC: made mine owne tombe. HN, W

A burnt ship. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: Nave arfa. W: De Nave arfa. O'F. See note

Fall

Fall of a wall.

VNDER an undermin'd, and shot-bruis'd wall
 A too-bold Captaine perish'd by the fall,
 Whose brave misfortune, happiest men envi'd,
 That had a towne for tombe, his bones to hide.

A lame begger.

I Am unable, yonder begger cries,
 To stand, or move; if he say true, hee *lies*.

Cales and Guyana.

IF you from spoyle of th'old worlds farthest end
 To the new world your kindled valors bend,
 What brave examples then do prove it trew
 That one things end doth still beginne a new.

Sir Iohn Wingefield.

Beyond th'old Pillers many have travailed
 Towards the Suns cradle, and his throne, and bed:
 A fitter Piller our Earle did bestow
 In that late Island; for he well did know
 Farther then Wingefield no man dares to goe.

A selfe accuser.

YOur mistris, that you follow whores, still taxeth you:
 'Tis strange that she should thus confesse it, though't
 be true.

Fall of a wall. 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD*: *Cafo d'un muro. O'F, W*
 4 towne 1633 and *MSS.*: towre 1635-69 bones 1633-69,
A18, N, TC: corpe *B, HN, O'F, W*

A lame begger. 1633-69, *A18, N, TC*: A beggar. *HN*: no title, *P*:
Zoppo. O'F, W

Cales and Guyana. *O'F*: *Calez &c. W*: first printed in *Gosse's Life*
 and *Letters of John Donne* (1899)

Sir Iohn Wingefield. *Ed*: *Il Cavalliere Gio: Wingef*: *W*: On *Cavallero*
Wingfield. O'F: first printed in *Gosse's Life and Letters of John Donne*
 (1899) 2 throne *W*: grave *O'F* 4 late *W*: Lady *O'F*

A selfe accuser. 1633-69: A *Mistrisse. HN*: no title, *B, O'F, W*
 2 that] *om. HN, O'F, W* thus] *om. HN, O'F, W* it] *om. HN, O'F*
A licentious

A licentious person.

THy finnes and haire may no man equall call,
For, as thy finnes increafe, thy haire doe fall.

Antiquary.

IF in his Studie he hath so much care
To hang all old strange things, let his wife beware.

Disinherited.

THy father all from thee, by his last Will,
Gave to the poore; Thou hast good title still.

Phryne.

THy flattering picture, *Phryne*, is like thee,
Onely in this, that you both painted be.

An obscure writer.

PHilo, with twelve yeares study, hath beene griev'd
To be understood; when will hee be beleev'd?

Klockius.

KLockius so deeply hath sworne, ne'r more to come
In bawdie house, that hee dares not goe home.

A licentious person. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: Whore. HN: no title, O'F, RP31, W 1 Thy] His and so throughout, RP31

Antiquary. 1633-69, A18, N, P, TCC, TCD, W: Hammon. HN: no title, Bur, Cy, O'F: Epigram. S96 1 he hath so much 1633-69: he have such A18, N, TC: Hamon hath such B, Cy, HN (have), O'F, S96, W 2 strange om. B, HN, O'F all om. Bur

Disinherited. 1633-69: One disinherited. HN: no title, Cy, O'F, P, W 1 Will, Ed: Will 1633-69

Phryne. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: no title, O'F 1 like thee,] like to thee, 1650-69

An obscure writer. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: no title, O'F 1 griev'd Ed: griev'd, 1633-69 2 To be Ed: To'be 1633-69 underflood; Ed: understood, 1633-69 beleev'd?] beleev'd. 1633

Klockius. HN: no title, 1633-69, Bur, O'F 1 Klockius] Rawlings Bur 2 In bawdie] In a bawdie HN

Raderus.

Raderus.

WHy this man gelded *Martiall* I muse,
Except himselfe alone his tricks would use,
As *Katherine*, for the Courts fake, put downe Stewes.

Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus.

LIKE *Efops* fellow-slaves, O *Mercury*,
Which could do all things, thy faith is; and I
Like *Efops* selfe, which nothing; I confesse
I should have had more faith, if thou hadst leffe;
Thy credit lost thy credit: 'Tis sinne to doe,
In this case, as thou wouldst be done unto,
To beleeeve all: Change thy name: thou art like
Mercury in stealing, but lyeft like a *Greeke*.

Ralphius.

COMPASSION in the world againe is bred:
Ralphius is sick, the broker keeps his bed.

The Lier.

THou in the fields walkst out thy supping howers,
And yet thou swear'ft thou hast supp'd like a king:
Like *Nebuchadnezar* perchance with grafs and flowers,
A fallet worfe then Spanish dieting.

Raderus. 1633-69, A18, N, TCD: Raderus. TCC: Martial: castratus.
W 1 *Martiall* I muse, 1633-54: *Martiall*, I amuse, 1669
Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus. 1633-69, A18, B, N, O'F, S, TCC, TCD, W
8 but lyeft 1633-69: and lyeft B, W
Ralphius. HN: no title, 1633-69, O'F
The Lier. HN: no title, B, Bur, Cy, O'F, P, W 2 swear'ft HN, W:
say'ft B, Cy, O'F 3 grafs] hearbes Bur supp'd like] supp'd and like HN

ELEGIES.

ELEGIE I.

Jealousie.

Fond woman, which would'ſt have thy huſband die,
 And yet complain'ſt of his great jealousie;
 If ſwolne with poyſon, hee lay in'his laſt bed,
 His body with a fere-barke covered,
 Drawing his breath, as thick and ſhort, as can 5
 The nimbleſt crocheting Muſitian,
 Ready with loathſome vomiting to ſpue
 His Soule out of one hell, into a new,
 Made deaſe with his poore kindreds howling cries,
 Begging with few feign'd teares, great legacies, 10
 Thou would'ſt not weepe, but jolly, and frolicke bee,
 As a ſlave, which to morrow ſhould be free;
 Yet weep'ſt thou, when thou ſeeſt him hungerly
 Swallow his owne death, hearts-bane jealousie.
 O give him many thanks, he'is courteous, 15
 That in ſuſpecting kindly warneth us.
 Wee muſt not, as wee us'd, ſtout openly,
 In ſcoffing ridles, his deformitie;
 Nor at his boord together being ſatt,
 With words, nor touch, ſcarce lookes adulterate. 20
 Nor when he ſwolne, and pamper'd with great fare,
 Sits downe, and ſnorts, cag'd in his basket chaire,
 Muſt wee uſurpe his owne bed any more,
 Nor kiſſe and play in his houſe, as before.

Elegie I. Jealousie. 1635-54: Elegie I. 1633 and 1669: no title or
 Elegie (numbered variously, according to scheme adopted) A18, A25, B, Cy,
 D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD, W 1 woman,] woman
 1633 4 fere-barke 1633-54, B, Cy, H49, Lec, O'F, S, W: fere-cloth
 1669, D, P: ſore barke A18, A25, JC, N, TC 10 few] ſome few A18,
 N, TC 12 free; Ed: free, 1633-69: free. D 16 us.
 1633-35: us, 1639-69 21 great 1633-54, A18, A25, D, H49, JC, Lec,
 N, S, TC, W: high 1669, B, O'F, P, S96: his Cy fare, Ed: fare 1633-69
 Now

Now I see many dangers ; for that is 25
 His realme, his castle, and his diocesse.
 But if, as envious men, which would revile
 Their Prince, or coyne his gold, themselves exile
 Into another countrie, and doe it there,
 Wee play'in another house, what should we feare? 30
 There we will scorne his household policies,
 His feely plots, and pensionary spies,
 As the inhabitants of Thames right side
 Do Londons Major ; or Germans, the Popes pride.

ELEGIE II.

The Anagram.

MARRY, and love thy *Flavia*, for, shee
 Hath all things, whereby others beautious bee,
 For, though her eyes be small, her mouth is great,
 Though they be Ivory, yet her teeth be jeat,
 Though they be dimme, yet she is light enough, 5
 And though her harsh haire fall, her skinne is rough ;
 What though her cheeks be yellow, her haire's red,
 Give her thine, and she hath a maydenhead.
 These things are beauties elements, where these
 Meet in one, that one must, as perfect, please. 10

25 Now . . . dangers ;] Now do I see my danger ; 1669 that all
 MSS. : it 1633-69 26 diocesse] Diocys D: Diocis W' 27-29
 (as envious . . . do it there,) 1669 30 another] anothers 1669
 We into some third place retired were B, O'F, P, S, 96 34 Major ;
 1650-54 : Major, 1633-39 : Mayor ; 1669
 Eleg. II. The Anagram. 1635-54 : Elegie II. 1633, 1669 : Elegie.
 (numbered variously) A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, M, N, O'F, P,
 S, S96, TCC, TCD, W 4 they] theirs 1669, S96 teeth be 1633-69, D,
 H49, JC, Lec : teeth are A18, A25, B, Cy, L74, M, N, O'F, S, TC, W 6
 hair fall] hair's foul 1669 is rough 1633, 1669, A18, A25, B, D, H49,
 JC, L74, Lec, M, N, P, S, TC, W : is tough 1635-54, O'F, Chamblers

If red and white and each good quality
 Be in thy wench, ne'r aske where it doth lye.
 In buying things perfum'd, we aske; if there
 Be muske and amber in it, but not where.
 Though all her parts be not in th'usuall place, 15
 She'hath yet an Anagram of a good face.
 If we might put the letters but one way,
 In the leane dearth of words, what could wee say?
 When by the Gamut some Musitions make
 A perfect song, others will undertake, 20
 By the same Gamut chang'd, to equall it.
 Things simply good, can never be unfit.
 She's faire as any, if all be like her,
 And if none bee, then she is singular.
 All love is wonder; if wee justly doe 25
 Account her wonderfull, why not lovely too?
 Love built on beauty, foone as beauty, dies,
 Chuse this face, chang'd by no deformities.
 Women are all like Angels; the faire be
 Like those which fell to worfe; but such as shee, 30
 Like to good Angels, nothing can impaire:
 'Tis lesse grieve to be foule, then to'have beene faire.
 For one nights revels, filke and gold we chuse,
 But, in long journeyes, cloth, and leather use.
 Beauty is barren oft; best husbands say, 35
 There is best land, where there is foulest way.
 Oh what a soveraigne Plaister will shee bee,
 If thy past finnes have taught thee jealousie!
 Here needs no spies, nor eunuches; her commit
 Safe to thy foes; yea, to a Marmoset. 40
 When Belgiaes citties, the round countries drowne,
 That durty fouleneffe guards, and armes the towne:

16 an Anagram] the Anagrams 1669 18 the 1633: that 1635-69
 words 1633-69, A25, B, L74, M, N, O'F, P, S, TC: letters D, Cy, H49, W
 22 unfit. D: unfit; 1633-69 28 deformities.] deformities; 1633
 29 faire] fairer S, S96 35 say,] say 1633 37 bee,] bee 1633
 41-2 When Belgiaes . . . towne: 1633-54: Like Belgia's cities when the
 So

So doth her face guard her; and so, for thee,
 Which, forc'd by businesse, absent oft must bee,
 Shee, whose face, like clouds, turnes the day to night, 45
 Who, mightier then the sea, makes Moores seem white,
 Who, though seaven yeares, she in the Stews had laid,
 A Nunnery durst receive, and thinke a maid,
 And though in childbeds labour she did lie,
 Midwives would sweare, 'twere but a tympanie, 50
 Whom, if shee accuse her selfe, I credit lesse
 Then witches, which impossibles confesse,
 Whom Dildoes, Bedstaves, and her Velvet Glasse
 Would be as loath to touch as Joseph was:
 One like none, and lik'd of none, fittest were, 55
 For, things in fashion every man will weare.

ELEGIE III.

Change.

Although thy hand and faith, and good workes too,
 Have seal'd thy love which nothing should undoe,
 Yea though thou fall backe, that apostasie
 Confirme thy love; yet much, much I feare thee.
 Women are like the Arts, forc'd unto none, 5
 Open to'all searchers, unpriz'd, if unknowne.

Country is drown'd, That . . towns; 1669: Like Belgia's cities the round
 country drowns, That . . towns, *Chambers: MSS. agree with 1633-54, but*
before countries read variously round (A18, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec,
M, N, P, TC, W), lowe (B), foul (O'F, S, S96, which read country drowns . .
towns) 49 childbeds 1633-54, Lec, W: childbirths 1669, A18, A25, B,
Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, O'F, P, S, S96, TC 52 confesse, Ed: confesse.
1633-69 53-4 Whom . . Joseph was: 1669 and all MSS [or a
Velvet 1669]: om. 1633-54

Eleg. III. Change. 1635-54: Elegie III. 1633, 1669: no title or Elegye
 (numbered variously) A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S,
 S96, TCC, TCD, W 1 workes] word 1669 4 Confirme]
 Confirms 1669, A25, L74, P 5 Women] Women, 1633 forc'd unto
 none] forbid to none B

If I have caught a bird, and let him flie,
 Another fouler using these meanes, as I,
 May catch the same bird; and, as these things bee,
 Women are made for men, not him, nor mee. 10
 Foxes and goats; all beasts change when they please,
 Shall women, more hot, wily, wild then these,
 Be bound to one man, and did Nature then
 Idly make them apter to'endure then men?
 They're our clogges, not their owne; if a man bee 15
 Chain'd to a galley, yet the galley's free;
 Who hath a plow-land, casts all his feed corne there,
 And yet allowes his ground more corne should beare;
 Though Danuby into the sea must flow,
 The sea receives the Rhene, Volga, and Po. 20
 By nature, which gave it, this liberty
 Thou lov'st, but Oh! canst thou love it and mee?
 Likeness glue love: and if that thou so doe,
 To make us like and love, must I change too?
 More then thy hate, I hate't, rather let mee 25
 Allow her change, then change as oft as shee,
 And foe not teach, but force my'opinion
 To love not any one, nor every one.
 To live in one land, is captivitie,
 To runne all countries, a wild roguery; 30
 Waters stincke soone, if in one place they bide,
 And in the vast sea are more putrifi'd:
 But when they kisse one banke, and leaving this
 Never looke backe, but the next banke doe kisse,
 Then are they purest; Change'is the nursery 35
 Of musicke, joy, life, and eternity.

8 these 1633-54, D, H49, Lec: those 1669, A18, A25, B, Cy, JC, L74, N, P, TC, W 11 Foxes and goats; all beasts 1633-54: Foxes, goats and all beasts 1669 13 did] bid 1669 17 a plow-land] plow-lands P 18 corne] feed P 20 Rhene,] Rhine, 1669 Po. 1633: Po, 1635-69 21 liberty 1633: libertie. 1635-69 23 and ... doe,] then if so thou do, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TC, W 24 like i.e. alike as in A18, N, TC 31 bide] abide 1669 32 more putrifi'd 1633-39: more purifi'd 1650-54: worse purifi'd 1669: worse putrifi'd A18, A25, Cy, D, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC, W: worst putrifi'd B, H49, JC

ELEGIE

ELEGIE IV.

The Perfume.

ONce, and but once found in thy company,
 All thy suppos'd escapes are laid on mee;
 And as a thiefe at barre, is question'd there
 By all the men, that have beene rob'd that yeare,
 So am I, (by this traiterous meanes surpriz'd) 5
 By thy Hydroptique father catechiz'd.
 Though he had wont to search with glazed eyes,
 As though he came to kill a Cockatrice,
 Though hee hath oft sworne, that hee would remove
 Thy beauties beautie, and food of our love, 10
 Hope of his goods, if I with thee were seene,
 Yet close and secret, as our soules, we have beene.
 Though thy immortall mother which doth lye
 Still buried in her bed, yet will not dye,
 Takes this advantage to sleepe out day-light, 15
 And watch thy entries, and returnes all night,
 And, when she takes thy hand, and would seeme kind,
 Doth search what rings, and armelets she can finde,
 And kissing notes the colour of thy face,
 And fearing least thou'art swolne, doth thee embrace; 20
 To trie if thou long, doth name strange meates,
 And notes thy paleness, blushing, sighs, and sweats;
 And politiquely will to thee confesse
 The sinnes of her owne youths ranke lustinesse;
 Yet love these Sorceries did remove, and move 25

Eleg. IV. The Perfume. 1635-54 : Elegie IV. 1633, 1669 : Elegie.
 (numbered variously) A18, A25, C, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96,
 TCC, TCD, W : Discovered by a Perfume. B : no title, Cy, HN 2 sup-
 pos'd escapes] supposed scapes 1669. P 4 By] For P 7-8 1635-69
 and MSS. generally : om. 1633, D, H49, Lec 9 hath] have A18, A25,
 L74, N, P, TC, W 15 Takes] Take A18, A25, N, P, TC, W 21
 To trie &c. 1633, D, H49, S (dost long) : And to trie &c. 1635-69, A18,
 A25, L74, N, O'F, S96 (longest), TC meates. 1635-69 : meates. 1633
 22 blushing 1633-54, A18, A25, JC, N, TC : blushes 1669 : blushings B, D,
 H49, HN, L74, Lec. O'F, P, W

Thee

Thee to gull thine owne mother for my love.
 Thy little brethren, which like Faiery Sprights
 Oft skipt into our chamber, those sweet nights,
 And kift, and ingled on thy fathers knee,
 Were brib'd next day, to tell what they did see: 30
 The grim eight-foot-high iron-bound serving-man,
 That oft names God in oathes, and onely than,
 He that to barre the first gate, doth as wide
 As the great Rhodian Colossus stride,
 Which, if in hell no other paines there were, 35
 Makes mee feare hell, because he must be there:
 Though by thy father he were hir'd to this,
 Could never witnesse any touch or kisse.
 But Oh, too common ill, I brought with mee
 That, which betray'd mee to my enemye: 40
 A loud perfume, which at my entrance cryed
 Even at thy fathers nose, so were wee spied.
 When, like a tyran King, that in his bed
 Smelt gunpowder, the pale wretch shivered.
 Had it beene some bad smell, he would have thought 45
 That his owne feet, or breath, that smell had wrought.
 But as wee in our Ile emprisoned,
 Where cattell onely, and diverse dogs are bred,
 The pretious Vnicornes, strange monsters call,
 So thought he good, strange, that had none at all. 50
 I taught my filkes, their whistling to forbear,
 Even my opprest shoes, dumbe and speechlesse were,
 Onely, thou bitter sweet, whom I had laid
 Next mee, mee traiterously hast betraid,
 And unsuspected hast invisibly 55
 At once fled unto him, and staid with mee.
 Base excrement of earth, which dost confound

29 ingled] dandled 1669 30 see: 1635-69: see. 1633 31 grim
 eight-foot-high iron-bound *Ed*: grim-eight-foot-high-iron-bound 1633-69
 37 to 1633-69: for *MSS*. 38 kisse.] kisse; 1633 40 my 1633:
 mine 1635-69 44 Smelt] Smells 1669 shivered. *A18, D. H49. I.74,*
N, TC, W: shivered; 1633-69: shivered, *Chambers and Grolier*. See note
 46 that smell] the smell 1669 49 monsters *Ed*: monsters, 1633-69
 50 good,] sweet 1669 53 bitter sweet, 1633-39: bitter-sweet, 1650-69
 Sense,

Sense, from distinguishing the sicke from sound;
 By thee the feely Amorous sucks his death
 By drawing in a leprous harlots breath; 60
 By thee, the greatest staine to mans estate
 Falls on us, to be call'd effeminate;
 Though you be much lov'd in the Princes hall,
 There, things that seeme, exceed substantiall;
 Gods, when yee fum'd on altars, were pleas'd well, 65
 Because you were burnt, not that they lik'd your smell;
 You are loathsome all, being taken simply alone,
 Shall wee love ill things joyn'd, and hate each one?
 If you were good, your good doth soone decay;
 And you are rare, that takes the good away. 70
 All my perfumes, I give most willingly
 To embalme thy fathers corse; What? will hee die?

ELEGIE V.

His Picture.

Here take my Picture; though I bid farewell,
 Thine, in my heart, where my soule dwels, shall dwell.
 'Tis like me now, but I dead, 'twill be more
 When wee are shadowes both, then 'twas before.
 When weather-beaten I come backe; my hand, 5
 Perhaps with rude oares torne, or Sun beams tann'd,
 My face and brest of hairecloth, and my head
 With cares rash sodaine stormes, being o'rspread,

60 breath; 1650-69: breath, 1633-39 64 substantiall; *Ed*: sub-
 stantiall. 1633-69 66 you were] you'er 1669 smell; 1635-39:
 smell, 1633, 1669: smel 1650-54 71 All] And *Chambers*

Eleg. V. His Picture. 1635-54: Elegie V. 1633, 1669: Elegye.
 (numbered variously) *A18, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCC,*
TCD, W: The Picture. *P*: Travelling he leaves his Picture with his
 mystris. *B* 1 Picture; . . . farewell, *Ed*: Picture. . . farewell;
 1633: rest semicolon or colon after each 8 With cares rash sodaine
 stormes, being o'rspread, 1633. *A18, N, TC*: With cares rash, cruel, sudden
 stormes o'erspread *P*: With cares rash-sudden cruel-stormes o'erprest *B*:
 My

My body'a lack of bones, broken within,
 And powders blew stains scatter'd on my skinne; 10
 If rivall fooles taxe thee to'have lov'd a man,
 So foule, and course, as, Oh, I may seeme than,
 This shall say what I was: and thou shalt say,
 Doe his hurts reach mee? doth my worth decay?
 Or doe they reach his judging minde, that hee 15
 Should now love lesse, what hee did love to see?
 That which in him was faire and delicate,
 Was but the milke, which in loves childish state
 Did nurse it: who now is growne strong enough
 To feed on that, which to refused tafts seemes tough. 20

ELEGIE VI.

OH, let mee not serve so, as those men serve
 Whom honours smoakes at once fatten and sterue;
 Poorely enrich't with great mens words or lookes;
 Nor so write my name in thy loving bookes
 As those Idolatrous flatterers, which still 5
 Their Princes files, with many Realmes fulfill

With cares rash sudden storms o'erpressed *S, S96*: With cares rash sudden
 storms o'erspread *Cy, D, H49, Lec*: With cares rash sodaine horinefs o'er-
 spread *A25, JC, W*: With cares harsh sodaine horinesse o'erspread, 1635-
 69, *O'F* 16 now love lesse, 1633-69, *A18, N, TC*: like and love
 less *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96, W* 19 nurse] nourish
A18, N, P, S, TC strong] tough *P* 20 refused *Ed*: difus'd
 1633-39, *A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC, W*: weake
 1650-69 tough.] rough. *P*

Eleg. VI. 1635-69: Elegie VII. 1633 (Elegie VI. being Sorrow who
 to this house &c. See Epicedes &c., p. 287): Elegie. (numbered vari-
 ously) *A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC,*
TC D, W 2 fatten] flatter 1669, *A18, B, Cy, L74, N, TC* 3 or] and
A18, Cy, L74, N, P, TC 6 files, 1633-69, *A18, B, Cy, D, H49, JC,*
L74, Lec, N, P, S96, TC, W: style *A25, O'F, S, Chambers and Grosart* with
 all MSS., *Chambers and Grosart*: which (probably by confusion of wth and
 wth) 1633-69 Realmes] names 1669

Whence

Whence they no tribute have, and where no fway.
 Such services I offer as shall pay
 Themselves, I hate dead names: Oh then let mee
 Favorite in Ordinary, or no favorite bee. 10
 When my Soule was in her owne body sheath'd,
 Nor yet by oathes betroth'd, nor kisses breath'd
 Into my Purgatory, faithlesse thee,
 Thy heart seem'd waxe, and steele thy constancie:
 So, carelesse flowers strow'd on the waters face, 15
 The curled whirlepooles suck, smack, and embrace,
 Yet drowne them; so, the tapers beamie eye
 Amorously twinkling, beckens the giddie flie,
 Yet burnes his wings; and such the devill is,
 Scarce visiting them, who are intirely his. 20
 When I behold a streame, which, from the spring,
 Doth with doubtfull melodious murmuring,
 Or in a speechlesse slumber, calmly ride
 Her wedded channels bosome, and then chide
 And bend her browes, and swell if any bough 25
 Do but stoop downe, or kisse her upmost brow;
 Yet, if her often gnawing kisses winne
 The traitorous banke to gape, and let her in,
 She rusheth violently, and doth divorce
 Her from her native, and her long-kept course, 30
 And rores, and braves it, and in gallant scorne,
 In flattering eddies promising retorne,
 She flouts the channell, who thenceforth is drie;
 Then say I; that is shee, and this am I.
 Yet let not thy deepe bitternesse beget 35
 Carelesse despaire in mee, for that will whet
 My minde to scorne; and Oh, love dull'd with paine

7 where] bear 1669
 14 constancie: 1635-69: constancie. 1633
 24 then 1633, B, D, H49, Lec, S, S96, W: there 1635-69, A18, A25, Cy, JC,
 N, O'F, P, TC, Chambers
 26 upmost 1633 and most MSS: utmost
 1635-69, O'F, Chambers
 brow; Ed: brow: 1633-39: brow. 1650-69
 28 banke A18, D, H49, JC, N, S, TC, W: banks 1633-69, Lec, O'F
 the 1633, D, H49, Lec: her 1635-69, A18, N, TC
 who 1633, A18, A25,
 B, Cy, D, JC, H49, L74, Lec, N, P, S, S96, TC: which 1635-69, O'F 37
 Oh,] Ah, 1669

Was ne'r so wise, nor well arm'd as disdaine.
 Then with new eyes I shall furvey thee,'and spie
 Death in thy cheekes, and darknesse in thine eye. 40
 Though hope bred faith and love; thus taught, I shall
 As nations do from Rome, from thy love fall.
 My hate shall outgrow thine, and utterly
 I will renounce thy dalliance: and when I
 Am the Recufant, in that resolute state, 45
 What hurts it mee to be'excommunicate?

ELEGIE VII.

NAtures lay Ideot, I taught thee to love,
 And in that sophistrie, Oh, thou dost prove
 Too subtile: Foole, thou didst not understand
 The mystique language of the eye nor hand:
 Nor couldst thou judge the difference of the aire 5
 Of sighes, and say, this lies, this sounds despaire:
 Nor by the'eyes water call a maladie
 Desperately hot, or changing feaverously.
 I had not taught thee then, the Alphabet
 Of flowers, how they devisefully being set 10
 And bound up, might with speechlesse secrecie
 Deliver arrands mutely, and mutually.

39 thee,'] *om.* 1669 40 eye. *Ed:* eye; 1633-54: eye: 1669:
 eye, *Chambers* 41 Though . . . love; 1633: Though . breed . .
 love: 1635-39: Though . breed . . love 1650-69 (Through . 1669) 42
 fall. 1633-35: fall 1639-69 43 outgrow] o'ergrow *Cy, P*
 Elegie VII. 1635-69: Elegie VIII. 1633: Elegye. (*numbered variously*)
A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, M, N, O'F, P, S, TCC, TCD, W 2
 Oh, . . prove] Oh, how . . prove 1669 6 despaire: 1635-69: despaire.
 1633 7 call 1633, *A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, M, N, O'F* (*cor-*
rected from know), *P, TC, W*: know 1635-69: cast *S, Chambers and Grosart*
 10 they devisefully being set] their devise in being set *Cy, P* 12 arrands
 1633: errands 1635-69: meet errands *B*

Remember since all thy words us'd to bee
 To every fuitor; *I, if my friends agree*;
 Since, household charmes, thy husbands name to teach, 15
 Were all the love trickes, that thy wit could reach;
 And since, an houres discourse could scarce have made
 One answer in thee, and that ill arraid
 In broken proverbs, and torne sentences.
 Thou art not by so many duties his, 20
 That from the worlds Common having sever'd thee,
 Inlaid thee, neither to be seene, nor fee,
 As mine: who have with amorous delicacies
 Refin'd thee'into a blif-full Paradise.
 Thy graces and good words my creatures bee; 25
 I planted knowledge and lifes tree in thee,
 Which Oh, shall strangers taste? Must I alas
 Frame and enamell Plate, and drinke in Glasse?
 Chafe waxe for others seales? breake a colts force
 And leave him then, beeing made a ready horse? 30

ELEGIE VIII.

The Comparifon.

AS the sweet sweate of Roses in a Still,
 As that which from chaf'd muskats pores doth trill,
 As the Almighty Balme of th'early East,
 Such are the sweate drops of my Mistris breast,
 And on her (brow) her skin such lustre sets, 5
 They seeme no sweate drops, but pearle coronets.

14 agree; *Ed: agree.* 1633-69 21-2 That . . . nor fee,] in brackets
 1669 24 Paradise] paradise 1633 25 words 1633-54, A25, B, Cy,
 JC, N, O'F, P, W: works 1669, A18, D, H49, Lec, TC bee; *Ed: bee,*
 1633-69 26 thee, 1633: thee: 1635-69 28 Glasse? *Ed: glasse.*
 1633-69

Eleg. VIII. The Comparifon. 1635-54: Elegie VIII. 1669: Elegie.
 1633: Elegie. (numbered variously) A18, A25, B, C, Cy, JC, L74, N, O'F, P,
 S, S96, TCC, TCD, W 2 muskats] muskets 1669 4 breast. 1635-69:
 breast. 1633 5 (brow) *Ed: necke* 1633-69 and MSS. See note 6
 coronets. 1633-69, A18, B, Cy, I.74. M, N, O'F, S96, TC: carcanets. A25,
 C, JC, S, W: carollettes. P

Ranke sweaty froth thy Mistresse's brow defiles,
 Like spermatique issue of ripe menstruous boiles,
 Or like the skumme, which, by needs lawlesse law
 Enforc'd, Sanferra's starved men did draw 10
 From parboild shooes, and bootes, and all the rest
 Which were with any soveraigne fatnes blest,
 And like vile lying stones in saffronde tinne,
 Or warts, or wheales, they hang upon her skinne.
 Round as the world's her head, on every side, 15
 Like to the fatall Ball which fell on Ide,
 Or that whereof God had such jealousie,
 As, for the ravishing thereof we die.
 Thy *head* is like a rough-hewne statue of jeat,
 Where marks for eyes, nose, mouth, are yet scarce set; 20
 Like the first Chaos, or flat seeming face
 Of Cynthia, when th'earths shadowes her embrace.
 Like Proserpines white beauty-keeping chest,
 Or Joues best fortunes urne, is her faire brest.
 Thine's like worme eaten trunks, cloth'd in seals skin, 25
 Or grave, that's dust without, and stinke within.
 And like that slender stalke, at whose end stands
 The wood-bine quivering, are her armes and hands.
 Like rough bark'd elmboughes, or the russet skin
 Of men late scurg'd for madnes, or for sinne, 30
 Like Sun-parch'd quarters on the citie gate,
 Such is thy tann'd skins lamentable state.
 And like a bunch of ragged carrets stand
 The short swolne fingers of thy gouty hand.
 Then like the Chymicks masculine equall fire, 35
 Which in the Lymbecks warme wombe doth inspire
 Into th'earths worthlesse durt a soule of gold,

8 boiles, *Ed.*: boiles. 1633-69: in *MSS.* generally spelt as pronounced,
 biles or byles 13 vile lying stones 1635-54 and *MSS.*: vile stones lying
 1633, 1669 14 they hang *Ar8, B, JC, L74, M, N, O'F* (altered to it), *S,*
TC, W: it hangs 1633-69 19 a] *om.* 1635-39 26 grave] grav'd 1669
 dust 1633-69, *W*: durt *Ar8, A25, JC, M, N, O'F, P, S, TC* 28 hands. *W*:
 hands, 1633-69 34 thy gouty hand. 1635-69, *Ar8, A25, B, L74, N, O'F,*
P, S96, TC, W (hand; 1635-69): her gouty hand; 1633, *JC, S*: thy
 mistres hand; 1669 37 durt 1635-69: part 1633, from next line

Such

Such cherishing heat her best lov'd part doth hold.
 Thine's like the dread mouth of a fired gunne,
 Or like hot liquid metallis newly runne 40
 Into clay moulds, or like to that Ætna.
 Where round about the grasse is burnt away.
 Are not your kisses then as filthy, and more,
 As a worme sucking an invenom'd fore?
 Doth not thy fearefull hand in feeling quake, 45
 As one which gath'ring flowers, still feares a snake?
 Is not your last act harsh, and violent,
 As when a Plough a stony ground doth rent?
 So kisse good Turtles, so devoutly nice
 Are Priests in handling reverent sacrifice, 50
 And such in searhing wounds the Surgeon is
 As wee, when wee embrace, or touch, or kisse.
 Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus,
 She, and comparifons are odious.

ELEGIE IX.

The Autumnnall.

NO Spring, nor Summer Beauty hath such grace,
 As I have seen in one *Autumnnall* face.
 Yong *Beauties* force our love, and that's a *Rape*,
 This doth but *counsaile*, yet you cannot scape.

46 feares] fear'd *A18, L74, N, O'F, TC, W* 48 when 1635-69 and
MSS.: where 1633 50 Are Priests . . . sacrifice,] A Priest is in his
 handling Sacrifice, 1669 51 such *A18, A25, B, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, S,*
S96, TC, W: nice 1633-69

Eleg. IX. The Autumnnall. 1635-54: Elegie. The Autumnnall. 1633:
 Elegie IX. 1669: Elegie. *A18, N, TCC, TCD*: Elegie Autumnnall. *D,*
H40, H49, JC, Lec: An autumnnall face: On the Ladie St Edward Herbert
 mothers Ladie Danvers. *B*: On the Lady Herbert afterwards Danvers. *O'F*:
 Widdow. *M, P*: A Paradox of an ould Woman. *S*: Elegie Autumnnall on
 the Lady Shandoys. *S96*: no title, *L74* 1 Summer 1633: Summers
 1635-69 2 face. *Ed*: face, 1633-69 3 our love, 1633. *D, H49,*
Lec, S: our Loves, 1669: your love, 1635-54. *A18, A25, B, H40, I.74, M,*
N, O'F, P, S96, TC

If t'were a *shame* to love, here t'were no *shame*,
Affection here takes *Reverences* name. 5
 Were her first yeares the *Golden Age*; That's true,
 But now shee's *gold* oft tried, and ever new.
 That was her torrid and inflaming time,
 This is her tolerable *Tropique chyme*. 10
 Faire eyes, who askes more heate then comes from hence,
 He in a fever wishes pestilence.
 Call not these wrinkles, *graves*; If *graves* they were,
 They were *Loves graves*; for else he is no where.
 Yet lies not Love *dead* here, but here doth sit 15
 Vow'd to this trench, like an *Anachorit*.
 And here, till hers, which must be his *death*, come,
 He doth not digge a *Grave*, but build a *Tombe*.
 Here dwells he, though he sojourns ev'ry where,
 In *Progresse*, yet his standing house is here. 20
 Here, where still *Evening* is; not *noone*, nor *night*;
 Where no *voluptuousnesse*, yet all *delight*.
 In all her words, unto all hearers fit,
 You may at *Revels*, you at *Counsaile*, fit.
 This is loves timber, youth his under-wood; 25
 There he, as wine in *Iune*, enrages blood,
 Which then comes seasonabliest, when our tast
 And appetite to other things, is past.
 Xerxes strange *Lydian* love, the *Platane* tree,
 Was lov'd for age, none being so large as shee, 30
 Or else because, being yong, nature did blesse
 Her youth with ages glory, *Barrennesse*.
 If we love things long fought, *Age* is a thing
 Which we are fifty yeares in compassing.

6 *Affection* . takes *A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, M, N, P, S, S96, TC*: *Affections* . take 1633-69, *JC, O'F* 8 shee's 1635-69, *A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, M, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC*: they're 1633
 10 tolerable 1633, *D, H40, H49, Lec, S*: habitable 1635-69, *A18, A25, L74, M, N, O'F, P, TC* 14 for 1633: or 1635-69 15 Love]
 love 1633 22 Where] Where's *O'F, S* 23 unto all] to all her *P*
 24 *Counsaile*, *Ed*: *counsaile*, 1633-54: *counsaile* 1669 26 enrages]
 brings *D, H49*: breeds *Lec* 27 seasonabliest, 1633: seasonabliest,
 1635-69 28 past.] past; 1633 30 large 1633: old 1635-69

If transitory things, which foone decay, 35
Age must be lovelyest at the latest day.
 But name not *Winter-faces*, whose skin's flacke;
 Lanke, as an unthrifts purse; but a foules sacke;
 Whose *Eyes* feeke light within, for all here's shade;
 Whose *mouthes* are holes, rather worne out, then made; 40
 Whose every tooth to a severall place is gone,
 To vexee their foules at *Refurrection*;
 Name not these living *Deaths-heads* unto mee,
 For these, not *Ancient*, but *Antique* be.
 I hate extreames; yet I had rather stay 45
 With *Tombs*, then *Cradles*, to weare out a day.
 Since such loves naturall lation is, may still
 My love descend, and journey downe the hill,
 Not panting after growing beauties, so,
 I shall ebbe out with them, who home-ward goe. 50

37 not] noe *several MSS.* 38 foules sacke; 1633. 1669, and *MSS.*:
 fooles sack; 1635-54 40 made; *Ed*: made 1633-54: made. 1669
 42 their foules] the foul 1669 43 *Deaths-heads* 1633: *Death-heads*
 1635-69, *Chambers*: death-shades *H40* 44 *Ancient*, . . . *Antique* 1633.
 1669, *D, H49, Lec*: *Ancients*, . *Antiques* 1635-54, *B, O'F, S*: ancient .
 antiques *A18, A25, H40, L74, M, N, TC* be. *Ed*: be; 1633 46 a]
 the 1669, *M, P* 47 naturall lation *A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, L74, M.*
N, P, S, TC (*sometimes thus*, natural-lation): motion naturall 1633: naturall
 station 1635-69, *Lec, O'F* 50 ebbe out 1633: ebbe on 1635-69, *A18.*
A25, B, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, M, N, O'F, P, S, TC

ELEGIE X.

The Dreame.

I Mage of her whom I love, more then she,
 Whose faire impressiō in my faithfull heart,
 Makes mee her *Medall*, and makes her love mee,
 As Kings do coynes, to which their stamps impart
 The value: goe, and take my heart from hence, 5
 Which now is growne too great and good for me:
Honours oppresse weake spirits, and our sence
 Strong objects dull; the more, the lesse wee see.
 When you are gone, and *Reason* gone with you,
 Then *Fantastie* is Queene and Soule, and all; 10
 She can present joyes meaner then you do;
 Convenient, and more proportionall.
 So, if I dreame I have you, I have you,
 For, all our joyes are but fantastickall.
 And so I scape the paine, for paine is true; 15
 And sleepe which locks up sence, doth lock out all.
 After a such fruition I shall wake,
 And, but the waking, nothing shall repent;
 And shall to love more thankfull Sonnets make,
 Then if more *honour*, *teares*, and *paines* were spent. 20
 But dearest heart, and dearer image stay;
 Alas, true joyes at best are *dreame* enough;
 Though you stay here you passe too fast away:
 For even at first lifes *Taper* is a snuffe.
 Fill'd with her love, may I be rather grown 25
 Mad with much *heart*, then *ideott* with none.

Eleg. X. The Dreame. 1635-54: Elegie X. 1669: Elegie. 1633:
 Picture. S96: Elegie. or no title, A18, B, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F,
 P, S, S96, TCC, TCD 7 sence] sence, 1633 8 dull; 1635-69:
 dull, 1633 16 out] up B, P, S 17 a such 1633-54: such a 1669
 22 dreame] dreams 1669

ELEGIE

ELEGIE XI.

The Bracelet.

*Vpon the losse of his Mistresses Chaine, for which
he made satisfaction.*

Not that in colour it was like thy haire,
 For Armelets of that thou maist let me weare:
 Nor that thy hand it oft embrac'd and kist,
 For so it had that good, which oft I mist:
 Nor for that filly old moralitie, 5
 That as these linkes were knit, our love should bee:
 Mourne I that I thy seavenfold chaine have lost;
 Nor for the luck sake; but the bitter cost.
 O, shall twelve righteous Angels, which as yet
 No leaven of vile foder did admit; 10
 Nor yet by any way have straid or gone
 From the first state of their Creation;
 Angels, which heaven commanded to provide
 All things to me, and be my faithfull guide;
 To gaine new friends, t'appease great enemies; 15
 To comfort my soule, when I lie or rise;
 Shall these twelve innocents, by thy severe
 Sentence (dread judge) my sins great burden beare?
 Shall they be damn'd, and in the furnace throwne,
 And punisht for offences not their owne? 20
 They save not me, they doe not ease my paines,
 When in that hell they're burnt and tyed in chains.

Elégie XI. &c. Ed.: Eleg. XII. The Bracelet. &c. 1635 (Eleg. XI.
 being Death, for which see p. 284): Eleg. XII. Vpon &c. 1639-54 (Eleg.
 IV. 1650-54, a misprint): Elegie XII. 1669: Elegie (numbered variously).
 The Bracelett. or The Chaine. A25, B, C, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, M, N,
 O'F, P, S, S96, TCD, W 2 For . . . weare: | Armelets of that thou maist
 still let me weare: 1669 6 were knit, 1635-69: are knit Cy: are tyde
 A25, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, R212, S, S96, TCD, W: were tyde L74 love]
 loves 1669 11 way 1635-69: taynt S96, O'F, W: taynts B: fault A25,
 Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, M, N, P, S. TCD 15 great] old 1669 16
 rise; Ed: rise. 1635-69 22 chains. Ed.: chains: 1635-69

Were

Were they but Crownes of France, I cared not,
 For, most of these, their naturall Countreys rot
 I think possesseth, they come here to us, 25
 So pale, so lame, so leane, so ruinous;
 And howsoe'r French Kings most Christian be,
 Their Crownes are circumcis'd most Iewishly.
 Or were they Spanish Stamps, still travelling,
 That are become as Catholique as their King, 30
 Those unlickt beare-whelps, unfil'd pistolets
 That (more than Canon shot) availles or lets;
 Which negligently left unrounded, looke
 Like many angled figures, in the booke
 Of some great Conjuror that would enforce 35
 Nature, as these doe justice, from her course;
 Which, as the foule quickens head, feet and heart,
 As streames, like veines, run through th'earth's every part,
 Visitt all Countries, and have flily made
 Gorgeous *France*, ruin'd, ragged and decay'd; 40
Scotland, which knew no State, proud in one day:
 And mangled seventeen-headed *Belgia*.
 Or were it such gold as that wherewithall
 Almighty *Chymiques* from each minerall,
 Having by subtle fire a foule out-pull'd; 45
 Are dirtely and desperately gull'd:
 I would not spit to quench the fire they're in,
 For, they are guilty of much hainous Sin.
 But, shall my harmlesse angels perish? Shall
 I lose my guard, my ease, my food, my all? 50

24 these 1635-54: them 1669 their naturall Countreys *Cy, O'F*:
 their Countreys naturall 1635-54, *P*: their naturall Country 1669, and rest
 of *MSS*. 26 ruinous; *Ed*: ruinous. 1635-69 28 Iewishly. *Ed*:
 Iewishly; 1635-69 35 great] dread 1669 36 course; *Ed*: course.
 1635-69 38 streames, *Ed*: streames 1635-69 40 ruin'd, ragged
 and decay'd; 1669, and *MSS*., but end stop varies: ruin'd: ragged and
 decay'd 1635: ruin'd: ragged and decay'd, 1639-54 42 *Belgia*. *Ed*:
Belgia: 1635-69 45 foule] Mercury *B* 47 they're in, 1635-69:
 therein, *Cy, P*: they were in, rest of *MSS*.

Much hope which they should nourish will be dead,
 Much of my able youth, and lustyhead
 Will vanish; if thou love let them alone,
 For thou wilt love me lesse when they are gone;
 And be content that some lowd squeaking Cryer 55
 Well-pleas'd with one leane thred-bare groat, for hire,
 May like a devill roare through every street;
 And gall the finders conscience, if they meet.
 Or let mee creepe to some dread Conjuror,
 That with phantastique scheames fills full much paper; 60
 Which hath divided heaven in tenements,
 And with whores, thieves, and murderers stuff his rents,
 So full, that though hee passe them all in sinne,
 He leaves himselfe no roome to enter in.
 But if, when all his art and time is spent, 65
 Hee say 'twill ne'r be found; yet be content;
 Receive from him that doome ungrudgingly,
 Because he is the mouth of destiny.

Thou say'st (alas) the gold doth still remaine,
 Though it be chang'd, and put into a chaine; 70
 So in the first false angels, resteth still
 Wisdom and knowledge; but, 'tis turn'd to ill:
 As these should doe good works; and should provide
 Necessities; but now must nurse thy pride.
 And they are still bad angels; Mine are none; 75
 For, forme gives being, and their forme is gone:
 Pity these Angels; yet their dignities
 Passe Vertues, Powers, and Principalities.

51 dead, *Ed*: dead. 1635-69 52 lustyhead *Ed*: lusty head 1635-69
 53 vanish; *Ed*: vanish, 1635-69 if thou love let them alone, 1635-39:
 if thou Love let them alone, 1650-69: if thou, Love, let them alone;
Grolier (conjecturing atone) 54-5 gone; And *Ed*: gone, And
 1635-69, *Cy*, *P*: gone. Oh, rest of *MSS*. 58 conscience, if they
 meet. 1669 and *MSS*.: conscience, if hee meet. 1635-54, *JC*, *L*74, *P*
 60 scheames *D*, *H*49, *JC*, *Lec*, *O* *F*, *S*96, *W*: scenes 1635-69, *Cy*, *L*74, *P*,
TCD 63 passe] place 1669 65 new par. 1635-69 But 1635-69,
Cy, *P*: And rest of *MSS*. 66 yet 1635-69, *Cy*, *P*: Oh rest of *MSS*.
 67 that 1635-54, *Cy*, *P*: the 1669 and rest of *MSS*. 70 chaine; *Ed*:
 chaine, 1635-69 74 pride. *Ed*: pride, 1635-69 76 being, *Ed*:
 being: 1635-69 77 Angels; yet *Cy*, *D*, *H*49, *N*, *P*, *S*, *TCD*: Angels
 yet; 1635-69, *W*

But, thou art resolute; Thy will be done!
 Yet with such anguish, as her onely sonne
 The Mother in the hungry grave doth lay,
 Vnto the fire these Martyrs I betray.
 Good soules, (for you give life to every thing)
 Good Angels, (for good messages you bring)
 Destin'd you might have beene to such an one,
 As would have lov'd and worship'd you alone:
 One that would suffer hunger, nakednesse,
 Yea death, ere he would make your number lesse.
 But, I am guilty of your sad decay;
 May your few fellowes longer with me stay.
 But ô thou wretched finder whom I hate
 So, that I almost pittie thy estate:
 Gold being the heaviest metal amongst all,
 May my most heavy curse upon thee fall:
 Here fetter'd, manacled, and hang'd in chains,
 First mayst thou bee; then chaine'd to hellish paines;
 Or be with forraine gold brib'd to betray
 Thy Countrey, and faile both of that and thy pay.
 May the next thing thou stoop'st to reach, containe
 Poyson, whose nimble fume rot thy moist braine;
 Or libels, or some interdicted thing,
 Which negligently kept, thy ruine bring.
 Lust-bred diseases rot thee; and dwell with thee
 Itching desire, and no abilitie.
 May all the evils that gold ever wrought;
 All mischiefes that all devils ever thought;
 Want after plenty; poore and gouty age;
 The plagues of travellers; love; marriage
 Afflict thee, and at thy lives last moment,

79 done! *Ed.*: done; 1635-39: done: 1650-54: done? 1669
 few fellowes] few-fellowes 1635-69
 much that *A25, D, H49, JC* (as), *L74, Lec, N, S, S96* (as), *TCD, W* (as):
 So much *B* estate] state *D, H49, &c.*
 amongst metals all, 1669, *Cy*
MSS.: it 1635-69 thy] om. 1669
 105 evils that gold ever 1635-69, *P*: hurt that ever gold hath rest of *MSS.*
 106 mischiefes all *MSS.*: mischiefe 1635-69
 1635-54, *Cy, P*: love and marriage 1669, and rest of *MSS.*
 that 1669

May thy swolne finnes themselves to thee present. 110
 But, I forgive; repent thee honest man:
 Gold is Restorative, restore it then:
 But if from it thou bee'st loath to depart,
 Because 'tis cordiall, would twere at thy heart.

ELEGIE XII.

His parting from her.

SInce she must go, and I must mourn, come Night,
 Environ me with darkness, whilst I write:
 Shadow that hell unto me, which alone
 I am to suffer when my Love is gone.
 Alas the darke'st Magick cannot do it, 5
 Thou and greate Hell to boot are shadows to it.
 Should *Cynthia* quit thee, *Venus*, and each starre,
 It would not forme one thought dark as mine are.
 I could lend thee obscureness now, and say,
 Out of my self, There should be no more Day, 10
 Such is already my felt want of sight,
 Did not the fires within me force a light.
 Oh Love, that fire and darkness should be mixt,
 Or to thy Triumphs foe strange torments fixt?
 Is't because thou thy self art blind, that wee 15
 Thy Martyrs must no more each other see?

110 thee] thou 1669 113 But if from it . . . depart, 1635-54, Cy,
 P: But if that from it . . . part, 1669: Or if with it . . . depart rest of MSS.
 Elegie. XII. &c. Ed: Eleg. XIII &c. 1635-54 (Eleg. XIII.
 being Come, Fates, &c., p. 407): Elegie XIII. 1669: At her De-
 parture. A25: At his Mistris departure. B: Elegie. H40, O'F, P, S96,
 TCD (II) 1 Night, Ed: night 1635-69 4 Love] foule 1635-54
 5-44 omit. 1635-54, A25, B 6 Thou and greate Hell H40, O'F, P,
 S96: And that great Hell 1669 to boot are 1669, H40, O'F: are nought
 but P, S96 7 thee, Ed: thee 1669 9 thee H40: them 1669,
 P, S96, TCD 10 Day. Ed: Day. 1669 11 felt want H40, O'F,
 P, S96, TCD: self-want 1669 sight, Ed: sight 1669 12 fires H40,
 S96, TCD: fire 1669, P 14 Or] Are S96: And TCD foe H40,
 O'F, P, S96, TCD: such 1669

Or

Or tak'st thou pride to break us on the wheel,
 And view old Chaos in the Pains we feel?
 Or have we left undone some mutual Right,
 Through holy fear, that merits thy despight? 20
 No, no. The falt was mine, impute it to me,
 Or rather to conspiring destinie,
 Which (since I lov'd for forme before) decreed,
 That I should suffer when I lov'd indeed:
 And therefore now, sooner then I can say, 25
 I saw the golden fruit, 'tis rapt away.
 Or as I had watcht one drop in a vast stream,
 And I left wealthy only in a dream.
 Yet Love, thou'rt blinder then thy self in this,
 To vex my Dove-like friend for my amifs: 30
 And, where my own sad truth may expiate
 Thy wrath, to make her fortune run my fate:
 So blinded Justice doth, when Favorites fall,
 Strike them, their house, their friends, their followers all.
 Was't not enough that thou didst dart thy fires 35
 Into our blouds, inflaming our desires,
 And made'st us sigh and glow, and pant, and burn,
 And then thy self into our flame did'st turn?
 Was't not enough, that thou didst hazard us
 To paths in love so dark, so dangerous: 40
 And those so ambush'd round with household spies,
 And over all, thy husbands trowing eyes

17 the *H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD*: thy 1669 20 Through holy fear,
 that merits (causes *S96*) thy despight (meriteth thy spight *P*) *H40, O'F, P,*
S96, TCD: That thus with parting thou seek'st us to spight? 1669 21
 was *H40, S96*: is 1669, *P, TCD* 23 Which . . . decreed, *H40, O'F,*
S96: Which (since I lov'd) for me before decreed, 1669, *P, TCD*:
 Which, since I lov'd in jest before, decreed *H-K*, which *Chambers* follows
 25 now, sooner all the *MSS.*: sooner now 1669 rapt] wrapt 1669
 27 a vast *H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD*: the vast 1669 29 thy self] myself
Chambers 31 my own *H40, O'F, P, S96*: one 1669 sad 1669: glad
H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD 32 fate: *Ed*: fate. 1669 33 blinded]
 blindest *H40* 34 followers *H40, P, TCD*: favourites 1669, *S96*
 37 glow *H40, S96, P, TCD*: blow 1669 38 flame *H40, S96, P, TCD*:
 flames 1669 40 so dangerous *H40, P, S96, TCD*: and dangerous
 1669 42 all, *Ed*: all 1669 trowing 1669, *TCD*: towred *O'F, P,*
S96: lowering *Grolier* the towred husbands eyes *H40*: the Loured,
 husbandes eyes *RP31*

That

That flam'd with oylie sweate of jealousie:
 Yet went we not still on with Constancie?
 Have we not kept our guards, like spie on spie? 45
 Had correspondence whilst the foe stood by?
 Stoln (more to sweeten them) our many blisses
 Of meetings, conference, embracements, kisses?
 Shadow'd with negligence our most respects?
 Varied our language through all dialects, 50
 Of becks, winks, looks, and often under-boards
 Spoke dialogues with our feet far from our words?
 Have we prov'd all these secrets of our Art,
 Yea, thy pale inwards, and thy panting heart?
 And, after all this passed Purgatory, 55
 Must sad divorce make us the vulgar story?
 First let our eyes be rivited quite through
 Our turning brains, and both our lips grow to:
 Let our armes claspe like Ivy, and our fear
 Freeze us together, that we may stick here, 60
 Till Fortune, that would rive us, with the deed
 Strain her eyes open, and it make them bleed:
 For Love it cannot be, whom hitherto
 I have accus'd, should such a mischief doe.
 Oh Fortune, thou'rt not worth my least exclaime, 65
 And plague enough thou hast in thy own shame.
 Do thy great worst, my friend and I have armes,

43 That flam'd with oylie *H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD*: Inflam'd with
 th'ouglic 1669 jealousie: *Ed*: jealousie, 1669 44 with *H40, O'F, P,*
S96, TCD: in 1669 45 Have we not kept our guards, *H40, O'F,*
P, S96, TCD: Have we for this kept guards, 1669 on 1669: o'r
 1635-54 49 most 1635-69, *H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD*: best 1669
 50 our] thy *RP31* 52 from our words? 1669: from words? 1635-54
 53 these secrets *MSS*: the secrets 1635-69 our] thy *RP31* 54
 Yea . . . panting heart? 1635-69, *A25*: Yea thy pale colours inward as
 thy heart? *H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD* 56 sad] rude *P, TCD* 57-66
om. 1635-54, *A25, B* 58 brains] beams *P*: brain *Chambers* 61
 Fortune, *Ed*: fortune, 1669 would rive us, with *H40, O'F, S96, TCD*:
 would ruine us with 1669 62 her *H40*: his 1669 it] yet 1669
 bleed: *Ed*: bleed. 1669 65 Oh Fortune,] Oh fortune, 1669, *S96*:
 And Fortune *H40, P* 66 shame. *H40, O'F, P, S96*: name. 1669 67
 Do thy great worst &c. 1669: Fortune, doe thy worst &c. 1635-54 (after
 56 the vulgar story?) armes, 1635-69, *H40, O'F, P, S, TCD*: charmes
H-K (Grosart and Chambers)

Though

Though not against thy strokes, against thy harmes.
 Rend us in sunder, thou canst not divide
 Our bodies so, but that our souls are ty'd, 70
 And we can love by letters still and gifts,
 And thoughts and dreams; Love never wanteth shifts.
 I will not look upon the quickning Sun,
 But straight her beauty to my sense shall run;
 The ayre shall note her soft, the fire most pure; 75
 Water suggest her clear, and the earth sure.
 Time shall not lose our passages; the Spring
 How fresh our love was in the beginning;
 The Summer how it ripened in the eare;
 And Autumn, what our golden harvests were. 80
 The Winter I'll not think on to spite thee,
 But count it a lost season, so shall shee.
 And dearest Friend, since we must part, drown night
 With hope of Day, burthens well born are light.
 Though cold and darkness longer hang somewhere, 85
 Yet *Phoebus* equally lights all the Sphere.
 And what he cannot in like Portions pay,
 The world enjoys in Mass, and so we may.
 Be then ever your self, and let no woe
 Win on your health, your youth, your beauty: so 90
 Declare your self base fortunes Enemy,
 No less by your contempt then constancy:
 That I may grow enamoured on your mind,
 When my own thoughts I there reflected find.

69 Rend us in sunder, 1669 and MSS.: Bend us, in sunder 1635-54
 72 shifts. 1635: shifts, 1639-69 76 Water H40, P, TCD: Waters
 1635-69, A25, S96 sure. Ed: sure; 1635-69 77 Time] Times
 H40, TCD Spring Ed: spring 1635-69 79 ripened in the eare;
 B, H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD: ripened in the yeare; 1635: inripened the
 yeare; 1639-69 83-94 omit 1635-54, A25, B 85 Though H40,
 P, TCD: The 1669, S96 87 he . . . Portions Ed: he . . . portions
 H40: he . . . portion O'F, P, TCD: we . . . Portion 1669: he can't in
 like proportion H-K (Grosart) 88 enjoys] yet joys H40 89 ever
 your] your fayrest H40, TCD 92 by your contempt then con-
 stancy: H40, S96: be your contempt then constancy: O'F, H-K (Grosart),
 P, TCD: be your contempt then her inconstancy: 1669 94 there
 reflected H40, O'F, P, S, TCD: here neglected 1669: there neglected
 H-K (Grosart, probably wrongly)

For

For this to th'comfort of my Dear I vow, 95
 My Deeds shall still be what my words are now;
 The Poles shall move to teach me ere I start;
 And when I change my Love, I'll change my heart;
 Nay, if I wax but cold in my desire,
 Think, heaven hath motion lost, and the world, fire: 100
 Much more I could, but many words have made
 That, oft, suspected which men would persuade;
 Take therefore all in this: I love so true,
 As I will never look for less in you.

ELEGIE XIII.

Iulia.

HArke newes, ô envy, thou shalt heare descry'd
 My *Iulia*; who as yet was ne'r envy'd.
 To vomit gall in slander, swell her vaines
 With calumny, that hell it selfe disdaines,
 Is her continuall practice; does her best, 5
 To teare opinion even out of the brest
 Of dearest friends, and (which is worse than vilde)
 Sticks jealousie in wedlock; her owne childe
 Scapes not the showres of envie, To repeate
 The monstrous fashions, how, were, alive, to eate 10
 Deare reputation. Would to God she were
 But halfe so loath to act vice, as to heare

95-104 *om. TCD* 95 For *H40, S96*: And 1635-69 96 my
 words are now; *H40, P*: my deeds are now; 1635-69, *O'F, S96*: my
 thoughts are now; *A25* 102 oft, 1633-54: oft 1669 would
 1635-54, *A25, B, H40, O'F, S96*: most 1669

Elegie XIII. *Sc. Ed*: Eleg. XV. *Sc. 1635-54*: Elegie XV. 1669:
Iulia. B: Elegy. *Iulia. O'F* 5 practice; *Ed*: practice, 1635-69
 7 vilde) *Ed*: vile) 1635-69: vilde is the regular spelling of this word in the
Donne MSS. 8 in wedlock;] in the sheets of wedlock; *B*
 10 how, 1635: how; 1639-69

My

My milde reproofe. Liv'd *Mantuan* now againe,
 That foemall Maftix, to limme with his penne
 This fhe *Chymera*, that hath eyes of fire, 15
 Burning with anger, anger feeds defire,
 Tongued like the night-crow, whose ill boding cries
 Give out for nothing but new injuries,
 Her breath like to the juice in *Tenarus*
 That blafts the fprings, though ne'r fo prosperous, 20
 Her hands, I know not how, us'd more to fpill
 The food of others, then her felfe to fill.
 But oh her minde, that *Orcus*, which includes
 Legions of mifchiefs, countleffe multitudes
 Of formleffe curfes, projects unmade up, 25
 Abufes yet unfashion'd, thoughts corrupt,
 Mifhapen Cavils, palpable untroths,
 Inevitable errours, felf-accufing oaths:
 Thefe, like thofe Atoms fwarming in the Sunne,
 Throng in her bofome for creation. 30
 I blufh to give her halfe her due; yet fay,
 No poyfon's halfe fo bad as *Iulia*.

ELEGIE XIV.

A Tale of a Citizen and his Wife.

I Sing no harme good footh to any wight,
 To Lord or foole, Cuckold, begger or knight,
 To peace-teaching Lawyer, Proctor, or brave
 Reformed or reduced Captaine, Knave,

14 That foemall Maftix, 1635: 1639-69 and Chambers drop comma. But
 see note 18 injuries, 1635-39: injuries. 1650-69 20 prosperous, Ed:
 prosperous. 1635-69 24 mifchiefs O'F: mifchiefe, 1635-69 28
 oaths: B, H-K (Grosart): loathes: 1635-69, O'F 31 give but half B:
 give half her O'F yet fay,] only this fay, B: but this fay O'F

Elegie XIV. &c. Ed: Eleg. XVI. A Tale &c. 1635-54: Elegie
 XVI. 1669: Elegie XV. O'F: no title, B 2 or foole,] to fool, 1669

Officer, Iugler, or Iustice of peace, 5
 Iuror or Iudge; I touch no fat sowes greafe,
 I am no Libeller, nor will be any,
 But (like a true man) say there are too many.
 I feare not *ore tenuis*; for my tale,
 Nor Count nor Counsellour will redd or pale. 10
 A Citizen and his wife the other day
 Both riding on one horse, upon the way
 I overtooke, the wench a pretty peate,
 And (by her eye) well fitting for the feate.
 I saw the lecherous Citizen turne backe 15
 His head, and on his wifes lip steale a smacke,
 Whence apprehending that the man was kinde,
 Riding before, to kisse his wife behinde,
 To get acquaintance with him I began
 To fort discourse fit for so fine a man: 20
 I ask'd the number of the Plaguy Bill,
 Ask'd if the Custome Farmers held out still,
 Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward
 The traffique of the I(n)land seas had marr'd,
 Whether the Brittain *Burse* did fill apace, 25
 And likely were to give th'Exchange disgrace;
 Of new-built *Algate*, and the *More-field* crosse,
 Of store of Bankerouts, and poore Merchants losses
 I urged him to speake; But he (as mute
 As an old Courtier worne to his last suite) 30
 Replies with onely yeas and naves; At last
 (To fit his element) my theame I cast
 On Tradesmens gaines; that set his tongue agoing:
 Alas, good sir (quoth he) *There is no doing*
In Court nor City now; she smil'd and I, 35
 And (in my conscience) both gave him the lie

5 Iugler, 1635-39: Iudge, 1650-69 9 *tenuis*; Ed: *tenuis*, 1635-69
 10 will redd or pale. 1669, B, O'F (shall): will looke redd or pale. 1635-54
 14 feate. Ed: feate, 1635-69 16 steale] seale O'F 21 Plaguy 1669,
 B, O'F: Plaguing 1635-54 22 Custome] custome 1635 24
 I(n)land Ed: Iland 1635-54: Midland 1669, O'F: the land, the seas B,
 but later hand has inserted mid above the line: Island Chambers and Grolier
 27 *More-field*] Moorefields B 32 To fit] To hit O'F 33 agoing:
 Ed: agoing, 1635-69 35 In . . . now; Ed: roman 1635-69

In one met thought: but he went on apace,
 And at the present time with such a face
 He rail'd, as fray'd me; for he gave no praise,
 To any but my Lord of *Essex* dayes; 40
 Call'd those the age of action; true (quoth Hee)
 There's now as great an itch of bravery,
 And heat of taking up, but cold lay downe,
 For, put to push of pay, away they runne;
 Our onely City trades of hope now are 45
 Bawd, Tavern-keeper, Whore and Scrivener;
 The much of Privileg'd kingsmen, and the store
 Of fresh protections make the rest all poore;
 In the first state of their Creation,
 Though many stoutly stand, yet proves not one 50
 A righteous pay-master. Thus ranne he on
 In a continued rage: so void of reason
 Seem'd his harsh talke, I sweate for feare of treason.
 And (troth) how could I lesse? when in the prayer
 For the protection of the wise Lord Major, 55
 And his wise brethrens worships, when one prayeth,
 He swore that none could say Amen with faith.
 To get him off from what I glowed to heare,
 (In happy time) an Angel did appeare,
 The bright Signe of a lov'd and wel-try'd Inne, 60
 Where many Citizens with their wives have bin
 Well us'd and often; here I pray'd him stay,
 To take some due refreshment by the way.
 Looke how hee look'd that hid the gold (his hope)
 And at's returne found nothing but a Rope, 65

38 time 1669: times O'F 41 those... (quoth Hee) 1669, B, O'F:
 that... (quoth I) 1635-54 46 Bawd, ... Scrivener; B, O'F: Bawds,
 Tavernkeepers, Whores and Scriveners, 1635-54: Bawds, Tavernkeepers,
 Whore and Scrivener 1669 47 kingsmen, and the store 1669, B,
 O'F(kingfman): kinsmen, and store 1635-54 58 him off O'F: off
 him 1669: him 1635-54 61 have bin B, O'F: had beene, 1635-69
 64 the gold (his hope)] his gold, his hope 1669 65 at's 1669: at
 1635-54 .

So

So he on me, refus'd and made away,
 Though willing she pleaded a weary day:
 I found my misse, struck hands, and praid him tell
 (To hold acquaintance still) where he did dwell;
 He barely nam'd the street, promis'd the Wine, 70
 But his kinde wife gave me the very Signe.

ELEGIE XV.

The Expostulation.

TO make the doubt cleare, that no woman's true,
 Was it my fate to prove it strong in you?
 Thought I, but one had breathed purest aire,
 And must she needs be false because she's faire?
 Is it your beauties marke, or of your youth, 5
 Or your perfection, not to study truth?
 Or thinke you heaven is deafe, or hath no eyes?
 Or those it hath, smile at your perjuries?
 Are vowes so cheape with women, or the matter
 Whereof they are made, that they are writ in water, 10
 And blowne away with winde? Or doth their breath
 (Both hot and cold at once) make life and death?
 Who could have thought so many accents sweet
 Form'd into words, so many sighs should meete
 As from our hearts, so many oathes, and teares 15
 Sprinkled among, (all sweeter by our feares

66 on 1669, B: at 1635-54 me,] me: 1635-54 67 day: 1669,
 B, O'F: stay. 1635-39: stay: 1650-54 69 dwell; 1635: dwell
 1639-54: dwell, 1669

Elegie XV. Ed: Eleg. XVII. The Expostulation. 1635-54: Elegie
 XVII. 1669: Elegie. 1633, B, Cy, H40, HN, M, N, O'F, P, RP31, S, S96,
 TCD, Jonson's Underwoods 2 strong] full Und 3 purest] the
 purer Und 6 Or your 1633-69: Or of your H40 8 it hath,]
 she hath B, H40, M, N, P, S96 12 (Both hot and cold at once) RP31:
 Both . . . at once, Und: (Both . . . cold) at once 1633-69, S96: Both
 heate and coole at once M make] threat Und 14 Form'd into]
 Tun'd to our Und 15 As] Blowne Und 16-18 (all sweeter . . .
 the rest) 1633, B, Cy, M, N, O'F, P, RP31: (all sweetend &c. 1635, which
 does not complete the bracket: (all sweetend by our fears) &c. 1639-69,
 L74 (sweeter), P (sweeter), S96 (sweetned)

And

And the divine impressi^on of stolne kisses,
 That seal'd the rest) should now prove empty blisses?
 Did you draw bonds to forfeit? signe to breake?
 Or must we reade you quite from what you speake, 20
 And finde the truth out the wrong way? or must
 Hee first desire you false, would wish you just?
 O I prophane, though most of women be
 This kinde of beast, my thought shall except thee;
 My dearest love, though froward jealousie, 25
 With circumstance might urge thy'inconstancie,
 Sooner I'll thinke the Sunne will cease to cheare
 The teeming earth, and *that* forget to beare,
 Sooner that rivers will runne back, or Thames
 With ribs of Ice in June would bind his streames, 30
 Or Nature, by whose strength the world endures,
 Would change her course, before you alter yours.
 But O that treacherous breast to whom weake you
 Did trust our Counsells, and wee both may rue,
 Having his falshood found too late, 'twas hee 35
 That made me *cast* you guilty, and you me,
 Whilst he, black wretch, betray'd each simple word
 Wee spake, unto the cunning of a third.
 Curst may hee be, that so our love hath flaine,
 And wander on the earth, wretched as *Cain*, 40
 Wretched as hee, and not deserve least pittie;
 In plaguing him, let misery be witty;
 Let all eyes shunne him, and hee shunne each eye,
 Till hee be noysome as his infamie;
 May he without remorse deny God thrice, 45
 And not be trusted more on his Soules price;

22 with] have *P* 24 This kinde of beast,] The common Monster,
Und my thought 1633: my thoughts 1635-69, *HN*, 896 25
 though froward] how ever *RP* 31, *Und* 26 thy'inconstancie,] the
 contrarie. *Und* 28 beare, 1633: beare: 1635-69 30 would 1633,
Und: will 1635-69 streames, *Ed*: streames; 1633-69 32 yours.]
 yours; 1633 34 trust 1633-69: drift *Chambers* 37 wretch]
 wrech 1633 38 third. *Ed*: third; 1633-69 39 love] loves *RP* 31
 40 wretched as *Cain*, 1633-69, *B*, *Cy*, *N*, *O* *F*: as wretched *Cain*, *P*: as
 cursed *Cain*, *S*: wretched on the Earth, as *Cain*: *Und*

And

And after all selfe torment, when hee dyes,
 May Wolves teare out his heart, Vultures his eyes,
 Swine eate his bowels, and his falser tongue
 That utter'd all, be to some Raven flung, 50
 And let his carrion coarſe be a longer feaſt
 To the Kings dogges, then any other beaſt.
 Now have I curſt, let us our love revive;
 In mee the flame was never more alive;
 I could beginne againe to court and praife, 55
 And in that pleaſure lengthen the ſhort dayes
 Of my lifes leaſe; like Painters that do take
 Delight, not in made worke, but whiles they make;
 I could renew thoſe times, when firſt I ſaw
 Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law 60
 To like what you lik'd; and at maskes and playes
 Commend the ſelfe ſame Actors, the ſame wayes;
 Aſke how you did, and often with intent
 Of being officious, be impertinent;
 All which were ſuch ſoft paſtimes, as in theſe 65
 Love was as ſubtilly catch'd, as a diſeaſe;
 But being got it is a treaſure ſweet,
 Which to defend is harder then to get:
 And ought not be prophan'd on either part,
 For though'tis got by *chance*, 'tis kept by *art*. 70

52 dogges, . . . beaſt.] dogges; . . . beaſt; 1633 53 have I] I have
 1669 revive] receive *Und* 58 worke, 1633-39, *most MSS.*: works,
 1650-69, 896, *Und* 61 and playes] or playes *Und* 64 be]
 grow *Und* 65 ſoft] loſt *Und*

ELEGIE XVI.

On his Mistris.

BY our first strange and fatall interview,
 By all desires which thereof did ensue,
 By our long starving hopes, by that remorse
 Which my words masculine perswasive force
 Begot in thee, and by the memory 5
 Of hurts, which spies and rivals threatned me,
 I calmly beg: But by thy fathers wrath,
 By all paines, which want and divorcement hath,
 I conjure thee, and all the oathes which I
 And thou have sworne to seale joynt constancy, 10
 Here I unsweare, and overswear them thus,
 Thou shalt not love by wayes so dangerous.
 Temper, ô faire Love, loves impetuous rage,
 Be my true Mistris still, not my faign'd Page;
 I'll goe, and, by thy kinde leave, leave behinde 15
 Thee, onely worthy to nurse in my minde,
 Thirst to come backe; ô if thou die before,
 My soule from other lands to thee shall soare.
 Thy (else Almighty) beautie cannot move
 Rage from the Seas, nor thy love teach them love, 20
 Nor tame wilde Boreas harshnesse; Thou hast reade
 How roughly hee in peeces shivered
 Faire Orithea, whom he swore he lov'd.

Elegie XVI. &c. Ed: Elegie on his Mistris. 1635-54 where, and in
 1669, it appears among Funerall Elegies: Elegie. 1669: among Elegies
 with or without heading or number, A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, M, N, O'F,
 P, S, TCC, TCD, W: B heads His wife would have gone as his page.
 1 interview, Ed: interview 1635-69 3 starving] striving 1669, B, P:
 starvling A18, N, TC 7 beg: D: beg. 1635-69 fathers 1635-69, O'F:
 Parents A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, M, N, P, S, TC, W 11 Here I]
 I here 1669 12 wayes 1635-54, O'F: means 1669, and rest of MSS.
 14 still . . . faign'd] 1669 om. still and reads fained 18 My soule
 . . . to thee] From other lands my soule towards thee A18, A25, B, D,
 H49, JC, Lec, M(to), N, P, S, TC, W soare. Ed: soare, 1635-69 21
 harshness] rashness P. Compare Elegy V, 8 23 Faire Orithea] The
 fair Orithea 1669

Fall

Fall ill or good, 'tis madnesse to have prov'd
 Dangers unurg'd; Feed on this flattery, 25
 That absent Lovers one in th'other be.
 Diffemble nothing, not a boy, nor change
 Thy bodies habite, nor mindes; bee not strange
 To thy selfe onely; All will spie in thy face
 A blushing womanly discovering grace; 30
 Richly cloath'd Apes, are call'd Apes, and as soone
 Ecclips'd as bright we call the Moone the Moone.
 Men of France, changeable Camelions,
 Spittles of diseases, shops of fashions,
 Loves fuellers, and the rightest company 35
 Of Players, which upon the worlds stage be,
 Will quickly know thee, and no lesse, alas!
 Th'indifferent Italian, as we passe
 His warme land, well content to thinke thee Page,
 Will hunt thee with such lust, and hideous rage, 40
 As *Lots* faire guests were vext. But none of these
 Nor spungy hydroptique Dutch shall thee displease,
 If thou stay here. O stay here, for, for thee
 England is onely a worthy Gallerie,
 To walke in expectation, till from thence 45
 Our greatest King call thee to his presence.
 When I am gone, dreame me some happinesse,
 Nor let thy lookes our long hid love confesse,
 Nor praise, nor dispraise me, nor blesse nor curse
 Openly loves force, nor in bed fright thy Nurse 50
 With midnights startings, crying out, oh, oh
 Nurse, ô my love is slaine, I saw him goe

26 Lovers] friends *P* 28 mindes; *A18, A25, B, JC, N, TC, W*:
 minde, 1635-69, *D, H49, Lec, O'F, P* 29 onely; *A18, D, N, TC*:
 onely. 1635-69 35 Loves fuellers,] Lyves fuellers, 1669, *B, D, H49,*
JC, Lec, S96, P 37 Will quickly know thee, and no lesse, alas! 1635-54,
O'F: Will too too quickly know thee; and alas, 1669: Will quickly
 know thee, and know thee, and alas *A18, N, S* (omitting *second* and),
TCD, W: Will quickly know thee, and thee, and alas *A25*: Will quickly
 know thee, and alas *D, H49, JC, Lec, P, S96, TCC* 39 Page, *Ed*: Page
 1635-39 40 hunt 1635-69, *O'F*: haunt most *MSS*. 42 hydroptique]
 Aydroptique 1669 46 greatest 1635-69, *B, O'F, P*: greate *A18, A25,*
D, H49, JC, Lec, N, S, TC call] doe call *A18, N, TC* to] in to *A25,*
JC, S 49 me, nor blesse] me; Blesse *A18, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, TC, W*
 O'

O'r the white Alpes alone; I saw him I,
Affail'd, fight; taken, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and die.
Augure me better chance, except dread *love* 55
Thinke it enough for me to have had thy love.

ELEGIE XVII.

Variety.

THE heavens rejoyce in motion, why should I
Abjure my so much lov'd variety,
And not with many youth and love divide?
Pleasure is none, if not diversifi'd:
The sun that fitting in the chaire of light 5
Sheds flame into what else so ever doth seem bright,
Is not contented at one Signe to Inne,
But ends his year and with a new beginnes.
All things doe willingly in change delight,
The fruitfull mother of our appetite: 10
Rivers the clearer and more pleasing are,
Where their fair spreading streames run wide and farr;
And a dead lake that no strange bark doth greet,
Corrupts it self and what doth live in it.
Let no man tell me such a one is faire, 15
And worthy all alone my love to share.
Nature in her hath done the liberall part
Of a kinde Mistresse, and imploy'd her art
To make her loveable, and I aver
Him not humane that would turn back from her: 20

Elegie XVII. Variety. *Ed: printed for first time without title in appendix to 1650 and so in 1669 and 1719: An Elegie. A10: Elegie 17th. JC*
1 motion, why *Ed: motion why, 1650-69* 3 love divide? *MSS.: lov'd*
divide? *1650-69* 4 diversifi'd: *Ed: diversifi'd 1650-69* 6 what
else so ever doth seem *1650-69: what else is not so A10* 12 fair-
spreading *1650-69, JC: broad silver A10* and farr; *A10, JC: and cleare;*
1650-69 14 it self and *1650-69: it self, kills A10* 16 And
only worthy to be past compare; *A10* 19 aver] ever *1650-69* 20
would turn back from *1650-69: could not fancy A10*

I love

I love her well, and would, if need were, dye
 To doe her service. But followes it that I
 Must serve her onely, when I may have choice
 Of other beauties, and in change rejoyce?
 The law is hard, and shall not have my voice. 25
 The last I saw in all extreames is faire,
 And holds me in the Sun-beames of her haire;
 Her nymph-like features such agreements have
 That I could venture with her to the grave:
 Another's brown, I like her not the worse, 30
 Her tongue is soft and takes me with discourse.
 Others, for that they well descended are,
 Do in my love obtain as large a share;
 And though they be not fair, 'tis much with mee
 To win their love onely for their degree. 35
 And though I faile of my required ends,
 The attempt is glorious and it self commends.
 How happy were our Syres in ancient times,
 Who held plurality of loves no crime!
 With them it was accounted charity 40
 To stirre up race of all indifferently;
 Kindreds were not exempted from the bands:
 Which with the Persian still in usage stands.
 Women were then no sooner asked then won,
 And what they did was honest and well done. 45
 But since this title honour hath been us'd,
 Our weake credulity hath been abus'd;
 The golden laws of nature are repeald,
 Which our first Fathers in such reverence held;
 Our liberty's revers'd, our Charter's gone, 50
 And we're made servants to opinion,

24 Of other beauties, and in change rejoyce? *A10*: om. 1650-69 25-36
 omitted in *A10* 30 brown, *Ed*: brown 1650-69 32 are *JC*: were
 1650-69 39 crime! *Ed*: crime? 1650-69 43 Persian 1650-54,
JC: Persians 1669, *A10* 46 title *A10*, *JC*: little 1650-69 50
 liberty's *Ed*: liberty 1650-69, *JC* revers'd, our *A10*: revers'd and
 1650-69, *JC* 51 we're *A10*: we 1650-69, *JC*

A monster in no certain shape attir'd,
 And whose originall is much desir'd,
 Formlesse at first, but goeing on it fashions,
 And doth prescribe manners and laws to nations. 55
 Here love receiv'd immedicable harmes,
 And was dispoiled of his daring armes.
 A greater want then is his daring eyes,
 He lost those awfull wings with which he flies;
 His sinewy bow, and those immortall darts 60
 Wherewith he's wont to bruise resisting hearts.
 Onely some few strong in themselves and free
 Retain the seeds of antient liberty,
 Following that part of Love although deprest,
 And make a throne for him within their brest, 65
 In spite of modern censures him avowing
 Their Sovereaigne, all service him allowing.
 Amongst which troop although I am the least,
 Yet equall in perfection with the best,
 I glory in subjection of his hand, 70
 Nor ever did decline his least command:
 For in whatever forme the message came
 My heart did open and receive the same.
 But time will in his course a point discry
 When I this loved service must deny, 75
 For our allegiance temporary is,
 With firmer age returnes our liberties.
 What time in years and judgement we repos'd,
 Shall not so easily be to change dispos'd,

53 whose originall 1650-69, *JC*: one whose origin *A10* 54 goeing
 on it fashions *A10*: growing on it fashions *JC*: growing on its fashions,
 1650-69 55 manners and laws to 1650-69, *JC*: Lawes, Manners
 unto *A10* 57 armes. *A10*: armes, 1650-69 58 is 1650-69: of
A10 61 bruise 1650-69: wound *A10* hearts. *Ed*: hearts;
 1650-69 63 seeds of antient 1650-69, *JC*: seed of pristine *A10*
 64 Love] love 1650-69 70 of his 1650-69: under's *A10* 71
 Nor . . . decline 1650-69: Never declining from *A10* 72-7 omitted
 in *A10* 73 same. *Ed*: same: 1650-69: flame *JC* 75 deny,
Ed: deny. 1650-69 79 dispos'd, *Ed*: dispos'd 1650-69

Nor

Nor to the art of severall eyes obeying;
 But beauty with true worth securely weighing,
 Which being found asssembled in some one,
 Wee'l love her ever, and love her alone.

80

ELEGIE XVIII.

Loves Progress.

WHO ever loves, if he do not propose
 The right true end of love, he's one that goes
 To sea for nothing but to make him sick:
 Love is a bear-whelp born, if we o're lick
 Our love, and force it new strange shapes to take,
 We erre, and of a lump a monster make.
 Were not a Calf a monster that were grown
 Face'd like a man, though better then his own?
 Perfection is in unitie: preferr
 One woman first, and then one thing in her.
 I, when I value gold, may think upon
 The ductilness, the application,
 The wholsomness, the ingenuitie,
 From rust, from soil, from fire ever free:
 But if I love it, 'tis because 'tis made
 By our new nature (Use) the soul of trade.
 All these in women we might think upon
 (If women had them) and yet love but one.

5

10

15

80 obeying; *Ed:* obeying, 1650-69 81 securely 1650-69: un-
 partially *A10* 82 being 1650-69: having *A10* one, *Ed:* one
 1650-69 83 Wee'l love her ever, *Ed:* Wee'l leave her ever, 1650-69,
JC: Would love for ever, *A10*

Elegie XVIII. &c. *Ed:* Elegie XVIII. 1669, where it is first included
 among the Elegies. It had already been printed in Wit and Drollery. By
 Sir J. M., J. S., Sir W. D., J. D., and the most refined Wits of the Age. 1661.
 It appears in *A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC*, with title
 Loves Progreßs., or Elegie. on Loves Progreßs., or with no title 4
 Love is a 1669: And Love's a *MSS.* 5 strange 1661 and *MSS.*:
 strong 1669 11 I,] I 1669 14 ever 1669: for ever *O'F, S, S96*
 16. (our new nature) use, 1661 17 these 1669 and *MSS.*: this 1661,
Cy, P, Chambers

Can

Can men more injure women then to say
 They love them for that, by which they're not they? 20
 Makes virtue woman? must I cool my bloud
 Till I both be, and find one wise and good?
 May barren Angels love so. But if we
 Make love to woman; virtue is not she:
 As beauty's not nor wealth: He that strays thus 25
 From her to hers, is more adulterous,
 Then if he took her maid. Search every spheare
 And firmament, our *Cupid* is not there:
 He's an infernal god and under ground,
 With *Pluto* dwells, where gold and fire abound: 30
 Men to such Gods, their sacrificing Coles
 Did not in Altars lay, but pits and holes.
 Although we see Celestial bodies move
 Above the earth, the earth we Till and love:
 So we her ayres contemplate, words and heart, 35
 And virtues; but we love the Centrique part.
 Nor is the soul more worthy, or more fit
 For love, then this, as infinite as it.
 But in attaining this desired place
 How much they erre; that set out at the face? 40
 The hair a Forest is of Ambushes,
 Of springes, snares, fetters and manacles:
 The brow becalms us when 'tis smooth and plain,
 And when 'tis wrinckled, shipwracks us again.
 Smooth, 'tis a Paradise, where we would have 45
 Immortal stay, and wrinkled 'tis our grave.
 The Nose (like to the first Meridian) runs
 Not 'twixt an East and West, but 'twixt two suns;
 It leaves a Cheek, a rosie Hemisphere

20 them] om. 1661 25 beauty's not 1661 and MSS.: beauties
 no 1669 thus] thus: 1669 27 Then if he took] Then he that
 took 1661, B (takes), Cy, O'F, P, S spheare] sphear 1669 30
 abound: Ed: abound, 1669 32 in A18, B, D, H49, Lec, N, TC:
 on 1669, A25 holes.] holes: 1669 38 infinite] infinit 1669
 40 erre 1661-69, S, S96: stray A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, N, O'F, P, TC
 42 springes, H49 and some MSS.: springs, 1669 46 and 1661, A18,
 A25, B, C, D, H49, Lec, N, P, S96, TC: but 1669 our 1661, MSS.: a
 1669 47 first Meridian 1661 and MSS.: sweet Meridian 1669.

On either side, and then directs us where 50
 Upon the Islands fortunate we fall,
 (Not faynte *Canaries*, but *Ambrosiall*)
 Her swelling lips; To which when wee are come,
 We anchor there, and think our selves at home,
 For they seem all: there Syrens songs, and there 55
 Wise Delphick Oracles do fill the ear;
 There in a Creek where chosen pearls do swell,
 The Remora, her cleaving tongue doth dwell.
 These, and the glorious Promontory, her Chin
 Ore past; and the streight *Hellepont* betweene 60
 The *Sestos* and *Abydos* of her breasts,
 (Not of two Lovers, but two Loves the neasts)
 Succeeds a boundless sea, but yet thine eye
 Some Island moles may scattered there descry;
 And Sailing towards her *India*, in that way 65
 Shall at her fair Atlantick Navell stay;
 Though thence the Current be thy Pilot made,
 Yet ere thou be where thou wouldst be embay'd,
 Thou shalt upon another Forest set,
 Where many Shipwrack, and no further get. 70
 When thou art there, consider what this chace
 Mispent by thy beginning at the face.
 Rather set out below; practice my Art,
 Some Symetry the foot hath with that part
 Which thou dost seek, and is thy Map for that 75

52-3 (Not . . . *Ambrosiall*) . . . lips &c. 1661 and MSS. (not always with
 brackets and sometimes with No for Not and Canary): Not . . . *Ambrosiall*.
 Unto her swelling lips when we are come, 1669 55 For they seem all:
 there 1669, *A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, S, TC*: For they sing all their
 1661, *Cy, P* 57 There 1661 and MSS.: Then 1669 swell, *Ed*:
 swell 1669 58 *Rhemora* 1669 59 the glorious Promon-
 tory,] brackets and no comma, 1669 60 Ore past; . . . betweene
 1661 and MSS.: Being past the Straits of *Hellepont* between 1669
 62 Loves] loves 1669 63 yet] that *D, H49, Lec, and other MSS.*
 65 Sailing] Sailing 1669 66 Navell] Naval 1669 67 thence
A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, O'F, S, S96, TC: there 1661-9, *N*(:): hence
P thy all MSS.: the 1661-9 68 wouldst *A18, A25, B, Cy, H49,*
JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC: shouldst 1669 70 many 1669: some
 doe *A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, P* 73 my 1669, *A25, B,*
Cy, D, H49, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCD: thy *Chambers*: thine *A18, TCC*

Lovely

Lovely enough to stop, but not stay at:
 Least subject to disguise and change it is;
 Men say the Devil never can change his.
 It is the Emblem that hath figured
 Firmness; 'tis the first part that comes to bed. 80
 Civilitie we see refin'd: the kifs
 Which at the face began, transplanted is,
 Since to the hand, since to the Imperial knee,
 Now at the Papal foot delights to be:
 If Kings think that the nearer way, and do 85
 Rise from the foot, Lovers may do so too;
 For as free Spheres move faster far then can
 Birds, whom the air resists, so may that man
 Which goes this empty and Ætherial way,
 Then if at beauties elements he stay. 90
 Rich Nature hath in women wisely made
 Two purses, and their mouths averfely laid:
 They then, which to the lower tribute owe,
 That way which that Exchequer looks, must go:
 He which doth not, his error is as great, 95
 As who by Clyster gave the Stomack meat.

ELEGIE XIX.

Going to Bed.

Come, Madam, come, all rest my powers defie,
 Until I labour, I in labour lie.
 The foe oft-times having the foe in fight,
 Is tir'd with standing though he never fight.

80 the] *bis* 1669 81-2 Civilitie, we see, refin'd the kisse Which at
 the face begonne, transplanted is *D, H49, Lec* 83 Imperial] imperial 1669
 86 too;] too. 1669. 90 elements 1661 and MSS.: enemies 1669 91
 hath] *Chambers omits* 93 owe,] owe 1669 96 Clyster gave
Ar8, D, H49, Lec, N, TC: glister gives 1669

Elegie XIX. &c. Ed: in 1669, *Ar8, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD, W* Appeared in 1669 edition after the Elegies,
 unnumbered but with the heading To his Mistris going to Bed. The MSS.
 include it among the Elegies either with no heading, or simply Elegye, or
 numbered according to the scheme adopted: B gives title which I have adopted
 as consistent with other titles 4 he 1669: they *Ar8, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, TC*

Off with that girdle, like heavens Zone glittering, 5
 But a far fairer world incompassing.
 Unpin that spangled breastplate which you wear,
 That th'eyes of busie fooles may be stopt there.
 Unlace your self, for that harmonious chyme,
 Tells me from you, that now it is bed time. 10
 Off with that happy busk, which I envie,
 That still can be, and still can stand so nigh.
 Your gown going off, such beautilous state reveals,
 As when from flowry meads th'hills shadow steales.
 Off with that wyerie Coronet and shew 15
 The haiery Diademe which on you doth grow:
 Now off with those shooes, and then safely tread
 In this loves hallow'd temple, this soft bed.
 In such white robes, heaven's Angels us'd to be
 Receavd by men; Thou Angel bringst with thee 20
 A heaven like Mahomets Paradise; and though
 Ill spirits walk in white, we easly know,
 By this these Angels from an evil sprite,
 Those set our hairs, but these our flesh upright.
 Licence my roaving hands, and let them go, 25
 Before, behind, between, above, below.
 O my America! my new-found-land,
 My kingdome, safest when with one man man'd,
 My Myne of precious stones, My Emperie,

5 glittering] glistering MSS. 8 That I may see my shrine that
 shines so fair. *Cy, P* 10 it is 1669: 'tis your MSS. 11 which]
 whom *A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, S, TC, W* 14 from MSS.: through
 1669 shadow] shadows 1669 16 Diademe . . . grow:
A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, TC: Diadem which on your
 head doth grow: 1669: Diadems which on you do grow. *S, Chambers*
 17 Now . . . shooes, 1669, *JC, W*: Off. . shoes *A18, D, H49, Lec, N, TC*:
 Off with those hose and shoes *S* safely *A18, A25, B, L74, N, O'F, S,*
S96, TC, W: softly 1669, *Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, P* 20 Receavd by
 men; Thou *all MSS.*: Reveald to men; thou 1669 21 Paradise; *Ed*:
 Paradice, 1669 22 Ill 1669, *A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, S, S96,*
TC, W: All *B, O'F, P,* and *Chambers' conjecture* spirits 1669, *A18, B, D,*
H49, N, S: angels *O'F, S96* white, *Ed*: white; 1669 26 below. *Ed*:
 below, 1669 28 kingdome, *MSS.*: Kingdom's 1669 safest *A18,*
D, H49, Lec, N, TC: safest, 1669 man'd, *Ed*: man'd. 1669 29
 stones, *Ed*: stones: 1669

How blest am I in this discovering thee! 30
 To enter in these bonds, is to be free;
 Then where my hand is set, my seal shall be.
 Full nakedness! All joyes are due to thee,
 As souls unbodied, bodies uncloth'd must be,
 To taste whole joyes. Gems which you women use 35
 Are like Atlanta's balls, cast in mens views,
 That when a fools eye lighteth on a Gem,
 His earthly soul may covet theirs, not them.
 Like pictures, or like books gay coverings made
 For lay-men, are all women thus array'd; 40
 Themselves are mystick books, which only wee
 (Whom their imputed grace will dignifie)
 Must see reveal'd. Then since that I may know;
 As liberally, as to a Midwife, shew
 Thy self: cast all, yea, this white linnen hence, 45
 There is no pennance due to innocence.
 To teach thee, I am naked first; why than
 What needst thou have more covering then a man.

30 How blest am I *all MSS.*: How am I blest 1669 this *A18*,
B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, TC, W: thus 1669, *A25, L74, S* dis-
 covering] discovery *B, O'F* thee! *Ed*: thee? 1669 be.] be, 1669
 35 Gems] Jems 1669: and so 37 36 like 1669: as *MSS.* balls,
MSS.: ball: 1669 38 covet *A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, TC*,
W: court 1669, *Cy, P, S, S96* theirs, *A18, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74*,
Lec, N, P, S96, TC, W: those *S*: that, 1669, *B, O'F* them.] them: 1669
 39 pictures, *Ed*: pictures 1669 made *Ed*: made, 1669 40 lay-men,
Ed: lay-men 1669 array'd; *Ed*: arrayed. 1669 41 Themselves . . . only
 wee *A18, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC, W*: Themselves
 are only mystick books, which we, 1669, *B* 43 see] be *A18, A25, D*,
H49, Lec, N, TC reveal'd] revealed 1669 44 a *all MSS.*:
 thy 1669 Midwife, *Ed*: Midwife 1669 45 hence, *Ed*: hence
 1669 46 pennance due to innocence. 1669, *B, Cy, JC, O'F, P, S*:
 pennance, much less innocence; *A18, A25, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, S96, W*
 47 thee, *Ed*: thee 1669 first; *Ed*: first, 1669

ELEGIE XX.

Loves Warre.

Till I have peace with thee, warr other men,
 And when I have peace, can I leave thee then?
 All other Warrs are scrupulous; Only thou
 O fayr free Citty, maist thyselfe allowe
 To any one: In Flanders, who can tell 5
 Whether the Master presse; or men rebell?
 Only we know, that which all Ideots say,
 They beare most blows which come to part the fray.
 France in her lunatique giddines did hate
 Ever our men, yea and our God of late; 10
 Yet she relyes upon our Angels well,
 Which nere returne; no more then they which fell.
 Sick Ireland is with a strange warr possest
 Like to an Ague; now raging, now at rest;
 Which time will cure: yet it must doe her good 15
 If she were purg'd, and her head vayne let blood.
 And Midas joyes our Spanissh journeys give,
 We touch all gold, but find no food to live.
 And I should be in the hott parching clyme,
 To dust and ashes turn'd before my time. 20
 To mew me in a Ship, is to intrall
 Mee in a prison, that weare like to fall;
 Or in a Cloyster; save that there men dwell
 In a calme heaven, here in a swaggering hell.

Elegy XX &c. Ed: First published in F. G. Waldron's *A Collection of Miscellaneous Poetry*, 1802, from a MS. dated 1625; then by Sir J. Simeon in his *Philobiblon Society volume of 1856*. It is included among Donne's *Elegies* in *A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD, W*. In *B* it has the title *Making of Men*. The present text is based on *W* 7 all *A18, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, O'F, S, S96, TC, W*: most *JC, Chambers* 8 They beare most blows which (or that) *A18, B, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, S, S96, TC, W*: They must bear blows, which *Chambers* 9 giddinefs] guidings *Sim*: giddinge *Wald* 11 well,] well *W* 13 a strange] straying *Sim* 16 head] dead *Sim* 19 the *A18, B, Cy, D, H49, N, S, S96, TC, W*: that *Chambers, A25, JC, L74, O'F* 24 swaggering] swaying *Chambers*

Long

Long voyages are long consumptions, 25
 And ships are carts for executions.
 Yea they are Deaths; Is't not all one to flye
 Into an other World, as t'is to dye?
 Here let mee warr; in these armes lett mee lye;
 Here lett mee parlee, batter, bleede, and dye. 30
 Thyne armes imprison me, and myne armes thee;
 Thy hart thy ransome is; take myne for mee.
 Other men war that they their rest may gayne;
 But wee will rest that wee may fight agayne.
 Those warrs the ignorant, these th'experienc'd love, 35
 There wee are alwayes under, here above.
 There Engins farr off breed a iust true feare,
 Neere thrusts, pikes, stabs, yea bullets hurt not here.
 There lyes are wrongs; here safe uprightly lye;
 There men kill men, we'll make one by and by. 40
 Thou nothing; I not halfe so much shall do
 In these Warrs, as they may which from us two
 Shall spring. Thousands wee see which travaile not
 To warrs; But stay swords, armes, and shott
 To make at home; And shall not I do then 45
 More glorious service, staying to make men?

25 consumptions,] consumptions *W*: line omitted, *Wald* 29 lye] *spelt* ly
W: and so 30 dy 33 gayne;] gayne *W* 37 There] These *Sim*
 and, that, with, which] *contracted throughout, W*

HEROICALL EPISTLE.

Sapho to Philænis.

WHere is that holy fire, which *Verse* is said
 To have? is that inchanting force decaï'd?
Verse that drawes *Natures* workes, from *Natures* law,
 Thee, her best worke, to her worke cannot draw.
 Have my teares quench'd my old *Poetique* fire; 5
 Why quench'd they not as well, that of *desire*?
 Thoughts, my mindes creatures, often are with thee,
 But I, their maker, want their libertie.
 Onely thine image, in my heart, doth sit,
 But that is waxe, and fires environ it. 10
 My fires have driven, thine have drawne it hence;
 And I am rob'd of *Piçture*, *Heart*, and *Sense*.
 Dwells with me still mine irksome *Memory*,
 Which, both to keepe, and lose, grieves equally.
 That tells me how faire thou art: Thou art so faire, 15
 As, *gods*, when *gods* to thee I doe compare,
 Are grac'd thereby; And to make blinde men see,
 What things *gods* are, I say they are like to thee.
 For, if we justly call each silly *man*
 A *litle world*, What shall we call thee than? 20
 Thou art not soft, and cleare, and strait, and faire,
 As *Down*, as *Stars*, *Cedars*, and *Lillies* are,

Heroicall Epistle.] In 1633 *Sapho to Philaenis* follows *Basse's* Epitaph
 upon Shakespeare. and precedes The Annuntiation and Passion. In 1635
 it was placed with some other miscellaneous and dubious poems among the
 Letters to severall Personages, where it has appeared in all subsequent
 editions. I have transferred it to the neighbourhood of the Elegies and given
 it the title which seems to describe exactly the genre to which it belongs. In
 JC it is entitled Elegie 18th. The other MSS. are A18, A25, O'F, N, P,
 TCC, TCD. In A25, JC, and P, ll. 31-54 are omitted 2 have?
 1650-69: have, 1633-39 3 workes, 1633-39: worke, 1650-69, O'F
 8 maker, 1635-69: maker; 1633 17 thereby; And 1635-69: thereby.
 And 1633, some copies 22 As *Down*, 1633-69, A18, N, TC: As dowves
 P: As downs O'F. See note Cedars.] as Cedars, A18, N, O'F, TC

But

But thy right hand, and cheek, and eye, only
 Are like thy other hand, and cheek, and eye.
 Such was my *Phao* awhile, but shall be never, 25
 As thou, waft, art, and, oh, maiſt be ever.
 Here lovers ſweare in their *Idolatrie*,
 That I am ſuch; but *Griefe* diſcolors me.
 And yet I grieve the leſſe, leaſt *Griefe* remove
 My beauty, and make me'unworthy of thy love. 30
 Plaies ſome ſoft boy with thee, oh there wants yet
 A mutuall feeling which ſhould ſweeten it.
 His chinne, a thorny hairy unevenneſſe
 Doth threaten, and ſome daily change poſſeſſe.
 Thy body is a naturall *Paradiſe*, 35
 In whoſe ſelfe, unmanur'd, all pleaſure lies,
 Nor needs *perfection*; why ſhouldſt thou than
 Admit the tillage of a harſh rough man?
 Men leave behinde them that which their ſin ſhowes,
 And are as theeves trac'd, which rob when it ſnows. 40
 But of our dallyance no more ſignes there are,
 Then *fiſhes* leave in ſtreames, or *Birds* in aire.
 And betweene us all ſweetneſſe may be had;
 All, all that *Nature* yields, or *Art* can adde.
 My two lips, eyes, thighs, differ from thy two, 45
 But ſo, as thine from one another doe;
 And, oh, no more; the likeneſſe being ſuch,
 Why ſhould they not alike in all parts touch?
 Hand to ſtrange hand, lippe to lippe none denies;
 Why ſhould they breſt to breſt, or thighs to thighs? 50
 Likeneſſe begets ſuch ſtrange ſelfe flatterie,
 That touching my ſelfe, all ſeemes done to thee.
 My ſelfe I embrace, and mine owne hands I kiſſe,
 And amorouſly thanke my ſelfe for this.
 Me, in my glaſſe, I call thee; But alas, 55

26 maiſt be ever. 1633, A18, A25, N, TC: maiſt thou be ever. 1635-69,
 O'F: ſhalt be for ever. P: mayſt thou be for ever. JC 33 thorny
 hairy 1633-69: thorney-hairy TCD: thorny, hairy modern edd. 40 are
 Ed: are, 1633-69

When I would kisse, teares dimme mine eyes, and glasse.
 O cure this loving madnesse, and restore
 Me to mee; thee, my *halfe*, my *all*, my *more*.
 So may thy cheekes red outweare scarlet dye,
 And their white, whitenesse of the *Galaxy*, 60
 So may thy mighty, amazing beauty move
Envy'in all *women*, and in all *men*, *love*,
 And so be *change*, and *sicknesse*, farre from thee,
 As thou by comming neere, keep't them from me.

58 me to mee; thee, 1635-69, A18, A25, JC, N, P, TC (*generally mee, in MSS.*): me to mee; thee, 1633: me to thee, thee *Chambers halfe*,] harte A25, JC, P

59-60 So may thy cheekes outweare all scarlet dye

May blisse and thee be one eternallye P: om. JC

61 mighty, amazing Ed: mighty amazing 1633-69: almighty amazing P

EPITHALAMIONS,

OR

MARRIAGE SONGS.

*An Epithalamion, Or mariage Song on the Lady Elizabeth,
and Count Palatine being married on St. Valentines day.*

I.

HAile Bishop Valentine, whose day this is,
All the Aire is thy Diocis,
And all the chirping Choristers
And other birds are thy Parishioners,
Thou marryest every yeare 5
The Lirique Larke, and the grave whispering Dove,
The Sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The household Bird, with the red stomacher,
Thou mak'st the black bird speed as soone,
As doth the Goldfinch, or the Halcyon; 10
The husband cocke lookes out, and straight is sped,
And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed.
This day more cheerfully then ever shine;
This day, which might enflame thy self, Old Valentine.

II.

Till now, Thou warmd'st with multiplying loves 15
Two larkes, two sparrowes, or two Doves,
All that is nothing unto this,
For thou this day couplest two Phœnixes;
Thou mak'st a Taper see
What the funne never saw, and what the Arke 20

Epithalamions, &c. 1635-69: no general title, 1633. An Epithalamion,
&c. 1633-69, A25, B, C, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TGD (most of the
MSS. have the full title but with slight verbal variations) 13 shine, Ed:
shine. 1633-69 14 enflame] enflâe 1633 18 Phœnixes; Ed:
Phœnixes, 1633: Phœnixes. 1635-69

(Which

(Which was of fowles, and beasts, the cage, and park,)
 Did not containe, one bed containes, through Thee,
 Two Phœnixes, whose joynd breasts
 Are unto one another mutuall nests,
 Where motion kindles such fires, as shall give 25
 Yong Phœnixes, and yet the old shall live.
 Whole love and courage never shall decline,
 But make the whole year through, thy day, O Valentine.

III.

Up then faire Phœnix Bride, frustrate the Sunne,
 Thy selfe from thine affection 30
 Takest warmth enough, and from thine eye
 All lesser birds will take their Jollitie.
 Up, up, faire Bride, and call,
 Thy starres, from out their severall boxes, take
 Thy Rubies, Pearles, and Diamonds forth, and make 35
 Thy selfe a constellation, of them All,
 And by their blazing, signifie,
 That a Great Princefs falls, but doth not die;
 Bee thou a new starre, that to us portends
 Ends of much wonder; And be Thou those ends. 40
 Since thou dost this day in new glory shine,
 May all men date Records, from this thy Valentine.

IIII.

Come forth, come forth, and as one glorious flame
 Meeting Another, growes the fame,
 So meet thy Fredericke, and so 45
 To an unseparable union growe.
 Since separation

21 fowles, 1633: fowle, 1635-69 22 Thee, 1633, 1650-69: Thee:
 1635-39 37 their blazing 1633-69, *D, Lec*: this blazing *A25, B, H49,*
JC, N, O' F (altered to their), *P, TCD* 40 ends. 1635-69: ends, 1633
 42 this thy 1633-54, *B, D, H49, Lec, N, O' F, P, S96, TCD*: this day 1669,
A25, JC, Chambers 46 growe. *A25, B, D, H49, JC, N, O' F, P, S96,*
TCD: goe, 1633-69, *Lec*

Falls not on such things as are infinite,
Nor things which are but one, can disunite,
You're twice inseparable, great, and one; 50

Goe then to where the Bishop staies,
To make you one, his way, which divers waies
Must be effected; and when all is past,
And that you're one, by hearts and hands made fast,
You two have one way left, your selves to'entwine, 55
Besides this Bishops knot, or Bishop Valentine.

V.

But oh, what ailes the Sunne, that here he staies,
Longer to day, then other daies?
Staies he new light from these to get?
And finding here such store, is loth to fet? 60

And why doe you two walke,
So slowly pac'd in this proceffion?
Is all your care but to be look'd upon,
And be to others spectacle, and talke?

The feast, with gluttonous delaies, 65
Is eaten, and too long their meat they praise,
The masquers come too late, and'I thinke, will stay,
Like Fairies, till the Cock crow them away.
Alas, did not Antiquity assigne
A night, as well as day, to thee, O Valentine? 70

VI.

They did, and night is come; and yet wee fee
Formalities retarding thee.

What meane these Ladies, which (as though
They were to take a clock in peeces,) goe
So nicely about the Bride; 75

49 disunite, *Grolier*: disunite. 1633-69 and *Chambers* 56 Bishops
knot, or Bishop Valentine. *A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P(our), S96,*
TC Bishops knot, O Bishop Valentine. 1633-54: Bishops knot of Bishop
Valentine. 1669: Bishops knot, of Bishop Valentine. *Chambers* 60
store, 1633, *A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, P, S96, TCD*: starres, 1635-69,
O'F, Chambers 67 come too late, 1633: come late, 1635-69
70 O Valentine? 1633-54, *A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TCD*:
old Valentine? 1669

A Bride,

A Bride, before a good night could be said,
Should vanish from her cloathes, into her bed,
As Soules from bodies steale, and are not spy'd.

But now she is laid; What though shee bee?
Yet there are more delayes, For, where is he? 80
He comes, and passeth through Spheare after Spheare,
First her sheetes, then her Armes, then any where.
Let not this day, then, but this night be thine,
Thy day was but the eve to this, O Valentine.

VII.

Here lyes a shee Sunne, and a hee Moone here, 85
She gives the best light to his Spheare,
Or each is both, and all, and so
They unto one another nothing owe,
And yet they doe, but are
So just and rich in that coyne which they pay, 90
That neither would, nor needs forbear, nor stay;
Neither desires to be spar'd, nor to spare,
They quickly pay their debt, and then
Take no acquittances, but pay again;
They pay, they give, they lend, and so let fall 95
No such occasion to be liberall.
More truth, more courage in these two do shine,
Then all thy turtles have, and sparrows, Valentine.

VIII.

And by this act of these two Phenixes
Nature againe restored is, 100
For since these two are two no more,
Ther's but one Phenix still, as was before.
Rest now at last, and wee

81 passeth 1633-39: passeth 1650-69 Spheare, *Ed*: Spheare, 1633:
Spheare: 1635-69 82 where. 1650-69: where, 1633-39 85 here,
1633-39, *A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, TCD*: there, 1650-69, *O'F, P, S96*
91 stay;] stay, 1633 92 spare, 1633-54: spare. 1669 94 acquittances,
1635-69: acquittance, 1633 96 such] *om.* 1669

As Satyres watch the Sunnes uprise, will stay
 Waiting, when your eyes opened, let out day, 105
 Onely desir'd, because your face wee see;
 Others neare you shall whispering speake,
 And wagers lay, at which side day will breake,
 And win by'observing, then, whose hand it is
 That opens first a curtaine, hers or his; 110
 This will be tryed to morrow after nine,
 Till which houre, wee thy day enlarge, O Valentine.

ECCLOGVE.

1613. December 26.

*Allophanes finding Idios in the country in Christmas
 time, reprehends his absence from court, at the mariage
 Of the Earle of Sommerfet, Idios gives an account of
 his purpose therein, and of his absence thence.*

Allophanes.

VNseasonable man, statue of ice,
 What could to countries solitude entice
 Thee, in this yeares cold and decrepit time?
 Natures instinct drawes to the warmer clime
 Even small birds, who by that courage dare, 5
 In numerous fleets, faile through their Sea, the aire.
 What delicacie can in fields appeare,
 Whil't Flora'herselfe doth a freeze jerkin weare?
 Whil't windes do all the trees and hedges strip
 Of leaues, to furnish rodde enough to whip 10

104 As . . . uprise,] brackets 1650-69 105 day,] day. 1633
 ECCLOGVE. &c. 1633-69: similarly, A18, A23, B, D, H49, Lec, N,
 O'F, S96, TCC, TCD his absence thence. 1633, Lec: his Actions there.
 1635-69, A18, H49, N, O'F, TC: his absence then. D, S96 2 countries]
 country A18, N, TC 4 clime 1633-39: clime: 1650-69: clime. D
 5 small 1633, A18, B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, TC: smaller 1635-69, Chambers
 Thy

Thy madnesse from thee; and all springs by frost
 Have taken cold, and their sweet murmure lost;
 If thou thy faults or fortunes would'ft lament
 With iust solemnity, do it in Lent;
 At Court the spring already advanced is, 15
 The Sunne stayes longer up; and yet not his
 The glory is, farre other, other fires.
 First, zeale to Prince and State; then loves desires
 Burne in one brest, and like heavens two great lights,
 The first doth governe dayes, the other nights. 20
 And then that early light, which did appeare
 Before the Sunne and Moone created were,
 The Princes favour is defus'd o'r all,
 From which all Fortunes, Names, and Natures fall;
 Then from those wombes of starres, the Brides bright
 eyes, 25
 At every glance, a constellation flies,
 And sowes the Court with starres, and doth prevent
 In light and power, the all-ey'd firmament;
 First her eyes kindle other Ladies eyes,
 Then from their beames their jewels lustres rise, 30
 And from their jewels torches do take fire,
 And all is warmth, and light, and good desire;
 Most other Courts, alas, are like to hell,
 Where in darke plotts, fire without light doth dwell:
 Or but like Stoves, for lust and envy get 35
 Continually, but artificiall heat;
 Here zeale and love growne one, all clouds digest,
 And make our Court an everlasting East.
 And can't thou be from thence?

Idios.

No, I am there.

As heaven, to men dispos'd, is every where, 40

12 Have 1633: Having 1635-69 murmure A18, A23, B, D, H49,
 N, O'F, TC: murmures 1633-69 22 were, Ed: were; 1633-69
 29 kindle] kindles 1633 34 plotts, 1635-69, A18, B, D, H49, N, O'F,
 S96, TC: places, 1633, 1669, Lec 37 digest, 1633-39: digest, 1650-69
 39 there. D: there 1633-69 40 where, 1633: where: 1635-69,
 owing to the dropping of stop in previous line

So are those Courts, whose Princes animate,
 Not onely all their house, but all their State.
 Let no man thinke, because he is full, he hath all,
 Kings (as their patterne, God) are liberall
 Not onely in fulnesse, but capacitie, 45
 Enlarging narrow men, to feele and see,
 And comprehend the blessings they bestow.
 So, reclus'd hermits often times do know
 More of heavens glory, then a worldling can.
 As man is of the world, the heart of man, 50
 Is an epitome of Gods great booke
 Of creatures, and man need no farther looke;
 So is the Country of Courts, where sweet peace doth,
 As their one common foule, give life to both,
 I am not then from Court.

Allophanes.

Dreamer, thou art. 55
 Think'st thou fantastique that thou hast a part
 In the East-Indian fleet, because thou hast
 A little spice, or Amber in thy taste?
 Because thou art not frozen, art thou warme?
 Seest thou all good because thou seest no harme? 60
 The earth doth in her inward bowels hold
 Stuffe well dispos'd, and which would faine be gold,
 But never shall, except it chance to lye,
 So upward, that heaven gild it with his eye;
 As, for divine things, faith comes from above, 65
 So, for best civill use, all tinctures move
 From higher powers; From God religion springs,
 Wisdome, and honour from the use of Kings.
 Then unbeguile thy selfe, and know with mee,
 That Angels, though on earth employd they bee, 70

42 State.] State, 1633 54 one 1633, A18, D, H49, N, O'F, TC: own
 1635-69, Lec 55 I am . . . Court. 1633, A18, B, D, H49, N, S96, TC:
 And am I then from Court? 1635-69 art. 1650-69: art. 1633-39 57
 East-Indian A18, A23, B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S96, TC: Indian 1633-69
 61 inward A18, A23, B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S96, TC: inner 1633-69
 Are

Are still in heav'n, so is hee still at home
 That doth, abroad, to honest actions come.
 Chide thy selfe then, O foole, which yesterday
 Might'ft have read more then all thy books bewray;
 Haft thou a histry, which doth present 75
 A Court, where all affections do assent
 Unto the Kings, and that, that Kings are just?
 And where it is no levity to trust?
 Where there is no ambition, but to'obey,
 Where men need whisper nothing, and yet may; 80
 Where the Kings favours are so plac'd, that all
 Finde that the King therein is liberall
 To them, in him, because his favours bend
 To vertue, to the which they all pretend?
 Thou hast no such; yet here was this, and more, 85
 An earnest lover, wife then, and before.
 Our little Cupid hath sued Livery,
 And is no more in his minority,
 Hee is admitted now into that brest
 Where the Kings Counsells and his secrets rest. 90
 What hast thou lost, O ignorant man?

Idios.

I knew
 All this, and onely therefore I withdrew.
 To know and feele all this, and not to have
 Words to expresse it, makes a man a grave
 Of his owne thoughts; I would not therefore stay 95
 At a great feast, having no Grace to say.
 And yet I scap'd not here; for being come
 Full of the common joy, I utter'd some;
 Reade then this nuptiall song, which was not made
 Either the Court or mens hearts to invade, 100

75 present] represent *A18, N, TC* 78 trust? *Ed*: trust. 1633-39:
 trust, 1650-69 84 pretend? *Ed*: pretend. 1633-69 85 more, 1633:
 more. 1635-69 86 before. 1633-69: before, *Chambers*. See note
 92 withdrew.] withdrew 1633 96 say. 1635-69: say, 1633 98
 joy, . . . some; *Ed*: joy; . . . some, 1633: joy; . . . some. 1635-69

But

But since I'am dead, and buried, I could frame
 No Epitaph, which might advance my fame
 So much as this poore song, which testifies
 I did unto that day some sacrifice.

EPITHALAMION.

I.

The time of the Mariage.

THou art repriv'd old yeare, thou shalt not die, 105
 Though thou upon thy death bed lye,
 And should'ft within five dayes expire,
 Yet thou art rescu'd by a mightier fire,
 Then thy old Soule, the Sunne,
 When he doth in his largest circle runne. 110
 The passage of the West or East would thaw,
 And open wide their easie liquid jawe
 To all our ships, could a Promethean art
 Either unto the Northerne Pole impart
 The fire of these inflaming eyes, or of this loving heart. 115

II.

Equality of persons.

But undiscerning Muse, which heart, which eyes,
 In this new couple, dost thou prize,
 When his eye as inflaming is
 As hers, and her heart loves as well as his?
 Be tryed by beauty, and than 120
 The bridegroome is a maid, and not a man.
 If by that manly courage they be tryed,
 Which scornes unjust opinion; then the bride

EPITHALAMION. *D, H49, Lec, O'F, S96: om. 1633-69. See note*
 107 expire,] expire 1633-39 108 by 1633: from 1635-69 121
 man. 1669, *D*: man, 1633-39: man; 1650-54

Becomes

Becomes a man. Should chance or envies Art
 Divide these two, whom nature scarce did part? 125
 Since both have both th'enflaming eyes, and both the
 loving heart.

III.

Raising of the Bridegroom.

Though it be some divorce to thinke of you
 Singly, so much one are you two,
 Yet let me here contemplate thee,
 First, cheerfull Bridegroom, and first let mee see, 130
 How thou prevent'st the Sunne,
 And his red foming horses dost outrunne,
 How, having laid downe in thy Soveraignes brest
 All businesse, from thence to reinvest
 Them, when these triumphs cease, thou forward art 135
 To shew to her, who doth the like impart,
 The fire of thy inflaming eyes, and of thy loving heart.

IIII.

Raising of the Bride.

But now, to Thee, faire Bride, it is some wrong,
 To thinke thou wert in Bed so long,
 Since Soone thou lyest downe first, tis fit 140
 Thou in first rising should'st allow for it.
 Pouder thy Radiant haire,
 Which if without such ashes thou would'st weare,

124 or] our 1669 126 both th'enflaming eyes, A18, B, D, H49,
 N, O'F, S96, TC: th'enflaming eye, 1633: the enflaming eye, 1635-69
 128 Singly, A18, A23, B, D, H49, N, O'F, S96, TC: Single, 1633-69, Lec
 129 Yet let A23, O'F: Let 1633-69 141 should'st] should 1669
 it. 1635-69: it, 1633

Thou, which to all which come to looke upon,
 Art meant for Phœbus, would't be Phaëton. 145
 For our ease, give thine eyes th'unusual part
 Of joy, a Teare; so quencht, thou maist impart,
 To us that come, thy inflaming eyes, to him, thy loving
 heart.

V.

Her Apparrelling.

Thus thou descend't to our infirmitie,
 Who can the Sun in water see. 150
 Soe dost thou, when in filke and gold,
 Thou cloudst thy selfe; since wee which doe behold,
 Are dust, and wormes, 'tis just
 Our objects be the fruits of wormes and dust;
 Let every Jewell be a glorious starre, 155
 Yet starres are not so pure, as their spheares are.
 And though thou stoope, to'appeare to us in part,
 Still in that Picture thou intirely art,
 Which thy inflaming eyes have made within his loving
 heart.

VI.

Going to the Chappell.

Now from your Eafts you issue forth, and wee, 160
 As men which through a Cipres see
 The rising sun, doe thinke it two,
 Soe, as you goe to Church, doe thinke of you,

144 Thou, which *D*: Thou, which, 1633: Thou which, 1635-69 145
 Art *A18, B, S96, TCC*: Are 1633, *D, H49, Lec, N, TCD*: Wert 1635-69,
O'F for] for, 1633 Phaëton. 1635-69: Phaëton, 1633 146 ease,
 . . . eyes 1635-69: ease, . . . eyes, 1633 150 see. 1633-69: see;
Grolier. But see note 157 stoope, . . . us 1635-69: stoope, . . .
 us, 1633

But that vaile being gone,
 By the Church rites you are from thenceforth one. 165
 The Church Triumphant made this match before,
 And now the Militant doth strive no more;
 Then, reverend Priest, who Gods Recorder art,
 Doe, from his Dictates, to these two impart
 All blessings, which are seene, or thought, by Angels eye
 or heart. 170

VII.

The Benediction.

Blest payre of Swans, Oh may you interbring
 Daily new joyes, and never sing,
 Live, till all grounds of wishes faile,
 Till honor, yea till wisedomes grow so stale,
 That, new great heights to trie, 175
 It must serve your ambition, to die;
 Raife heires, and may here, to the worlds end, live
 Heires from this King, to take thankes, you, to give,
 Nature and grace doe all, and nothing Art.
 May never age, or error overthwart 180
 With any West, these radiant eyes, with any North, this
 heart.

VIII.

Feasts and Revells.

But you are over-blest. Plenty this day
 Injures; it causeth time to stay;
 The tables groane, as though this feast
 Would, as the flood, destroy all fowle and beast. 185

167 more; *Ed*: more, 1633: more. 1635-69 170 or thought]
 Or thought 1633 172 sing, 1633: sing: 1635-69 178 you,]
 yours, *A23, B, D, O'F, S96* give, 1633: give. 1635-69 179
 Art. *Ed*: Art, 1633-69

And

And were the doctrine new
That the earth mov'd, this day would make it true;
For every part to dance and revell goes.
They tread the ayre, and fal not where they rose.
Though six houres since, the Sunne to bed did part, 190
The masks and banquets will not yet impart
A sunfet to these weary eyes, A Center to this heart.

IX.

The Brides going to bed.

What mean'st thou Bride, this companie to keep?
To sit up, till thou faine wouldst sleep?
Thou maist not, when thou art laid, doe so. 195
Thy selfe must to him a new banquet grow,
And you must entertaine
And doe all this daies dances o'r againe.
Know that if Sun and Moone together doe
Rise in one point, they doe not set so too; 200
Therefore thou maist, faire Bride, to bed depart,
Thou art not gone, being gone; where e'r thou art,
Thou leav'st in him thy watchfull eyes, in him thy loving
heart.

X.

The Bridegroomes comming.

As he that sees a starre fall, runs apace,
And findes a gellie in the place, 205
So doth the Bridegroome hast as much,
Being told this starre is falne, and findes her fuch.

194 wouldst] would 1669 200 too; Ed: too. 1635-69: to. 1633
202 being gone; Ed: being gone, 1633-39: being gone 1650-69 207
fuch. 1635-69: fuch, 1633

And as friends may looke strange,
 By a new fashion, or apparrells change,
 Their foules, though long acquainted they had beene, 210
 These clothes, their bodies, never yet had seene;
 Therefore at first shee modestly might start,
 But must forthwith surrender every part,
 As freely, as each to each before, gave either eye or heart.

XI.

The good-night.

Now, as in Tullias tombe, one lampe burnt cleare, 215
 Unchang'd for fiftene hundred yeare,
 May these love-lamps we here enshrine,
 In warmth, light, lasting, equall the divine.
 Fire ever doth aspire,
 And makes all like it selfe, turnes all to fire, 220
 But ends in ashes, which these cannot doe,
 For none of these is fuell, but fire too.
 This is joyes bonfire, then, where loves strong Arts
 Make of so noble individuall parts
 One fire of foure inflaming eyes, and of two loving hearts. 225

Idios.

As I have brought this song, that I may doe
 A perfect sacrifice, I'll burne it too.

Allophanes.

No Sr. This paper I have justly got,
 For, in burnt incense, the perfume is not
 His only that presents it, but of all; 230
 What ever celebrates this Festivall

211 seene; *Ed*: seene. 1633-69 214 eye] hand 1650-69 215
 burnt] burn 1669 218 divine. 1635-69: divine; 1633 230 all;
 1635-69: all, 1633

Is common, since the joy thereof is so.

Nor may your selfe be Priest: But let me goe,
Backe to the Court, and I will lay't upon
Such Altars, as prize your devotion.

235

Epithalamion made at Lincolnes Inne.

THe Sun-beames in the East are spred,
Leave, leave, faire Bride, your solitary bed,
No more shall you returne to it alone,
It nourseth sadnesse, and your bodies print,
Like to a grave, the yielding downe doth dint; 5
You and your other you meet there anon;
Put forth, put forth that warme balme-breathing thigh,
Which when next time you in these sheets wil smother,
There it must meet another,
Which never was, but must be, oft, more nigh; 10
Come glad from thence, goe gladder then you came,
To day put on perfection, and a womans name.

Daughters of London, you which bee
Our Golden Mines, and furnish'd Treasurie,
You which are Angels, yet still bring with you 15
Thousands of Angels on your mariage daies,
Help with your presence and devise to praise
These rites, which also unto you grow due;
Conceitedly dresse her, and be assign'd,
By you, fit place for every flower and jewell, 20
Make her for love fit fewell
As gay as Flora, and as rich as Inde;
So may shee faire, rich, glad, and in nothing lame,
To day put on perfection, and a womans name.

Epithalamion &c. 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD* Epithalamion on a
Citizen. *A34, B, O'F, S, S96*: do. of the La: *Eliz: P*: Epithalamion. *W*
4 bodies 1635-69 and *MSS.*: body 1633 8 smother, 1650-69:
smother 1633-39 17 presence *Ed*: presence, 1633-69. See note
22 faire, rich, glad, and in *A18, N, TC, W*: faire and rich, in 1633-69, *B,*
O'F, P, S96

And

And you frolique Patricians, 25
 Sonns of these Senators wealths deep oceans,
 Ye painted courtiers, barrels of others wits,
 Yee country men, who but your beafts love none,
 Yee of those fellowships whereof hee's one,
 Of study and play made strange Hermaphrodits, 30
 Here shine; This Bridegroom to the Temple bring.
 Loe, in yon path which store of straw'd flowers graceth,
 The sober virgin paceth;
 Except my sight faile, 'tis no other thing;
 Weep not nor blush, here is no grieve nor shame, 35
To day put on perfection, and a womans name.
 Thy two-leav'd gates faire Temple unfold,
 And these two in thy sacred bosome hold,
 Till, mystically joyn'd, but one they bee;
 Then may thy leane and hunger-starved wombe 40
 Long time expect their bodies and their tombe,
 Long after their owne parents fatten thee.
 All elder claimes, and all cold barrennesse,
 All yeelding to new loves bee far for ever,
 Which might these two dissever, 45
 All wayes all th'other may each one possesse;
 For, the best Bride, best worthy of praise and fame,
To day puts on perfection, and a womans name.
 Oh winter dayes bring much delight,
 Not for themselves, but for they soon bring night; 50
 Other sweets wait thee then these diverse meats,
 Other disports then dancing jollities,
 Other love tricks then glancing with the eyes,
 But that the Sun still in our halfe Speare sweates;

25 Patricians,] Patricians 1633 26 Sonns of . . . deep oceans, *Ed*:
 Some of these Senators wealths deep oceans, 1633, *A18, N, TC*: Sonnes of
 these Senatours, wealths deep oceans *W*: Sonnes of those Senatours,
 wealths deepe oceans, 1635-69, *B, O'F, S96* (but Senators *O'F, S96*). See
 note 29 those fellowships] that Fellowship *S96* 31 bring. *W*: bring
 1633-39: bring, 1650-69 32 straw'd] strow'd 1669 42 thee.
 1635-69: thee; 1633 46 All wayes *W*: Alwaies, 1633: Alwayes,
 1635-69 49 Oh winter dayes *A34, B, O'F, P, S96, W*: Winter dayes
 1633-69, *A18, N, TC* 53 eyes, 1635-69: eyes; 1633

Hee flies in winter, but he now stands still. 55
 Yet shadowes turne; Noone point he hath attain'd,
 His steeds nill bee restrain'd,
 But gallop lively downe the Westerne hill;
 Thou shalt, when he hath runne the worlds half frame,
To night put on perfection, and a womans name. 60

The amorous evening starre is rose,
 Why then should not our amorous starre inclose
 Her selfe in her wish'd bed? Release your strings
 Musicians, and danciers take some truce
 With these your pleasing labours, for great use 65
 As much wearinesse as perfection brings;
 You, and not only you, but all toyl'd beasts
 Rest duly; at night all their toyles are dispensed;
 But in their beds commenced
 Are other labours, and more dainty feasts; 70
 She goes a maid, who, least she turne the same,
To night puts on perfection, and a womans name.

Thy virgins girdle now untie,
 And in thy nuptiall bed (loves altar) lye
 A pleasing sacrifice; now dispossesse 75
 Thee of these chaines and robes which were put on
 T'adorne the day, not thee; for thou, alone,
 Like vertue'and truth, art best in nakednesse;
 This bed is onely to virginities
 A grave, but, to a better state, a cradle; 80
 Till now thou wast but able
 To be what now thou art; then that by thee
 No more be said, *I may bee*, but, *I am*,
To night put on perfection, and a womans name.

55 still. *W*: still, 1633-69 57 nill *W*: will 1633-69 and rest of
MSS.: *B* inserts not. See note 59 runne the worlds halfe frame,
A34, B, S96, W: runne the Heavens halfe frame, 1635-69, *O'F*: come the
worlds half frame, 1633, *A18, N, TC* 60 put] but 1633 72 puts]
put 1669 73 Thy virgins girdle 1633-69, *W*: The Virgin Girdle
B, O'F, S96: Thy Virgin girdle *P* 74 [loves altar] 1633-69 76
were] wee some copies of 1633, *Grolier* 78 art] are 1669

Even like a faithfull man content, 85
 That this life for a better should be spent,
 So, shee a mothers rich stile doth preferre,
 And at the Bridegroomes wish'd approach doth lye,
 Like an appointed lambe, when tenderly
 The priest comes on his knees t'embowell her; 90
 Now sleep or watch with more joy; and O light
 Of heaven, to morrow rise thou hot, and early;
 This Sun will love so dearely
 Her rest, that long, long we shall want her sight;
 Wonders are wrought, for shee which had no maime, 95
To night puts on perfection, and a womans name.

86 spent, *Ed*: spent; 1633: spent: 1635-69 95 maime, 1633, *W*:
 naine, 1635-69, *A18, A34, B, N, P, S96, TC*

SATYRES.

Satyre I.

A Way thou fondling motley humorist,
 Leave mee, and in this standing woodden cheft,
 Conforted with these few bookes, let me lye
 In prison, and here be coffin'd, when I dye;
 Here are Gods conduits, grave Divines; and here 5
 Natures Secretary, the Philosopher;
 And jolly Statesmen, which teach how to tie
 The finewes of a cities mistique bodie;
 Here gathering Chroniclers, and by them stand
 Giddie fantastique Poëts of each land. 10
 Shall I leave all this constant company,
 And follow headlong, wild uncertaine thee?
 Firft sweare by thy best love in earnest
 (If thou which lov'st all, canst love any best)
 Thou wilt not leave mee in the middle street, 15
 Though some more spruce companion thou dost meet,
 Not though a Captaine do come in thy way
 Bright parcell gilt, with forty dead mens pay,
 Not though a briske perfum'd piert Courtier
 Deigne with a nod, thy courtesie to answer. 20

Satyre I. 1633-69, *D, H49, JC, Lec, P, Q, S, W*: Satyre the Second. or
 Satyre 2. *A25, B, O'F*: Satyre. or A Satyre of Mr. John Donnes. *Cy, L74,*
S96: no title (but placed first), *H51, N, TCD* 1 fondling 1633, *L74, Lec,*
N, S, TCD: changeling 1635-69, *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, O'F, P, Q,*
S96, W 5 conduits, . . . Divines; 1650-69, *Q*: conduits; . . . Divines,
 1633-39 6 Is Natures Secretary, 1669, *S96* Philosopher; *Ed*:
 Philosopher. 1633-39: Philosopher: 1659-69 7 jolly 1633, *A25,*
B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, L74, N, Q, S, S96, TCD, W: wily 1635-69, *O'F*:
 with *P* 12 headlong, wild uncertaine thee? 1633: *om. comma* 1635-69
and Grolier 13 love in earnest 1633, *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, L74,*
Lec, N, P, Q, S, S96, TCD, W: love, here, in earnest 1635-69, *O'F* 16
 dost meet,] doe meet. *H51, Q, W* 19 Not 1633-69, *A25, Lec, P, Q*: Nor
Cy, D, H49, L74, N, O'F, S, S96, TCD, W piert] neat *Q*

Nor

Nor come a velvet Justice with a long
 Great traine of blew coats, twelve, or fourteen strong,
 Wilt thou grin or fawne on him, or prepare
 A speech to Court his beautious sonne and heire!
 For better or worse take mee, or leave mee: 25
 To take, and leave mee is adultery.
 Oh monstrous, superstitious puritan,
 Of refin'd manners, yet ceremoniall man,
 That when thou meet'st one, with enquiring eyes
 Dost search, and like a needy broker prize 30
 The filke, and gold he weares, and to that rate
 So high or low, dost raise thy formall hat:
 That wilt comfort none, untill thou have knowne
 What lands hee hath in hope, or of his owne,
 As though all thy companions should make thee 35
 Jointures, and marry thy deare company.
 Why should'st thou (that dost not onely approve,
 But in ranke itchie lust, desire, and love
 The nakednesse and barenesse to enjoy,
 Of thy plumpe muddy whore, or prostitute boy) 40
 Hate vertue, though shee be naked, and bare?
 At birth, and death, our bodies naked are;
 And till our Soules be unapparrelled
 Of bodies, they from blisse are banished.
 Mans first blest state was naked, when by sinne 45
 Hee lost that, yet hee was cloath'd but in beasts skin,

23 Wilt 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, TCD: Shalt A25, B, D, H49, H51, JC,
 O'F, P, Q, S, S96, W 24 heire! Ed: heire? 1633-69 25 or worse
 1633-69, Cy, D, L74, Lec, N, O'F, Q, TCD: and worse A25, B, H49, H51,
 S96, W: or for worse P: and for worse JC 27 Oh monstrous,
 A (i.e. Ah) or O Monster, B, D, H49, H51, JC, W 29 eyes 1635-69:
 eyes; 1633 32 raise 1633-69, D, H49, H51, L74, Lec, N, TCD:
 vaile A25, B, Cy, JC, O'F, P, Q, S, W hat:] hate: 1633 33 comfort
 none,] comfort with none, Cy, O'F, P, S, S96 untill] till 1669 37-40
 brackets 1650-69, Q: that . . . boy 1633: that . . . boy; 1635-39
 39 barenesse A25, B, D, H49, H51, JC, O'F, Q, W: barrennesse 1633-69,
 L74, Lec, N, P, S, TCD 40 Of] of 1633: or 1633, 1669: om. 1635-54
 41 bare? 1635-69: bare, 1633 45 first blest 1633-69, Cy, D, H49, L74,
 Lec, N, TCD, W: first best A25, B, H51, JC, O'F, P, Q, S 46 yet 1633,
 A25, B, D, H49, H51, JC, L74, Lec, N, Q, S, TCD: om. 1635-69, Cy, O'F, P
 And

And in this course attire, which I now weare,
 With God, and with the Muses I conferre.
 But since thou like a contrite penitent,
 Charitably warn'd of thy finnes, dost repent 50
 These vanities, and giddinesse, loe
 I shut my chamber doore, and come, lets goe.
 But sooner may a cheape whore, who hath beene
 Worne by as many severall men in finne,
 As are black feathers, or musk-colour hose, 55
 Name her child's right true father, 'mongst all those:
 Sooner may one gueſſe, who shall beare away
 The Infanta of London, Heire to an India;
 And sooner may a gulling weather Spie
 By drawing forth heavens Scheme tell certainly 60
 What fashioned hats, or ruffes, or fuits next yeare
 Our subtile-witted antique youths will weare;
 Then thou, when thou depart'st from mee, canst show
 Whither, why, when, or with whom thou wouldst go.
 But how shall I be pardon'd my offence 65
 That thus have sinn'd against my conscience?
 Now we are in the street; He first of all
 Improvidently proud, creepes to the wall,
 And so imprisoned, and hem'd in by mee
 Sells for a little state his libertie; 70
 Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet

47 weare, 1650-69: weare 1633-39 50 warn'd] warm'd 1633
 52 goe. 1635-69: goe, 1633 54 Worne by] Worne out by 1650-69
 55 musk-colour 1633-35, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TCD, W: musk-coloured
 1639-69, A25, P, Q 58 The Infanta . . . India; Ed: The Infanta
 . . . India, A25, O'F, Q: The infant . . . India, 1633-54 and MSS.
 generally: The Infantry of London, hence to India: 1669 60
 Scheme 1635-69, A25, B, D, H49, H51, JC, Q: schemes L74, S: sceames
 N: Sceanes 1633, Cy, Lec, TCD: scene P 62 subtile-witted D, H49:
 subtile witted 1633-54, L74, N, TCD: supple-witted A25, JC (altered to
 subtile), H51, O'F, P, Q, S, W: giddy-headed 1669 youths] youth 1669
 63 depart'st from mee] depart'st from hence Cy, D, H49, H51, O'F, S, W:
 departest hence A25, Q, S96 canst JC, Q: can 1633-69 and many MSS.
 66 conscience?] conscience. 1633 70 state] room H51 his 1635-69
 and all MSS.: high 1633, Chambers libertie;] libertie, 1633

Every fine filken painted foole we meet,
 He them to him with amorous smiles allures,
 And grins, smacks, shrugs, and such an itch endures,
 As prentises, or schoole-boyes which doe know 75
 Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not goe.
 And as fidlers stop lowest, at highest sound,
 So to the most brave, stoops hee nigh't the ground.
 But to a grave man, he doth move no more
 Then the wise politique horse would heretofore, 80
 Or thou O Elephant or Ape wilt doe,
 When any names the King of Spaine to you.
 Now leaps he upright, Joggs me, & cryes, Do you see
 Yonder well favoured youth? Which? Oh, 'tis hee
 That dances so divinely; Oh, said I, 85
 Stand still, must you dance here for company?
 Hee droopt, wee went, till one (which did excell
 Th'Indians, in drinking his Tobacco well)
 Met us; they talk'd; I whispered, let'us goe,
 'T may be you smell him not, truely I doe; 90
 He heares not mee, but, on the other side
 A many-coloured Peacock having spide,
 Leaves him and mee; I for my lost sheep stay;
 He followes, overtakes, goes on the way,
 Saying, him whom I last left, all repute 95
 For his device, in hanfoming a fute,
 To judge of lace, pinke, panes, print, cut, and plight,
 Of all the Court, to have the best conceit;
 Our dull Comedians want him, let him goe;

73 them] then 1633 78 stoops 1635-69, *A25, Cy, D, H49, H51, O'F, Q*: stoopeth *B, P*: stoopt 1633, *L74, Lec, N, TCD* nigh't the
 ground.] nigheft ground. *D, H49, P, Q, W* 81-2 om. 1633 84
 youth? 1635-69: youth; 1633 Oh,] Yea, *A25, B, H51, JC, Q, W* 86
 here] so *H51* 89 us; *Ed*: us: 1635-69: us, 1633 whispered, let'us goe,
Ed: whispered, let us goe, 1633-54: whisperd, let us goe, 1669: whispered
 (letts goe) *Q*. See note 90 'T may be] May be *Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, W*
 94 goes on the way,] goes, on the way *D, H49, Q(in), W(in)* 95 all repute 1635-69 and *MSS. generally*: s'all repute
 1633, *Lec* 97 print, cut, and plight (pleite, 1635-39: pleit, 1650-69),
 1633-69, *L74, Lec, N, TCD*: cut, print, or pleate (pleight &c.), *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, O'F, P, Q, S96, W*

But Oh, God strengthen thee, why stoop'st thou so? 100
 Why? he hath travayld; Long? No; but to me
 (Which understand none,) he doth seeme to be
 Perfect French, and Italian; I replyed,
 So is the Poxe; He answered not, but spy'd
 More men of fort, of parts, and qualities; 105
 At last his Love he in a windowe spies,
 And like light dew exhal'd, he flings from mee
 Violently ravish'd to his lechery.
 Many were there, he could command no more;
 Hee quarrell'd, fought, bled; and turn'd out of dore 110
 Directly came to mee hanging the head,
 And constantly a while must keepe his bed.

Satyre II.

Sir; though (I thanke God for it) I do hate
 Perfectly all this towne, yet there's one state
 In all ill things so excellently best,
 That hate, toward them, breeds pittie towards the rest.

100 stoop'st 1633, 1669, A25, B, D, H49, H51, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, Q,
 TCD: stoop'st 1635-54, O'F 101 Why? he hath travayld; Long?
 No; but to me S96: Why: he hath travayld. Long? No: but to mee
 W: Why, hee hath travayl'd. Long? no. But to mee H49: Why he hath
 travayld; Long? Noe: but to mee JC: Why, he hath travailed (traveled
 1635-39) long? no, but to me 1633-39: Why hath he travelled long?
 no, but to me 1650-54, P: Why. He hath travelled long; no, but to me
 1669. See note 102 understand] understood 1669: brackets from Q.
 See note 105 and qualities;] of qualities; Lec, P, Q, S96 106
 a] om. 1669 108 lechery. 1635-69 and MSS: liberty; 1633 109
 were there, 1633-39: there were, 1650-69

Satyre II. 1633-69, D, H49, H51, HN (after C. B. copy in margin),
 JC, Lec, Q, S, W: Satyre 3rd. A25: Law Satyre. P: Satire. or no title.
 B, Cy, L.74, N, O'F, S96, TCD

there is one

2-3 All this towne perfectly yet in every state
 In all ill things so excellently best
 There are some found so villainously best, H51
 All this towne perfectly yet everie state
 Hath in't one found so villainously best S96
 4 toward] towards 1669 and MSS. them,] that A25 towards] toward
 1653-54 rest.] rest; 1633

Though

Though Poëtry indeed be such a finne 5
 As I thinke that brings dearths, and Spaniards in,
 Though like the Pestilence and old fashion'd love,
 Ridlingly it catch men; and doth remove
 Never, till it be sterv'd out; yet their state
 Is poore, disfarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate. 10
 One, (like a wretch, which at Barre judg'd as dead,
 Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot reade,
 And saves his life) gives ideot actors meanes
 (Starving himselfe) to live by his labor'd sceanes;
 As in some Organ, Puppits dance above 15
 And bellows pant below, which them do move.
 One would move Love by rithmes; but witchcrafts charms
 Bring not now their old feares, nor their old harmes:
 Rammes, and slings now are feely battery,
 Pistolets are the best Artillerie. 20
 And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
 Are they not like fingers at doores for meat?
 And they who write, because all write, have still
 That excuse for writing, and for writing ill;
 But hee is worst, who (beggary) doth chaw 25
 Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw
 Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue,
 As his owne things; and they are his owne, 'tis true,
 For if one eate my meate, though it be knowne
 The meate was mine, th'excrement is his owne: 30

6 As I thinke that 1633: As I thinke That 1635-54: As, I think,
 that 1669: As I'ame afraid brings *H51* dearths, *A25, H51, HN, L74,*
Lec, N, TCD, W: dearth, 1633-69, *D, H49* 7 and] or *A25, D, H49,*
H51, O'F, P, S96, W 8 Ridlingly it 1633-69, *L74, Lec, N, TCD:* It
 riddlinglie rest of *MSS.* 10 hate. *Ed:* hate: 1633-69 12 cannot
 1633-69, *L74, Lec, N, TCD:* could not rest of *MSS.* 14 sceanes;
Ed: sceanes. 1633-69 and *Chambers* 15 Organ 1633-54, *L74, Lec,*
N, TCD: Organs 1669 and rest of *MSS.* 16 move. 1633-69: move,
Chambers. See note 17 rithmes; 1633-69, *Lec, Q, TCD:* rimes;
A25, B, Cy(rime), D, H49, H51, HN, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, W 18
 harmes: *Ed:* harmes. 1633-69 19 Rammes, and slings] Rimes and
 fongs *P* 22 fingers at doores 1633-69, *L74, Lec, N, TCD:* Boyes
 finging at dore (or doores) *B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, JC, O'F* (corrected from
 fingers), *P, Q* (at a dore), *S, W:* fingers at mens doores *A25* 24
 excuse] scuse *MSS.*

But

But these do mee no harme, nor they which use
 To out-doe Dildoes, and out-usure Jewes;
 To out-drinke the sea, to out-sweare the Letanie;
 Who with finnes all kindes as familiar bee
 As Confessors; and for whose sinfull sake, 35
 Schoolemen new tenements in hell must make:
 Whose strange finnes, Canonists could hardly tell
 In which Commandements large receipt they dwell.
 But these punish themselves; the insolence
 Of Coscus onely breeds my just offence, 40
 Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches poxe,
 And plodding on, must make a calfe an oxe)
 Hath made a Lawyer, which was (alas) of late
 But a scarce Poët; jollier of this state,
 Then are new benefic'd ministers, he throwes 45
 Like nets, or lime-twigs, wheresoever he goes,
 His title of Barrister, on every wench,
 And wooes in language of the Pleas, and Bench:
 A motion, Lady; Speake Coscus; I have beene
 In love, ever since *tricesimo* of the Queene, 50
 Continuall claimes I have made, injunctions got
 To stay my rivals suit, that hee should not
 Proceed; spare mee; In Hillary terme I went,
 You said, If I return'd next size in Lent,

32 To out-doe Dildoes, 1635-69, B, H51, L74, Lec, N, P, Q, TCD: To out-doe ———; 1633: To out-swive dildoes Cy, D, H49, HN, O'F, S, S96, W 33 Letanie; Ed: Letanie, 1669 and all MSS.: ———
 1633: simply omit, 1635-39: gallant, he 1650-54. See note 34 finnes all kindes 1635-69, A25, B, D, H49, H51, HN, JC, L74, N, O'F, Q, S, TCD, W: finnes of all kindes 1633, Cy(kind), Lec, P 35-6 fake, Schoolemen 1669: fake Schoolemen, 1633-54 40 just 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, TCD: great A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, W: harts JC 43 Lawyer, Ed: Lawyer; 1633-69 which was (alas) of late Ed: which was alas of late 1633: which, (alas) of late 1635-69 44 a scarce A25, H49, H51, HN, JC (altered in margin), L74, Q, S96, TCD, W: scarce a 1633-69, D, Lec, P Poet; 1635-69: Poët, 1633 this 1633-69: that A25, Cy, H51, Q: his HN, JC, O'F, S 49 Lady; Ed: Lady, 1633: Lady. 1635-39: Lady: 1650-69 Coscus; 1633: Coscus. 1635-69 53 Proceed; 1669: Proceed, 1633-54 54 return'd] Returne 1633 next size 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, O'F, TCD: this size rest of MSS.

I should

I should be in remitter of your grace; 55
 In th'interim my letters should take place
 Of affidavits: words, words, which would teare
 The tender labyrinth of a soft maids eare,
 More, more, then ten Sclavonians scolding, more
 Then when winds in our ruin'd Abbeyes rore. 60
 When sicke with Poëtrie, and posselt with muse
 Thou wast, and mad, I hop'd; but men which chuse
 Law practise for meere gaine, bold foule, repute
 Worfe then imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.
 Now like an owlelike watchman, hee must walke 65
 His hand still at a bill, now he must talke
 Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will sweare
 That onely suretiship hath brought them there,
 And to every sutor lye in every thing,
 Like a Kings favourite, yea like a King; 70
 Like a wedge in a blocke, wring to the barre,
 Bearing-like Asses; and more shamelesse farre
 Then carted whores, lye, to the grave Judge; for
 Bastardy abounds not in Kings titles, nor
 Symonie and Sodomy in Churchmens lives, 75
 As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
 Shortly (as the sea) hee will compasse all our land;
 From Scots, to Wight; from Mount, to Dover strand.
 And spying heires melting with luxurie,
 Satan will not joy at their sinnes, as hee. 80

58 soft maids eare, *Ed*: soft maids eare. 1633-54 and *MSS.*: Maids
 soft ear 1669 59 scolding] scolding's 1669 60 rore.] rore; 1633
 63 gaine, bold foule, repute *Ed*: gaine; bold foule repute 1633-69, *B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, L74, P, W*: gayne (bold foule) repute: *Q*: gain, bold
 fouls repute 1719 and *Chambers*: gayne, hold foule repute *A25, N, S, TCD*,
 and *Lowell's conjecture in Grolier*. See note 68 That] The *Chambers*
 69-70 These lines represented by dashes, 1633 70 yea *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, TCD, W*: or 1635-69
 72 Bearing-like Asses; *Ed*: Bearing like Asses, 1633-69 and *MSS.*
 73 whores, 1633-69: whores; *Chambers and Grolier*. See note 74-5
 These lines represented by dashes, 1633 77 our land;] our land, *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCD, W*: the land;
 1633-69, *Q* 79 luxurie, 1633-69. *A25, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F (corr. fr. Gluttony), P, Q, TCD*: Gluttony *B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, S, S96, W*
 80 will] would *A25, Q*

For as a thrifty wench scrapes kitching-stuffe,
 And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe,
 Of wasting candles, which in thirty yeare
 (Relique-like kept) perchance buyes wedding geare;
 Peecemeale he gets lands, and spends as much time 85
 Wringing each Acre, as men pulling prime.
 In parchments then, large as his fields, hee drawes
 Assurances, bigge, as glofs'd civill lawes,
 So huge, that men (in our times forwardnesse)
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing lesse. 90
 These hee writes not; nor for these written payes,
 Therefore spares no length; as in those first dayes
 When Luther was profest, He did desire
 Short *Pater nosters*, saying as a Fryer
 Each day his beads, but having left those lawes, 95
 Addes to Christs prayer, the Power and glory claufe.
 But when he sells or changes land, he'impaires
 His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, *ses heires*,
 As sily as any Commenter goes by
 Hard words, or sense; or in Divinity 100
 As controverters, in vouch'd Texts, leave out
 Shrewd words, which might against them cleare the doubt.
 Where are those spred woods which cloth'd hertofore
 Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within dore.
 Where's th'old landlords troops, and almes? In great hals
 Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bachanalls 106

84 Relique-like *A25, B, D, H49, H51, L74, N, O'F, Q, S, S96, TCD, W*:
 Reliquely 1633-69, *Cy, JC, Lec, P* geare;] chear; 1669 (*which brackets*
from 81 as to end of 84), *Cy* 86 men] Maids 1669 87 parchments
A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, Q, W: parchment 1633-69, *L74, Lec, N, O'F,*
P, S, S96, TCD his] the 1669 98 *ses* 1633-69, *B, L74, Lec, Q, and*
other MSS.: his *Cy, D, H49, H51, P* heires,] heires 1633 99 *As*]
 And 1669 by] by, 1633 102 doubt.] doubt: 1633 105 Where's
 &c. *Ed*: Where's th'old landlords troops, and almes, great hals? 1633, *Lec,*
N, TCD (*but hals MSS.*): Where the old landlords troops, and almes?
 In hals 1635-69, *L74, O'F*: Where the old landlords troopes and almes?
 In great halls *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, P, Q, S, W* (*but the punctuation*
is very irregular, and some have 's after Where). See note

Equally I hate; meanes bleſſe; in rich mens homes
 I bid kill ſome beaſts, but no Hecatombs,
 None ſtarve, none furfet ſo; But (Oh) we allow,
 Good workes as good, but out of faſhion now, 110
 Like old rich wardrops; but my words none drawes
 Within the vaſt reach of th' huge ſtatute lawes.

Satyre III.

KInde pittie chokes my ſpleene; brave ſcorn forbids
 Thoſe teares to iſſue which ſwell my eye-lids;
 I muſt not laugh, nor weepe finnes, and be wiſe,
 Can railing then cure theſe worne maladies?
 Is not our Miſtreſſe faire Religion, 5
 As worthy of all our Soules devotion,
 As vertue was to the firſt blinded age?
 Are not heavens joyes as valiant to aſſwage
 Luſts, as earths honour was to them? Alas,
 As wee do them in meanes, ſhall they ſurpaſſe 10
 Us in the end, and ſhall thy fathers ſpirit
 Meete blinde Philoſophers in heaven, whoſe merit
 Of ſtriſt life may be imputed faith, and heare
 Thee, whom hee taught ſo eaſie wayes and neare

107 Equally I hate;] Equallie hate, *Q* hate; *Ed*: hate, 1633: hate.
 1635-69 meanes bleſs; 1633, *A25*, *B*, *D*, *H49*, *H51*, *JC*, *L74*, *N*, *O'F*, *P*,
Q, *TCD*, *W*: Meane's bleſt. 1635-69, *Cy*, *S*, *S96* (altered to is bleſt). See note
 111 wardrops; 1633: wardrobes. 1635-69 112 ſtatute lawes. 1633-54
 and all *MSS.*: ſtatutes jawes. 1669, *Chambers*

Satyre III. 1633-69, *B*, *D*, *H49*, *H51* (with title Of Religion.), *JC*, *Lec*,
O'F, *Q*, *S*, *W*: Satire the 4th. *A25*, *Cy*: Satyre the Second. *P*: A Satire.
L74: no title, *N*, *TCD* 1 chokes] checks 1635-54: cheeks 1669
 eye-lids; *Ed*: eye-lids, 1633-39: eyelids. 1650-69 3 and] but 1669
 7 to 1635-69, *A25*, *B*, *Cy*, *D*, *H49*, *H51*, *JC*, *L74*, *O'F*, *P*, *Q*, *S*, *W*: in 1633,
Lec, *N*, *TCD* 9 honour was] honours were *Cy*, *D*, *H49*, *S* 14 fo
 eaſie wayes and neare 1633-69, *L74*, *Lec*, *N*, *P*, *TCD*: wayes eaſie and neere
A25, *B*, *Cy*, *D*, *H49*, *H51*, *JC*, *Q*, *S*, *W*: wayes ſo eaſy and neere *O'F*

To

To follow, damn'd? O if thou dar'st, feare this; 15
 This feare great courage, and high valour is.
 Dar'st thou ayd mutinous Dutch, and dar'st thou lay
 Thee in ships woodden Sepulchers, a prey
 To leaders rage, to stormes, to shot, to dearth?
 Dar'st thou dive seas, and dungeons of the earth? 20
 Haft thou couragious fire to thaw the ice
 Of frozen North discoueries? and thrife
 Colder then Salamanders, like divine
 Children in th'oven, fires of Spaine, and the line,
 Whose countries limbecks to our bodies bee, 25
 Canst thou for gaine beare? and must every hee
 Which cryes not, Goddesse, to thy Mistresse, draw,
 Or eate thy poysonous words? courage of straw!
 O desperate coward, wilt thou seeme bold, and
 To thy foes and his (who made thee to stand 30
 Sentinell in his worlds garrison) thus yeeld,
 And for forbidden warres, leave th'appointed field?
 Know thy foes: The foule Devill (whom thou
 Strivest to please,) for hate, not love, would allow
 Thee faine, his whole Realme to be quit; and as 35
 The worlds all parts wither away and passe,

15 this; [this. 1633 16 is.] is; 1633 17 Dutch, and dar'st 1633-69, L74,
Lec, N, P, TCD: Dutch? dar'st A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, O'F, Q, S, W
 22-3 discoueries? . . Salamanders, *Ed*: discoueries, . . Salamanders?
 1633-69 28 words?] words, 1633 31 Sentinell 1633-69, L74,
Lec, N, P, TCD: Souldier A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, Q, S, W his
 1633-54: this 1669, A25, H51, P, Q 32 forbidden 1633 and most
MSS. forbid 1635-69, H51

33-4 Know thy foes; the foule Devell whom thou
 Strivest to please &c.

H51, Q and generally (but with varying punctuation and sometimes foe), A25,
 B, Cy, D, H49, JC, O'F, P, W:

Know thy foe, the foule devill h'is, whom thou
 Strivest to please: for hate, not love, would allow
 1633, L74 (is), *Lec, N* (his), *S* (is), *TCD* (his):

Know thy foes: The foule devill, he, whom thou
 Striv'st to please, for hate, not love, would allow

1635-69 (he, . . . please, bracketed, 1669)

35 quit 1633-69, L74, *Lec, N, P, S, TCD*: ridd A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51,
 JC, O'F, Q, W

So the worlds selfe, thy other lov'd foe, is
 In her decrepit wayne, and thou loving this,
 Dost love a withered and worne strumpet; laſt,
 Fleſh (it ſelfes death) and joyes which fleſh can taſte, 40
 Thou loveſt; and thy faire goodly ſoule, which doth
 Give this fleſh power to taſte joy, thou doſt loath.
 Seeke true religion. O where? Mirreus
 Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us,
 Seekes her at Rome; there, becauſe hee doth know 45
 That ſhee was there a thouſand yeares agoe,
 He loves her ragges ſo, as wee here obey
 The ſtatecloth where the Prince ſate yeſterday.
 Crantz to ſuch brave Loves will not be inthrall'd,
 But loves her onely, who at Geneva is call'd 50
 Religion, plaine, ſimple, fullen, yong,
 Contemptuous, yet unhanſome; As among
 Lecherous humors, there is one that judges
 No wenches whoſome, but courſe country drudges.
 Graius ſtayes ſtill at home here, and becauſe 55
 Some Preachers, vile ambitious bards, and lawes
 Still new like faſhions, bid him thinke that ſhee
 Which dwels with us, is onely perfect, hee
 Imbraceth her, whom his Godfathers will
 Tender to him, being tender, as Wards ſtill 60
 Take ſuch wives as their Guardians offer, or
 Pay valewes. Careleſſe Phrygius doth abhorre
 All, becauſe all cannot be good, as one
 Knowing ſome women whores, dares marry none.
 Graccus loves all as one, and thinkes that ſo 65
 As women do in divers countries goe

40 (it ſelfes death) 1635-69, *A25, B, H51, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, TCD, W*: (it ſelfe death) 1633, *Cy, D, S* 42 loath.] loath; 1633 44 here,]
 her, 1633 45 Rome; *Ed*: Rome, 1633-69 47 He 1633, 1669:
 And 1635-54 her *D, H49, H51, Lec, O'F, P, S, W*: the 1633-69, *L74, N, P, TCD* 49 Crantz *W*: Crants 1633-54, *A25, H51, JC, Lec, N, TCD*:
 Grants or Grauntes 1669, *L74, O'F, P*: Grant *Cy, D, H49*: Crates *Q*
 52 unhanſome; *Ed*: unhanſome. 1633-69 54 drudges.] drudges: 1633
 57 bid or bidd *MSS.*: bids 1633-69 62 Prigas *H51*: Phrygas *W*:
 Phrigas *A25*

In divers habits, yet are still one kinde,
 So doth, so is Religion; and this blind-
 nesse too much light breeds; but unmoved thou
 Of force must one, and forc'd but one allow; 70
 And the right; aske thy father which is shee,
 Let him aske his; though truth and falshood bee
 Neare twins, yet truth a little elder is;
 Be busie to seeke her, beleewe mee this,
 Hee's not of none, nor worst, that seekes the best. 75
 To adore, or scorne an image, or protest,
 May all be bad; doubt wisely; in strange way
 To stand inquiring right, is not to stray;
 To sleepe, or runne wrong, is. On a huge hill,
 Cragged, and steep, Truth stands, and hee that will 80
 Reach her, about must, and about must goe;
 And what the hills suddennes resists, winne so;
 Yet strive so, that before age, deaths twilight,
 Thy Soule rest, for none can worke in that night.
 To will, implies delay, therefore now doe: 85
 Hard deeds, the bodies paines; hard knowledge too
 The mindes indeavours reach, and mysteries
 Are like the Sunne, dazling, yet plaine to all eyes.
 Keepe the truth which thou hast found; men do not stand
 In so ill case here, that God hath with his hand 90
 Sign'd Kings blanck-charters to kill whom they hate,
 Nor are they Vicars, but hangmen to Fate.

67 kinde, *Ed*: kinde; 1633-69 70 must . . . but in reverse order *Q*
 73 is; 1633: is. 1635-69 74 her, 1633: her; 1635-69 77 wisely;
Ed: wisely, 1633-69 78 stray; 1633-69, *Cy, D, L74, Lec, N, O'F, S,*
TCD, W: flaye; *A25, B, H49, H51, JC, P, Q* 79 is. On] is: on 1633
 huge] high *B, Cy, D, H51, O'F, Q, W* 80 Cragged, 1669, *L74, N, P,*
TCD: Cragg'd, 1633-54, *Lec*: Ragged *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, O'F, S, W*:
 Ruggued *H51, Q* 81 about must goe; 1633-54, *O'F*: about it goe;
 1669: about goe *A25, Cy, D, H49, H51, L74, N, P, Q, W* 84 Soule
 1633-69, *L74, N, P, TCD*: minde rest of *MSS*. that night. *Ed*: that
 night, 1633, 1669: the night. 1635-54 85 doe: *Ed*: doe 1633,
Chambers and Grolier: doe. 1635-69, *D, W*. See note 86 too *H51,*
S, W: spelt to 1633-69, many *MSS*.: to (*prep.*) *Chambers* 88 eyes.]
 eyes; 1633 90 In so ill (evil *H51*) case here, *A25, B, Cy, D, H49,*
H51, JC, L74, O'F, P, Q, S, W: here om. 1633-69, *N, TCD*

Foole and wretch, wilt thou let thy Soule be tyed
 To mans lawes, by which she shall not be tryed
 At the last day? Oh, will it then boot thee 95
 To say a Philip, or a Gregory,
 A Harry, or a Martin taught thee this?
 Is not this excuse for mere contraries,
 Equally strong? cannot both sides say so?
 That thou mayest rightly obey power, her bounds know; 100
 Those past, her nature, and name is chang'd; to be
 Then humble to her is idolatrie.
 As streames are, Power is; those blest flowers that dwell
 At the rough streames calme head, thrive and do well,
 But having left their roots, and themselves given 105
 To the streames tyrannous rage, alas, are driven
 Through mills, and rockes, and woods, and at last, almost
 Consum'd in going, in the sea are lost:
 So perish Soules, which more chuse mens unjust
 Power from God claym'd, then God himselfe to trust. 110

Satyre IIII.

Well; I may now receive, and die; My sinne
 Indeed is great, but I have beene in
 A Purgatorie, such as fear'd hell is
 A recreation to, and scarce map of this.

94 mans 1633-69, *A25, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, TCD*: mens *B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, S, W* not om. 1635-54 95 Oh, will it then boot thee *Ed*: Will . . boot thee 1633, *L74, N, P, TCD*: Or . . boot thee 1635-69: Oh will it then serve thee *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, O'F(Or), Q, S, W* 97 thee] me 1669 99 strong? *Ed*: strong 1633: strong; 1635-69 101 is] are 1669 chang'd;] chang'd 1633 to be *Ed*: to be, 1633-69 102 idolatrie.] idolatrie; 1633 103 is;] is, 1633 104 do well 1633-69, *Lec, N, P, TCD*: prove well *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, L74, O'F, Q, S, W* 106 alas,] alas 1633 107 mills, and rockes, 1633, *L74, N, P, TCD*: Mills, rocks, 1635-69, and rest of *MSS*.

Satyre IIII. 1633-69, *B, D, H49, HN* (anno 1594 in margin), *JC, Lec, O'F, P, Q, S, W*: Mr. Dunns first Satire. *A25*: Another Satire by the same. *J*: *D*: *Cy* (where it is the third): Satyre. *S96*: no title, *L74, N, TCD* (in *L74* it is second, in *N, TCD* third in order) 2 but I 1633, *A25, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, Q, S, W*: but yet I 1635-69, *Cy, O'F, S96* 4 A recreation to, and scarce *Q*: A recreation, and scant 1633-69, and other *MSS*.

My

My minde, neither with prides itch, nor yet hath been 5
 Poyson'd with love to see, or to bee seene,
 I had no fuit there, nor new fuite to shew,
 Yet went to Court; But as Glaze which did goe
 To'a Masse in jest, catch'd, was faine to disburse
 The hundred markes, which is the Statutes curse; 10
 Before he scapt, So'it pleas'd my destinie
 (Guilty of my sin of going,) to thinke me
 As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
 full, as proud, as lustfull, and as much in debt,
 As vaine, as witleffe, and as false as they 15
 Which dwell at Court, for once going that way.
 Therefore I suffered this; Towards me did runne
 A thing more strange, then on Niles slime, the Sunne
 E'r bred; or all which into Noahs Arke came;
 A thing, which would have pos'd Adam to name; 20
 Stranger then feaven Antiquaries studies,
 Then Africks Monsters, Guanaes rarities.
 Stranger then strangers; One, who for a Dane,
 In the Danes Massacre had fure beene slaine,
 If he had liv'd then; And without helpe dies, 25
 When next the Prentises'gainst Strangers rise.
 One, whom the watch at noone lets scarce goe by,
 One, to whom, the examining Justice fure would cry,
 Sir, by your priesthood tell me what you are.
 His cloths were strange, though coarfe; and black, though
 bare; 30

5 neither 1633-69: nor some MSS. and Chambers, who wrongly attributes to 1635-39 8 Glaze 1633, D, H49, HN, Lec: Glare 1635-69, and rest of MSS. 9 To'a mals A25, B, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, N, S, S96, TCD, W: To Masse 1633-69, Cy, Q, Lec 10-11 curse; . . . scapt, 1633-39: curse, . . . scapt, 1650-69 12 of going, 1633, 1669, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, S, TCD, W: in going, 1635-54, A25, O'F 14 as lustfull,] as om. 1635-69 and many MSS. 16 at Court, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, TCD, W: in Court, 1633-69, Lec 18 Niles] Nilus D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TCD 19 bred; W: bred, 1633-69 came; W: came: 1633-69 20 name; W: name, 1633: name: 1635-69 22 rarities. W: rarities, 1633-69 23 then strangers; 1633-69, A25, B, Cy, HN, L74, Lec, N, P, Q, TCD, W: then strangeft. D, H49, JC (corr. from strangers), S

Sleeveleffe his jerkin was, and it had beene
 Velvet, but'twas now (so much ground was feene)
 Become Tufftaffatie; and our children shall
 See it plaine Rashe awhile, then nought at all.
 This thing hath travail'd, and faith, speakes all tongues 35
 And only knoweth what to all States belongs.
 Made of th'Accents, and best phrase of all these,
 He speakes no language; If strange meats displease,
 Art can deceive, or hunger force my tast,
 But Pedants motley tongue, souldiers bumbast, 40
 Mountebankes drugtongue, nor the termes of law
 Are strong enough preparatives, to draw
 Me to beare this: yet I must be content
 With his tongue, in his tongue, call'd complement:
 In which he can win widdowes, and pay scores, 45
 Make men speake treason, cosen subtilest whores,
 Out-flatter favorites, or outlie either
 Jovius, or Surius, or both together.
 He names mee, and comes to mee; I whisper, God!
 How have I sinn'd, that thy wraths furious rod, 50
 This fellow chuseth me? He faith, Sir,
 I love your judgement; Whom doe you prefer,
 For the best linguist? And I feelily
 Said, that I thought Calepines Dictionarie;
 Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir; Beza then, 55
 Some other Jesuites, and two reverend men
 Of our two Academies, I named; There
 He stopt mee, and said; Nay, your Apostles were

32 ground] the ground *HN* 35 This 1633: The 1635-69 faith,
 1633-54, *A25*, *B*, *Cy*, *D*, *H49*, *HN* (sayeth), *JC*, *L74*, *Lec*, *O'F*, *P*, *Q*, *S* (faith
 he), *TCD*, *W*: faith, 1669, *Chambers and Grolier*, without note 36 be-
 longs.] belongs, 1633 37 th'Accents,] the antient, *HN*: the ancients,
 (*prob. for* ancientest, *but corrected to accents*), *L74* 38 no language;
A25, *Q*: one language; 1633-69, and *MSS.* generally 43 beare]
 hear 1669 this: *Q*: this, 1633-69 44 With his tongue, 1669, *Q*:
 With his tongue: 1633-54 47 or] and *Cy*, *D*, *H49*, *HN*, *JC*, *O'F*, *Q*, *W*
 48 Surius,] Sleydon *O'F* (*corrected to Surius*). *Q*: Snodons, *A25*. See note
 51 chuseth] chafeth *P*, *Q* 55 Sir; *Ed*: Sir. 1633-69 56 Some
 other *HN*: Some 1633-69 and most *MSS.*: two other *S* 57 There
 1633 (*T faintly printed*): here 1635-69

Good pretty linguists, and so Panurge was ;
 Yet a poore gentleman, all these may passe 60
 By travaile. Then, as if he would have sold
 His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told
 That I was faine to say, If you'had liv'd, Sir,
 Time enough to have beene Interpreter
 To Babells bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood. 65
 He adds, If of court life you knew the good,
 You would leave lonenesse. I said, not alone
 My lonenesse is, but Spartanes fashion,
 To teach by painting drunkards, doth not last
 Now ; Aretines pictures have made few chaste ; 70
 No more can Princes courts, though there be few
 Better pictures of vice, teach me vertue ;
 He, like to a high stretcht lute string squeakt, O Sir,
 'Tis sweet to talke of Kings. At Westminster,
 Said I, The man that keepes the Abbey tombes, 75
 And for his price doth with who ever comes,
 Of all our Harries, and our Edwards talke,
 From King to King and all their kin can walke :
 Your eares shall heare nought, but Kings ; your eyes meet
 Kings only ; The way to it, is Kingstreet. 80
 He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, Mechanique, coarse,
 So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.
 Are not your Frenchmen neate ? Mine ? as you see,
 I have but one Frenchman, looke, hee followes mee.

59 Good pretty 1633-69: Pretty good Cy, O'F, Q, S, S96 Panurge
 1635-54: Panurge 1633: Panurgus 1669 (omitting and), JC, O'F, Q 60
 gentleman, all Ed: gentleman; All 1633-69 60-1 passe By travaile.
 1633-54: pass. But travaile 1669 62 prais'd Ed: praised 1633-69
 wonders 1635-69 and most MSS.: words 1633, Lec, N, TCD 67 lone-
 nesse. 1635-69, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, O'F, P, Q, W: lonelineffe;
 1633, L74, Lec, N, TCD 68 lonenesse 1635-69, A25, &c.: lonelineffe
 1633, L74, &c. fashion, 1633: fashion. 1635-69 69 last 1633, 1669,
 D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, TCD, W: taste 1635-54, O'F, Q (tast), S,
 S96 80 Kingstreet. 1633: Kingsstreet. 1635-39: Kings street. 1650-69
 83 Mine? 1635-54 and MSS.: Fine, 1633: Mine, 1669 84 French-
 man, Ed: frenchman, 1633 and most MSS.: Sir, 1635-69, Q: here, Cy
 Certes

Certes they are neatly cloth'd; I, of this minde am, 85
 Your only wearing is your Grogaram.
 Not so Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
 He would not flie; I chaff'd him; But as Itch
 Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt iron ground
 Into an edge, hurts worfe: So, I (foole) found, 90
 Crossing hurt mee; To fit my fullennesse,
 He to another key, his stile doth addresse,
 And askes, what newes? I tell him of new playes.
 He takes my hand, and as a Still, which staies
 A Sembrieft, 'twixt each drop, he nigardly, 95
 As loth to enrich mee, so tells many a lye.
 More then ten Hollensheads, or Halis, or Stowes,
 Of triviall household trash he knowes; He knowes
 When the Queene frown'd, or smil'd, and he knowes what
 A fubtle States-man may gather of that; 100
 He knowes who loves; whom; and who by poyson
 Haft to an Offices reverfion;
 He knowes who'hath fold his land, and now doth beg
 A licence, old iron, bootes, shooes, and egge-
 fhels to transport; Shortly boyes shall not play 105
 At span-counter, or blow-point, but they pay
 Toll to some Courtier; And wifer then all us,
 He knowes what Ladie is not painted; Thus

85-6 cloth'd; I, . . . Grogaram. *Ed:* cloth'd. I, . . . Grogaram; 1633:
 cloth'd. I, . . . Grogaram. 1635-69 86 your Grogaram 1633-69, L74,
Lec, N, TCD: this Grogaram A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, O'F, Q, S, W:
 the Grogaram P 89 ground *Ed:* grown'd 1633: grownd 1635-69
 90 (foole)] no bracket 1633 92 addresse, *N, TCD:* addresse. 1633:
 dresse. 1635-39, D, W: dresse; 1650-69 96 lye. D, H49, W:
 lie, 1633-69 98 trash he knowes; He knowes D, H49, W: trash;
 He knowes; He knowes 1633: trash. He knowes; He knowes 1635-39:
 trash, He knowes; He knowes 1650-69 101 loves; whom; 1633:
 loves; whom, 1635-54: loves, whom; 1669: loves whom; *Chambers and*
Grolier 104 and 1633-69, L74, *Lec, N, S96, TCD:* or A25, B, Cy, D,
 H49, HN, JC, O'F, Q, W 106 At blow-point or span-counter A25, B, D,
 H49, HN, JC, O'F, Q, S, S96, W they pay Cy, D, H49, HN, *Lec, N, O'F,*
P, Q, S, S96, TCD, W: shall pay 1633-69, JC 108 what 1633-69, Cy,
 I, 74. *Lec, N, TCD:* which A25, B, D, H49, HN, JC, O'F, P, Q, S, W

He

He with home-meats tries me; I belch, spue, spit,
 Looke pale, and sickly, like a Patient; Yet 110
 He thrusts on more; And as if he'd undertooke
 To say Gallo-Belgicus without booke
 Speakes of all States, and deeds, that have been since
 The Spaniards came, to the losse of Amyens.
 Like a bigge wife, at sight of loathed meat, 115
 Readie to travaile: So I figh, and sweat
 To heare this Makeron talke: In vaine; for yet,
 Either my humour, or his owne to fit,
 He like a priviledg'd spie, whom nothing can
 Discredit, Libells now'gainst each great man. 120
 He names a price for every office paid;
 He saith, our warres thrive ill, because delai'd;
 That offices are entail'd, and that there are
 Perpetuities of them, lasting as farre
 As the last day; And that great officers, 125
 Doe with the Pirates share, and Dunkirkers.
 Who wasts in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes;
 Who loves whores, who boyes, and who goats.
 I more amas'd then Circes prisoners, when
 They felt themselves turne beasts, felt my selfe then 130
 Becomming Traytor, and mee thought I saw
 One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw
 To sucke me in; for hearing him, I found
 That as burnt venome Leachers do grow found
 By giving others their soares, I might growe 135
 Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did shew

109 tries 1633, *A25, D, H49, HN, L74, N, Q, TCD, W*: cloyes 1635-69,
O'F, S: tyres *Cy, JC, P* 111 thrusts on more; 1633-69, *O'F*: thrusts
 more; *A25, B, D, H49, HN, JC, P, Q, W*: thrusts me more; *L74, Lec,*
N, S, TCD: thrusts me *P* as if he'd undertooke most *MSS.*: as if
 he'undertooke 1633, *N, TCD*: as he'had undertooke 1635-69 113
 have] hath 1633, *Lec* 117 this] his *B, L74, O'F, TCD, W* talke:
 In vaine; for *D, W, and other MSS.*: talke in vaine: For 1633, *Q*: talke,
 in vaine: For 1635-69 123 entail'd, and that there 1633: entailed, and
 there 1635-54: intailed and that there 1669 128 whores, *Ed*: Whores,
 1633-69 132 Statutes] Statues 1639 133 in; for hearing him,
 1669, *N, P, TCD*: in, for hearing him, 1650-54: in, for hearing him.
 1633-39, *A25, D, H49, L74, O'F, S, W* 134-6 (That . . . free:) represented
 by dashes in 1633 134 venome 1635-54: venomous 1669: venomd many
MSS.

All signes of loathing; But since I am in,
 I muſt pay mine, and my forefathers ſinne
 To the laſt farthing; Therefore to my power
 Toughly and ſtubbornly I beare this croſſe; But the'houre 140
 Of mercy now was come; He tries to bring
 Me to pay a fine to ſcape his torturing,
 And ſaies, Sir, can you ſpare me; I ſaid, willingly;
 Nay, Sir, can you ſpare me a crowne? Thankfully I
 Gave it, as Ranſome; But as fidlers, ſtill, 145
 Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
 Thruſt one more jigge upon you: ſo did hee
 With his long complementall thankes vex me.
 But he is gone, thankes to his needy want,
 And the prerogative of my Crowne: Scant 150
 His thankes were ended, when I, (which did ſee
 All the court fill'd with more ſtrange things then hee)
 Ran from thence with ſuch or more haſt, then one
 Who feares more actions, doth make from priſon.
 At home in wholeſome ſolitarineſſe 155
 My precious ſoule began, the wretchedneſſe
 Of ſuiters at court to mourne, and a trance
 Like his, who dreamt he ſaw hell, did advance
 It ſelfe on mee, Such men as he ſaw there,
 I ſaw at court, and worſe, and more; Low feare 160
 Becomes the guiltie, not the accuſer; Then,
 Shall I, nones ſlave, of high borne, or raiſ'd men
 Feare frownes? And, my Miſtreſſe Truth, betray thee
 To th'huffing braggart, puſt Nobility?
 No, no, Thou which ſince yeſterday haſt beene 165
 Almoſt about the whole world, haſt thou ſeene,

141 mercy now 1633-69: my redemption *Cy, P*: redemption now *Q, S*
 145 Gave] Give *Cy, D, H49* 146 Though] Thou 1635 152
 more . . then] ſuch . . as 1669 154 make *B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC*.
L74, O'F, P, Q, S96, W: haſte 1633-69, *Lec, N, S, TCD* (from previous line):
om. A25 priſon.] priſon; 1633 156 precious 1633, *L74, Lec, N, TCD*:
 piteous 1635-69 and rest of *MSS*. 159 on 1633, *Cy, L74, Lec, N, O'F*,
P, S, TCD: o'r 1635-69, *A25, B, D, H49, Q, S96, W* 162 nones] none
 1669 164 th'huffing braggart, 1669, *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC*,
L74, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, W (but no commas in *MSS*.): huffing, braggart,
 1633-54, *Lec, N, TCD* th'huffing, braggart, 1719 Nobility?] Nobility. 1633

O Sunne, in all thy journey, Vanitie,
 Such as swells the bladder of our court? I
 Thinke he which made your waxen garden, and
 Transported it from Italy to stand 170
 With us, at London, flouts our Prefence, for
 Just such gay painted things, which no sappe, nor
 Taft have in them, ours are; And naturall
 Some of the stocks are, their fruits, bastard all.
 'Tis ten a clock and past; All whom the Mues, 175
 Baloune, Tennis, Dyet, or the stewes,
 Had all the morning held, now the second
 Time made ready, that day, in flocks, are found
 In the Prefence, and I, (God pardon mee.)
 As fresh, and sweet their Apparrells be, as bee 180
 The fields they sold to buy them; For a King
 Those hose are, cry the flatterers; And bring
 Them next weeke to the Theatre to sell;
 Wants reach all states; Me seemes they doe as well
 At stage, as court; All are players; who e'r lookes 185
 (For themselves dare not goe) o'r Cheapside books,
 Shall finde their wardrops Inventory. Now,
 The Ladies come; As Pirats, which doe know
 That there came weak ships fraught with Cutchannel,
 The men board them; and praise, as they thinke, well, 190

169 your 1633-69, L74, *Lec, N, TCD*: yon A25, B, JC, O'F, Q, W: the
 Cy, D, H49, P, S, S96 170 Transported 1633-69, L74, *Lec, N, P, Q,*
TCD: Transplanted B, Cy, D, H49, JC, O'F, S, S96, W to stand] to
 Strand L74 (stand being struck through), S 171 our Prefence, 1633,
 L74, *Lec, N, P, TCD*: our Court here, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, Q, S,
 W: our Courtiers, 1635-69, O'F 173 are;] are, 1633 178 are found
 1633, 1669: were found 1635-54 179 I, (God pardon mee.) 1633:
 I. (God pardon mee.) 1635: I. (God pardon me) 1639-69: aye—God
 pardon me — Chambers 180 their Apparrells | th'apparells B, Cy, D,
 H49, L74, W 182 cry the flatterers; 1633: cry his flatterers; 1635-54,
 P: cryes his flatterers; Cy, D, H49, JC, Q, S, W: cryes the flatterer; 1669,
 L74 (flatterers is changed to flatterer), *Lec* (flatterers) 185 players;]
 players, 1633 187 wardrops 1633: wardrobes 1635-69 Inventory.]
 Inventory; 1633 188 doe know 1633-69, *Lec, N, Q, TCD*: did know
 Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, P, S, S96, W 190 (as they think) 1669

Their

Their beauties; they the mens wits; Both are bought.
 Why good wits ne'r weare scarlet gownes, I thought
 This cause, These men, mens wits for speeches buy,
 And women buy all reds which scarlets die.
 He call'd her beauty limetwigs, her haire net; 195
 She feares her drugs ill laid, her haire loose set.
 Would not Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine,
 From hat to shooe, himselfe at doore refine,
 As if the Prefence were a Moschite, and lift
 His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift, 200
 Making them confesse not only mortall
 Great stains and holes in them; but veniall
 Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate:
 And then by *Durers* rules surway the state
 Of his each limbe, and with strings the odds trye 205
 Of his neck to his legge, and waite to thighe.
 So in immaculate clothes, and Symetrie
 Perfect as circles, with such nicetie
 As a young Preacher at his first time goes
 To preach, he enters, and a Lady which owes 210
 Him not so much as good will, he arrests,
 And unto her protests protests protests,
 So much as at Rome would serve to have throwne
 Ten Cardinalls into the Inquisition;
 And whisped by Jesu, so often, that A 215
 Pursevant would have ravish'd him away

194 scarlets] scarlett *D, H49, Lec, O'F, P, Q, W* 195 call'd] calls
A25, HN, O'F, P, Q 195-6 net; . . . fet.] net. . . . fet; 1633 198
 hat] hat, 1633-54 199 As if the Prefence . . . Moschite, 1633-69,
Lec (colon 1635-69): As the Prefence . . . Moschite, (or Meschite,) *A25, B,*
Cy, HN, JC, L74, O'F, P, Q, W: As the Queenes Prefence . . . Meschite,
D, H49: As if the Queenes Prefence . . . meschite, *S* 203 fornicate:]
 fornicate. 1633 204 surway 1633-69, *N, O'F, P, Q, TCD*: surwayes *B,*
Cy, D, H49, JC, S, W 205 trye *Ed*: tryes 1633-69 and *MSS.* 206
 to thighe. *Ed*: to thighs. 1633-69 and *MSS.*: to his thighs. *Q* 211
 he arrests, 1633-69, *L74, Lec, N, TCD*: straight arrests, *A25, Cy, D, H49,*
HN, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, W 215 whisped 1633, *D, H49, L74, N, TCD, W*:
 whispers 1635-69 216 Topcliffe would have ravish'd him quite away
JC, O'F, Q (*JC* and *O'F* alter to Pursevant)

For saying of our Ladies pfalter; But'tis fit
 That they each other plague, they merit it.
 But here comes Glorius that will plague them both,
 Who, in the other extreme, only doth 220
 Call a rough carelesse, good fashion;
 Whose cloak his spurres teare; whom he spits on
 He cares not, His ill words doe no harme
 To him; he rusheth in, as if arme, arme,
 He meant to crie; And though his face be as ill 225
 As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
 He strives to looke worse, he keeps all in awe;
 Jeasts like a licenc'd foole, commands like law.
 Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd fo
 As men which from gaoles to'execution goe, 230
 Goe through the great chamber (why is it hung
 With the feaven deadly finnes?). Being among
 Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
 Charing Crosse for a barre, men that doe know
 No token of worth, but Queenes man, and fine 235
 Living, barrells of beefe, flaggons of wine;
 I shooke like a spyed Spie. Preachers which are
 Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,
 Drowne the finnes of this place, for, for mee
 Which am but a scarce brooke, it enough shall bee 240

217 of om. Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, P, Q, S, W 222 whom 1633, A25, B, D, H49, L74, N, P, Q, S, S96, TCD, W: or whom 1635-69, O'F 223 He cares not, His 1633 and MSS.: He cares not hee. His 1635-69 224 rusheth] rushes 1639-69 226 still 1635-69, Q, and other MSS.: yet still 1633, L74, N, TCD 229 I leave] Ile leave B, Cy, D, H49, W 230 men which from A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, TCD, W: men from 1633-69 232 finnes?). Being Ed: finnes) being 1633-39: finnes?) being 1650-69: all the editions and some MSS. close the sentence at 236 wine. 236 Living barrells of beefe, flaggons of wine. 1633-54: Living, barrells of beef, and flaggons of wine. 1669 237 Spie.] Spie; 1633 238 Seas of Wit and Arts, B, Cy, L74, N, P, Q, TCD: Seas of Wits and Arts, 1633, D, H49, JC, Lec, S: Seas of witt and art, A25, HN: Great seas of witt and art, O'F, S96: Seas of all Wits and Arts, conj. Lowell 239 Drowne] To drowne O'F, S96 240 Which] Who MSS. am but a scarce brooke, 1633, L74, Lec, N, TCD: am but a scant brooke, 1635-69: am a scant brooke, B, HN, JC, O'F, P, Q, W: am a shallow brooke, Cy, D, H49, S, S96

To wash the staines away; Although I yet
 With *Macchabees* modestie, the knowne merit
 Of my worke lessen: yet some wise man shall,
 I hope, esteeme my writs Canonically.

Satyre V.

THou shalt not laugh in this leafe, Muse, nor they
 Whom any pittie warms; He which did lay
 Rules to make Courtiers, (hee being understood
 May make good Courtiers, but who Courtiers good?)
 Frees from the sting of jests all who in extreme 5
 Are wretched or wicked: of these two a theame
 Charity and liberty give me. What is hee
 Who Officers rage, and Suiters misery
 Can write, and jest? If all things be in all,
 As I thinke, since all, which were, are, and shall 10
 Bee, be made of the same elements:
 Each thing, each thing implyes or represents.
 Then man is a world; in which, Officers
 Are the vast ravishing seas; and Suiters,
 Springs; now full, now shallow, now drye; which, to 15
 That which drownes them, run: These selfe reasons do
 Prove the world a man, in which, officers
 Are the devouring stomacke, and Suiters
 The excrements, which they voyd. All men are dust;
 How much worfe are Suiters, who to mens lust 20

241 the 1633-69: their *A25, B, Cy, D, HN, JC, O'F, Q, S, W*: these *L74, N, TCD* Although] though 1633 and MSS. 242 the knowne merit 1633-69, *JC, Lec, N, O'F, Q, TCD*: known *om. B, Cy, D, H49, HN, L74, P, S, W* 243 wife man] wife men 1650-69, *B, HN, L74, P, TCD, W*

Satyre V. 1633-69, *A25, B, D, JC, Lec, O'F, Q, S, W*: Satyre the third. *P*: no title, *L74, N, TCD* (in *L74* it is third, in *N, TCD* fourth in order) 1 shalt] shal 1669 9 and] in 1669 12 implyes 1635-69: spelt employes 1633 and some MSS. represents. 1635-69: represents, 1633 13 Officers] Officers, 1633-69 14 ravishing 1633-69: ravenous *Q*: ravening *P, S* 19 voyd. All 1669: voyd; all 1633-54 dust; *W*: dust, 1633-69

Are

Are made preyes? O worfe then duft, or wormes meat,
 For they do eate you now, whose felves wormes fhall eate.
 They are the mills which grinde you, yet you are
 The winde which drives them; and a waftfull warre
 Is fought againft you, and you fight it; they
 Adulterate lawe, and you prepare their way
 Like wittals; th'iffue your owne ruine is.
 Greateft and faireft Empreffe, know you this?
 Alas, no more then Thames calme head doth know
 Whose meades her armes drowne, or whose corne o'rflow: 30
 You Sir, whose righteoufnes ſhe loves, whom I
 By having leave to ferve, am moſt richly
 For ſervice paid, authoriz'd, now beginne
 To know and weed out this enormous finne.
 O Age of ruſty iron! Some better wit
 Call it ſome worfe name, if ought equall it; 35
 The iron Age *that* was, when juſtice was fold; now
 Injuſtice is fold dearer farre. Allow
 All demands, fees, and duties, gamſters, anon
 The mony which you ſweat, and ſweare for, is-gon 40
 Into other hands: So controverted lands
 Scape, like Angelica, the ſtrivers hands.
 If Law be in the Judges heart, and hee
 Have no heart to reſiſt letter, or fee,
 Where wilt thou appeale? powre of the Courts below 45
 Flow from the firſt maine head, and theſe can throw

21 preyes? 1669: preyes. 1633-54 26 their 1633, *D, L74, Lec, N, S, TCD, W*: the 1635-69, *O'F, P, Q* 27 wittals; *W*: wittals, 1633-69

is.] is; 1633 33 authoriz'd, 1635-54: authorized, 1633: authoriz'd. 1669

35-6 Some . . . equall it;] *in brackets* 1635-54

37-9 The iron Age *that* was, when juſtice was fold, now

Injuſtice is fold deerer farre; allow

All demands, fees, and duties; gamſters, anon 1633, *D, JC* (All
 claym'd fees), *Lec, N, Q* (All claym'd fees), *TCD, W* (All
 claym'd fees):

The iron Age *that* was, when juſtice was fold (now

Injuſtice is fold dearer) did allow

All claim'd fees and duties. Gameſters, anon 1635-54, *B, O'F, P* (*the
 laſt two omit that was*), *Chambers* (*no italics*):

The iron Age was, when juſtice was fold, now

Injuſtice is fold dearer far, allow

All claim'd fees and duties, Gameſters, anon 1669

46 Flow] Flows *O'F, Chambers*. See note

Thee,

Thee, if they fucke thee in, to misery,
 To fetters, halters; But if the injury
 Steele thee to dare complaine, Alas, thou go'ft
 Against the stream, when upwards: when thou art most 50
 Heavy and most faint; and in these labours they,
 'Gainst whom thou should'ft complaine, will in the way
 Become great seas, o'r which, when thou shalt bee
 Forc'd to make golden bridges, thou shalt see
 That all thy gold was drown'd in them before; 55
 All things follow their like, only who have may have more.
 Judges are Gods; he who made and said them so,
 Meant not that men should be forc'd to them to goe,
 By meanes of Angels; When supplications
 We send to God, to Dominations, 60
 Powers, Cherubins, and all heavens Courts, if wee
 Should pay fees as here, Daily bread would be
 Scarce to Kings; so 'tis. Would it not anger
 A Stoicke, a coward, yea a Martyr,
 To see a Pursivant come in, and call 65
 All his cloathes, Copes; Bookes, Primers; and all
 His Plate, Challices; and mistake them away,
 And aske a fee for comming? Oh, ne'r may
 Faire lawes white reverend name be strumpeted,
 To warrant thefts: she is established 70
 Recorder to Destiny, on earth, and shee
 Speakes Fates words, and but tells us who must bee
 Rich, who poore, who in chaires, who in jayles:
 Shee is all faire, but yet hath foule long nailes,

49 complaine,] complaine; 1633 go'ft] goest 1633-39 50 when
 upwards: 1633-54, A25, B, D, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, S, TCD, W: up-
 wards, 1669, Chambers 52 the 1633: thy 1635-69 56 only who have]
 only, who have, 1633 more.] more 1633 57 he . . . so, 1633-54:
 and he who made them so, 1669: he . . . and cal'd (*changed to stil'd*) them so,
 O'F 58 that] *om.* 1669 59 supplications] supplication 1635-54
 61 Courts, 1635-69, B, JC, L74, O'F, P, Q, W: Court, 1633, D, Lec, N,
 S, TCD 63 'tis. Would 1669: 'tis, would 1633: 'tis; Would 1635-54
 68 aske 1669, A25, B, D, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, Q, S, W: lack 1633-54, Lec
 comming?] comming; 1633 72 Speakes Fates words, and but tells us
 &c. Q, W, Chambers: Speakes Fates words, and tells who must bee 1633-69

With which she scracheth Suiters; In bodies 75
 Of men, so in law, nailes are th'extremities,
 So Officers stretch to more then Law can doe,
 As our nailes reach what no else part comes to.
 Why barest thou to yon Officer? Foole, Hath hee
 Got those goods, for which erst men bar'd to thee? 80
 Foole, twice, thrice, thou hast bought wrong, and now hungerly
 Beg'st right; But that dole comes not till these dye.
 Thou had'st much, and lawes Urim and Thummim trie
 Thou wouldst for more; and for all hast paper
 Enough to cloath all the great Carricks Pepper. 85
 Sell that, and by that thou much more shalt leese,
 Then Haman, when he sold his Antiquities.
 O wretch that thy fortunes should moralize
 Esops fables, and make tales, prophesies.
 Thou'art the swimming dog whom shadows cofened, 90
 And div'st, neare drowning, for what's vanished.

76 men,] men; 1633 th'extremities, A25, B, D, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, S, TCD, W: extremities, 1633: extremities. 1635-69 78 comes to.]
 can come to. Q 80 which erst men bar'd 1635-69, B, O'F, Q, S, W:
 which men bared 1633, D, Lec, N, TCD: which men erst bar'd A25, L74, P
 85 great] om. Q Carricks 1633-35: Charricks 1639-69 87 Haman,
 1633: Hammon, 1635-69, P: MSS. generally vary between Haman and
 Hammond when 1633, 1669, D, L74, Lec, N, P, TCD: if 1635-54, A25,
 B, JC, O'F, Q, S 90 Thou'art Ed: Thou art 1633-69 cofened,]
 cozeneth, 1669 91 And 1633: Which 1635-69: Whoe Q div'st,
 1633-54, N, P, S, TCD: div'st 1669: div'dst D, L74, Lec (altered from
 div'st), W: div'd A25, B, JC, O'F, S (Grosart), Q what's vanished. N:
 what vanished. 1633-54 and rest of MSS.: what vanisheth. 1669

Vpon Mr. Thomas Coryats Crudities.

OH to what height will love of greatnesse drive
 Thy leavened spirit, *Sesqui-superlative*?
 Venice vast lake thou hadst seen, and would seek than
 Some vaster thing, and found'st a Curtizan.
 That inland Sea having discovered well, 5
 A Cellar gulfe, where one might faile to hell
 From Heydelberg, thou longd'st to see: And thou
 This Booke, greater then all, producest now.
 Infinite worke, which doth so far extend,
 That none can study it to any end. 10
 'Tis no one thing, it is not fruit nor roote;
 Nor poorely limited with head or foot.
 If man be therefore man, because he can
 Reason, and laugh, thy booke doth halfe make man.
 One halfe being made, thy modestie was such, 15
 That thou on th'other half wouldst never touch.
 When wilt thou be at full, great Lunatique?
 Not till thou exceed the world? Canst thou be like
 A prosperous nose-borne wenne, which sometimes grows
 To be farre greater then the Mother-nose? 20
 Goe then; and as to thee, when thou didst go,
Munster did Townes, and *Gesner* Authors show,
 Mount now to *Gallo-belgicus*; appear
 As deepe a States-man, as a Gazettier.
 Homely and familiarly, when thou com'st back, 25
 Talke of *Will. Conquerour*, and *Prester Iack*.
 Go bashfull man, lest here thou blush to looke
 Vpon the progresse of thy glorious booke,
 To which both Indies sacrifices send;
 The West sent gold, which thou didst freely spend, 30

Vpon Mr. &c. 1649, where it was placed with The Token (p. 72),
 at the end of the Funerall Elegies: appeared originally in Coryats Crudities
 (1611: see note) with heading Incipit Joannes Donne. 2 leavened
 1611: learned 1649-69 and mod. edd. 7 longd'st 1611: long'st
 1649-69 19 sometimes] sometime 1611 24 Gazettier. 1611:
 Garretteir 1649-69 28 booke,] booke. 1611

(Meaning

(Meaning to see't no more) upon the presse.
 The East sends hither her delicioufnesse;
 And thy leaves must imbrace what comes from thence,
 The Myrrhe, the Pepper, and the Frankincense.
 This magnifies thy leaves; but if they stoope 35
 To neighbour wares, when Merchants do unhoope
 Voluminous barrels; if thy leaves do then
 Convey these wares in parcels unto men;
 If for vast Tons of Currans, and of Figs,
 Of Medicinall and Aromatique twigs, 40
 Thy leaves a better method do provide,
 Divide to pounds, and ounces sub-divide;
 If they stoope lower yet, and vent our wares,
 Home-manufactures, to thick popular Faïres,
 If *omni-prægnant* there, upon warme stalls, 45
 They hatch all wares for which the buyer calls;
 Then thus thy leaves we justly may commend,
 That they all kinde of matter comprehend.
 Thus thou, by means which th'Ancients never took,
 A Pandect makest, and Vniuersall Booke. 50
 The bravest Heroes, for publike good,
 Scattered in divers Lands their limbs and blood.
 Worst malefactors, to whom men are prize,
 Do publike good, cut in Anatomies;
 So will thy booke in peeces; for a Lord 55
 Which casts at Portescues, and all the board,
 Provide whole books; each leafe enough will be
 For friends to passe time, and keep company.
 Can all carouse up thee? no, thou must fit
 Measures; and fill out for the half-pint wit: 60
 Some shall wrap pils, and save a friends life so,
 Some shall stop muskets, and so kill a foe.
 Thou shalt not ease the Criticks of next age
 So much, at once their hunger to assuage:
 Nor shall wit-pirats hope to finde thee lye 65
 All in one bottome, in one Librarie.

Some Leaves may paste strings there in other books,
 And so one may, which on another looks,
 Pilfer, alas, a little wit from you;
 But hardly* much; and yet I think this true; * I meane 70
 As *Sibyls* was, your booke is mysticall, from one
 For every peece is as much worth as all. page which
 Therefore mine impotency I confesse, shall paste
 The healths which my braine bears must be far lesse: strings in a
 Thy Gyant-wit'orethrowes me, I am gone; booke.¹
 And rather then read all, I would reade none. 75

I. D.

In eundem Macaronicon.

Quot, dos haec, Linguists perfetti, Disticha fairont,
Tot cuerdos States-men, hic livre fara tuus.
Es sat a my l'honneur estre hic inteso; Car ¶ leade
L'honra, de personne nestre creduto, tibi.

Explicit Joannes Donne.

¹ I meane &c. side-note in 1611
 In eundem &c. 1611, concluding the above



JOHN DONNE, 1613

From the engraving prefixed to his son's edition of the
Letters to Several Persons of Honour 1651, 1654

LETTERS

TO SEVERALL PERSONAGES.

THE STORME.

To Mr. *Christopher Brooke.*

THou which art I, ('tis nothing to be foe)
 Thou which art still thy selfe, by these shalt know
 Part of our passage; And, a hand, or eye
 By *Hilliard* drawne, is worth an history,
 By a worse painter made; and (without pride) 5
 When by thy judgment they are dignifi'd,
 My lines are such: 'Tis the preheminance
 Of friendship onely to'impute excellence.
 England to whom we'owe, what we be, and have,
 Sad that her sonnes did seeke a forraine grave 10
 (For, Fates, or Fortunes drifts none can soothsay,
 Honour and misery have one face and way.)
 From out her pregnant inтраiles sigh'd a winde
 Which at th'ayres middle marble roome did finde
 Such strong resistance, that it selfe it threw 15
 Downeward againe; and so when it did view
 How in the port, our fleet deare time did leese,
 Withering like prifoners, which lye but for fees,
 Mildly it kist our failes, and, fresh and sweet,
 As to a stomack sterv'd, whose insides meete, 20
 Meate comes, it came; and swole our failes, when wee
 So joyd, as *Sara*'her swelling joy'd to see.

The Storme. To Mr. Christopher Brooke. 1633 (*1635-69 add from the Iland voyage with the Earle of Essex*): The Storme, A Storme or Storme; *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, S, TCD, W*: some add To Mr. C: B: or a longer note to the same effect as 1635-69: to St Basil Brooke *JC, S* 2 these 1633 and most MSS.: this 1635-69, *O'F, S* 4 an 1633: a 1635-69 7 such: *Ed*: such. 1633-69 11 soothsay, 1650-54: spelt Southsay 1633-39: gainstay 1669 12 and way. 1633, 1669: one way. 1635-54 18 lye] laie Q 19 fresh *W*: fresh, 1633-69 20 As *W*: As, 1633-69

But

But 'twas but so kinde, as our countrimen,
 Which bring friends one dayes way, and leave them then.
 Then like two mighty Kings, which dwelling farre 25
 Afunder, meet against a third to warre,
 The South and West winds joyn'd, and, as they blew,
 Waves like a rowling trench before them threw.
 Sooner then you read this line, did the gale,
 Like shot, not fear'd till felt, our sailes assaile; 30
 And what at first was call'd a gust, the same
 Hath now a stormes, anon a tempests name.
Ionas, I pittie thee, and curse those men,
 Who when the storm rag'd most, did wake thee then;
 Sleepe is paines easiest value, and doth fullfill 35
 All offices of death, except to kill.
 But when I wakt, I saw, that I saw not;
 I, and the Sunne, which should teach mee'had forgot
 East, West, Day, Night, and I could onely say,
 If'the world had lasted, now it had beene day. 40
 Thousands our noyses were, yet wee'mongst all
 Could none by his right name, but thunder call:
 Lightning was all our light, and it rain'd more
 Then if the Sunne had drunke the sea before.
 Some coffin'd in their cabbins lye,'equally 45
 Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet must dye;
 And as sin-burd'ned foules from graves will creepe,
 At the last day, some forth their cabbins peepe:
 And tremblingly'aske what newes, and doe heare so,
 Like jealous husbands, what they would not know. 50

23 'twas 1650-69: 'twas, 1633-39 30 fear'd] fear'd, 1633 37
 not; *Ed*: not. 1633-69 38 I, and the Sunne, 1633-69 and most *MSS.*:
 yea, and the Sunne, *Q* 39 Day, Night, *D, W*: day, night, 1633-69
 could onely say 1633-69: could but say *Cy, HN, JC, L74, Q, N, S, TCD, W*:
 could then but say *O'F*: could say *H49, Lec*: should say *D* 40 lasted,
 now 1633, 1669: lasted, yet 1635-54: Lasted yet, *O'F* 42 his] this 1669
 44 before.] before; 1633 46 dye; *Ed*: dye. 1633-69 47 graves 1669,
A25, B. D, H49, JC, I.74, Lec. N, O'F, P, S, TCD, W: grave 1633-54, *Cy*
 49 tremblingly 1633, *A25, D, H49, HN, L74, Lec, N, TCD, W*: trembling
 1635-69, *Cy, JC, O'F, P, S* 50 Like 1633, *D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec,*
N, TCD, W: As 1635-69

Some

Some fitting on the hatches, would seeme there,
 With hideous gazing to feare away feare.
 Then note they the ships sicknesse, the Mast
 Shak'd with this ague, and the Hold and Waft
 With a salt droppe clog'd, and all our tacklings 55
 Snapping, like too-high-stretched treble strings.
 And from our totterd sailes, ragges drop downe to,
 As from one hang'd in chaines, a yeare agoe.
 Even our Ordinance plac'd for our defence,
 Strive to breake loose, and scape away from thence. 60
 Pumping hath tir'd our men, and what's the gaine?
 Seas into seas throwne, we suck in againe;
 Hearing hath deaf'd our saylers; and if they
 Knew how to heare, there's none knowes what to say.
 Compar'd to these stormes, death is but a qualme, 65
 Hell somewhat lightsome, and the'Bermuda calme.
 Darknesse, lights elder brother, his birth-right
 Claims o'r this world, and to heaven hath chas'd light.
 All things are one, and that one none can be,
 Since all formes, uniforme deformity 70
 Doth cover, so that wee, except God say
 Another *Fiat*, shall have no more day.
 So violent, yet long these furies bee,
 That though thine absence sterue me, I wish not thee.

53 Then] There 1669 54 this] an 1635-69 56 too-high-stretched
 1633, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, S, TCD, W (MS. spelling generally
 to and stretcht): too-too-high-stretch'd 1635-54: to too-high-stretch'd 1669,
 B, O'F 59 Even our Ordinance 1633 and MSS.: Yea even our Ordinance
 1635-69 60 Strive 1633, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, S, TCD, W: Strives
 1635-69, Chambers: Striv'd A25, B, Cy 66 Hell] Hell's S lightsome]
 light B, Cy and the'Bermuda 1633, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TCD, W: and the
 Bermudas B, Cy, HN, P, S, Q: the Bermudas 1635-54 O'F: the Bermuda's
 1669 67 elder A25, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, Q, S, TCD, W:
 eldest 1633-69, B, Lec 68 Claims 1635-69 and MSS.: Claim'd 1633
 this 1633, D, H49, HN, L74, Lec, N, TCD: the 1635-69, A25, B, Cy, O'F,
 P, Q, S

THE CALME.

Our storme is past, and that stormes tyrannous rage,
 A stupid calme, but nothing it, doth swage.
 The fable is inverted, and farre more
 A blocke afflicts, now, then a storke before.
 Stormes chafe, and soone weare out themselves, or us; 5
 In calmes, Heaven laughs to see us languish thus.
 As steady'as I can wish, that my thoughts were,
 Smooth as thy mistresse glasse, or what shines there,
 The sea is now. And, as the Iles which wee
 Seeke, when wee can move, our ships rooted bee. 10
 As water did in stormes, now pitch runs out:
 As lead, when a fir'd Church becomes one spout.
 And all our beauty, and our trimme, decays,
 Like courts removing, or like ended playes.
 The fighting place now seamens ragges supply; 15
 And all the tackling is a frippery.
 No use of lanthornes; and in one place lay
 Feathers and dust, to day and yesterday.
 Earths hollowneses, which the worlds lungs are,
 Have no more winde then the upper valt of aire. 20
 We can nor lost friends, nor sought foes recover,
 But meteorlike, save that wee move not, hover.
 Only the Calenture together drawes
 Deare friends, which meet dead in great fishes jawes:
 And on the hatches as on Altars lyes 25
 Each one, his owne Priest, and owne Sacrifice.
 Who live, that miracle do multiply

The Calme. 1633-69: similarly, *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, S, TCD* 4 storke] stroke 1639 7 can wish, that my
 1633, *A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, S, TCD*: could wish that my
 Q: could wish my 1635-69, *Chambers*, who makes no note of 1633 reading
 9 the Iles 1633-69: these isles *D, H49, Lec, Chambers* (no note): those
 Iles *B, Cy, HN, JC, L74, N, P, Q, TCD* 11 out: 1635-69: out 1633
 14 ended] ending 1669 15 ragges] rage 1669 17 No] Now 1669
 21 lost] leste *Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, P, TCD* 24 jawes: 1633, *A25, B, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, Q, S, TCD*: mawes, 1635-69, *O'F, P, Chambers*

Where

Where walkers in hot Ovens, doe not dye.
 If in despite of these, wee swimme, that hath
 No more refreshing, then our brimstone Bath, 30
 But from the sea, into the ship we turne,
 Like parboyl'd wretches, on the coales to burne.
 Like *Bajazet* encag'd, the shepheards scoffe,
 Or like slacke sinew'd *Sampson*, his haire off,
 Languish our ships. Now, as a Miriade 35
 Of Ants, durst th'Emperours lov'd snake invade,
 The crawling Gallies, Sea-goales, finny chips,
 Might brave our Pinnaces, now bed-ridde ships.
 Whether a rotten state, and hope of gaine,
 Or to disuse mee from the queasie paine 40
 Of being belov'd, and loving, or the thirst
 Of honour, or faire death, out pusht mee first,
 I lose my end: for here as well as I
 A desperate may live, and a coward die.
 Stagge, dogge, and all which from, or towards flies, 45
 Is paid with life, or pray, or doing dyes.
 Fate grudges us all, and doth subtly lay
 A scourge, gainst which wee all forget to pray,
 He that at sea prays for more winde, as well
 Under the poles may begge cold, heat in hell. 50
 What are wee then? How little more alas
 Is man now, then before he was? he was

29 these,] this, *L74, Q, TCD* 30 our *1633, B, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, S, TCD*: a *1635-69, A25, P* 33 shepheards *1650-69*: shepheards *1633-39* 37 Sea-goales, (or gayles &c.) *1633, 1669, Cy, D, H49, HN, L74, Lec, N, P, S, TCD*: Sea-gulls, *1635-54, O'F, Chambers*: Sea-snayles, *B, JC* 38 our Pinnaces, now *1635-54, B, O'F*: our venices, now *1633, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, Q, S, TCD*: with *Vinice's*, our *1669* 40 Or] Or, *1633-69* 44 and a coward *1633, MSS.*: and coward *1635-69*: a coward *P, S* 45 and all] and each *B, Q, S* 48 forget *1633-54, D, H49, Lec, P, S*: forgot *1669, A25, HN, JC, L74, N, Q, TCD* 50 poles] pole *JC, Q* 52-3 he was? he was Nothing; for us, wee are for nothing fit; *1633, N, P, S, TCD* (but *MSS.* have no stop after Nothing): he was, he was? Nothing; for us, wee are for nothing fit; *1635-54*: he was, he was? Nothing for us, we are for nothing fit; *1669, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, O'F, Q*: but the *MSS.* have not all got a mark of interrogation or other stop after second he was. See note

Nothing; for us, wee are for nothing fit;
 Chance, or our selves still disproportion it.
 Wee have no power, no will, no sence; I lye, 55
 I should not then thus feele this miserie.

To S^r Henry Wotton.

Sir, more then kisses, letters mingle Soules;
 For, thus friends absent speake. This ease controules
 The tediousnesse of my life: But for these
 I could ideate nothing, which could please,
 But I should wither in one day, and passe 5
 To'a bottle'of Hay, that am a Locke of Grasse.
 Life is a voyage, and in our lifes wayes
 Countries, Courts, Towns are Rockes, or Remoraes;
 They breake or stop all ships, yet our state's such,
 That though then pitch they staine worse, wee must touch. 10
 If in the furnace of the even line,
 Or under th'adverse icy poles thou pine,
 Thou know'st two temperate Regions girded in,
 Dwell there: But Oh, what refuge canst thou winne
 Parch'd in the Court, and in the country frozen? 15
 Shall cities, built of both extremes, be chosen?
 Can dung and garlike be'a perfume? or can
 A Scorpion and Torpedo cure a man?

To S^r Henry Wotton. 1633-69 (Sir 1669): same or no title, *A18, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD*: To M^r H. W. *B, W* (*B* adds J. D.). See note 4 I could invent nothing at all to please, 1669 6 bottle] bottle 1633 To a lock of hay, that am a Bottle of grasse. 1669 7 lifes 1633: lives 1635-69 10 though . . . worse, in brackets 1650-69 11 even 1669, *A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S96, TC, W*: raging 1633-54: other *P*: over *S* 12 poles *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, P, O'F, S, W*: pole 1633-69, *A18, HN, N, TC* 16 cities, . . . extremes, *Ed*: cities . . . extremes 1633-69 17 dung and garlike 1633, *A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, TC, W* (dung, 1633): dung, or garlike 1635-69, *A25, Cy, O'F, P, S* a perfume] a om. 1635-54, *Chambers* 18 Scorpion *Ed*: Scorpion, 1633-69 and Torpedo *A18, D, H49, N, TC, W*: or Torpedo 1633-69, *A25, B, Cy, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S*. See note

Cities

Cities are worst of all three; of all three
 (O knottie riddle) each is worst equally. 20
 Cities are Sepulchers; they who dwell there
 Are carcafes, as if no such there were.
 And Courts are Theaters, where some men play
 Princes, some slaves, all to one end, and of one clay.
 The Country is a desert, where no good, 25
 Gain'd (as habits, not borne,) is understood.
 There men become beasts, and prone to more evils;
 In cities blockes, and in a lewd court, devills.
 As in the first Chaos confusedly
 Each elements qualities were in the other three; 30
 So pride, lust, covetize, being severall
 To these three places, yet all are in all,
 And mingled thus, their issue incestuous.
 Falshood is denizon'd. Virtue is barbarous.
 Let no man say there, Virtues flintie wall 35
 Shall locke vice in mee, I'll do none, but know all.
 Men are sponges, which to poure out, receive,
 Who know false play, rather then lose, deceive.
 For in best understandings, sinne beganne,
 Angels sinn'd first, then Devills, and then man. 40

19 of all three 1633: of all three? 1635-69 22 no such 1633, A18,
 A25, B, D, H49, JC, N, S, TC, W: none such 1635-69, O'F, P there were.
 1635-69, A25, B, D, H49, JC, O'F, P, S, W: they were. 1633, Lec: then
 were A18, N, TC 24 and of one clay. 1633 and MSS. generally: of one
 clay. 1635-39: of one day. 1650-54: and at one day. A25: Princes, some
 slaves, and all end in one day. 1669

25-6 The Country is a desert, where no good,
 Gain'd, as habits, not borne, is understood. 1633, 1669, A18, B, Cy,
 D, H49, HN, JC, Lec, N, Sg6, TC, W
 The Country is a desert, where the good,
 Gain'd inhabits not, borne, is not understood. 1635-54, O'F, P, S
 The Country is a desert, where noe good
 Gain'd doth inhabit, nor born's understood. A25

27 more 1633, A25, W: meere Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, Sg6: men (a slip for
 mere) A18, N, TC: all 1635-69. See note 33 issue incestuous. 1633,
 A18, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, TC, W: issue is incestuous. 1635-69, P, S: issues
 monstrous. A25 35 there] then Lec

Onely

Onely perchance beafts finne not; wretched wee
 Are beafts in all, but white integritie.
 I thinke if men, which in these places live
 Durst looke for themselves, and themselves retriue,
 They would like strangers greet themselves, seeing than 45
 Utopian youth, growne old Italian.

Be thou thine owne home, and in thy selfe dwell;
 Inne any where, continuance maketh hell.
 And seeing the snaile, which every where doth come,
 Carrying his owne house still, still is at home, 50
 Follow (for he is easie pac'd) this snaile,
 Bee thine owne Palace, or the world's thy gaile.
 And in the worlds sea, do not like corke sleepe
 Upon the waters face; nor in the deepe
 Sinke like a lead without a line: but as 55
 Fishes glide, leaving no print where they passe,
 Nor making sound; so closely thy course goe,
 Let men dispute, whether thou breathe, or no.
 Onely in this one thing, be no Galenist: To make
 Courts hot ambitions wholesome, do not take 60
 A dramme of Countries dulnesse; do not adde
 Correctives, but as chymiques, purge the bad.
 But, Sir, I advise not you, I rather doe
 Say o'er those lessons, which I learn'd of you:
 Whom, free from German schismes, and lightnesse 65
 Of France, and faire Italies faithlesnesse,
 Having from these suck'd all they had of worth,
 And brought home that faith, which you carried forth,
 I throughly love. But if my selfe, I have wonne
 To know my rules, I have, and you have 70

DONNE:

44 for themselves, *A18, A25, B, D, H49, HN, JC, Lec, N, S, S96, TC, W*: in themselves, 1633-69: into themselves, themselves retriue, *Cy, O'F, P*
 45 than] then 1633 45-6 than . . . Italian.] that . . . Italianate. *Cy, P*
 47 Be thou 1633. *Lec*: Be then 1635-69 and *MSS*. 50 home, *Ed*: home.
 1633: home: 1635-69 52 gaile. 1635-69: goale; 1633 57 fo
D, W: fo, 1633-69 58-9 breathe,] breath, 1633 or no. Onely in this
 one thing, be no Galenist: *Ed*: or no: Onely . . . Galenist. 1633. *A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, TC, W*: or no: Onely in this be no Galenist. 1635-69.
Cy, O'F, S 64 you:] ycu. 1633 65 German 1633 and all *MSS*.:
 Germanies 1635-69. *Grosart and Chambers* (without note)

To S^r Henry Goodyere.

W^Ho makes the Past, a patterne for next yeare,
Turnes no new leafe, but still the same things reads,
Seene things, he sees againe, heard things doth heare,
And makes his life, but like a paire of beads.

A Palace, when'tis that, which it should be, 5
Leaves growing, and stands such, or else decays:
But hee which dwels there, is not so; for hee
Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raise;

So had your body'her morning, hath her noone,
And shall not better; her next change is night: 10
But her faire larger guest, to'whom Sun and Moone
Are sparkes, and short liv'd, claimes another right.

The noble Soule by age growes lustier,
Her appetite, and her digestion mend,
Wee must not sterue, nor hope to pamper her 15
With womens milke, and pappe unto the end.

Provide you manlyer dyet; you have seene
All libraries, which are Schools, Camps, and Courts;
But aske your Garners if you have not beene
In harvests, too indulgent to your sports. 20

Would you redeeme it? then your selfe transplant
A while from hence. Perchance outlandish ground
Beares no more wit, then ours, but yet more scant
Are those diversions there, which here abound.

To Sir Henry Goodyere. 1633-69: so with Goodyere variously spelt
A25, B, C, Cy, D, H49, Lec: To S^r Henry Goodyere (H: G: A18, N, TC)
moveing him to travell. A18, N, O'F, TC 1 Past, 1633-54, A18, A25,
B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, TC: Last 1669, Chambers 2 reads,] read,
1650-54 6 decays:] decays, 1633 16 womens] womans 1669
17 dyet; Ed: dyet, 1633 (with a larger interval than is usually given to
a comma). 1669: dyet. 1635-54 20 harvests, 1633-54, A18, B, D,
H49, Lec, TC: harvest, 1669, A25, C, Cy, N, O'F, Chambers

To

To be a stranger hath that benefit, 25
 Wee can beginnings, but not habits choke.
 Goe; whither? Hence; you get, if you forget;
 New faults, till they prescribe in us, are smoake.

Our foule, whose country's heaven, and God her father,
 Into this world, corruptions sinke, is sent, 30
 Yet, so much in her travaile she doth gather,
 That she returnes home, wiser then she went;

It payes you well, if it teach you to spare,
 And make you, 'asham'd, to make your hawks praise,
 yours,
 Which when herselfe she lessens in the aire, 35
 You then first say, that high enough she toures.

However, keepe the lively taft you hold
 Of God, love him as now, but feare him more,
 And in your afternoones thinke what you told
 And promis'd him, at morning prayer before. 40

Let falshood like a discord anger you,
 Else be not froward. But why doe I touch
 Things, of which none is in your practise new,
 And Tables, or fruit-trenchers teach as much;

But thus I make you keepe your promise Sir, 45
 Riding I had you, though you still staid there,
 And in these thoughts, although you never stirre,
 You came with mee to Micham, and are here.

27 Goe; *A18, B, TC*: Goe, 1633-69 Hence; *A18, TC*: hence;
 1633: hence 1635-54: Hence. 1669 28 in us, 1633, *A18, A25, C,*
Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, TC: to us, 1635-69, *B, O'F* 34 you, 'asham'd, *Ed*:
 you 'asham'd, 1633-69: you asham'd *Chambers and Grolier*. See note
 37 However, 1633-39: However 1650-69: Howsoever *A18, B, D, N, O'F,*
TC 38 as] *om.* 1639-69 42 froward.] froward; 1633 44
 Tables 1633-54, *Lec*: Fables 1669, *A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, N, O'F, TC*
 45 make] made *A18, N, TC* 48 with mee to] to mee at *A18, N, TC*

To M^r Rowland Woodward.

Like one who'in her third widdowhood doth professe
 Her selfe a Nunne, tyed to retirednesse,
 So'affects my muse now, a chaste fallownesse;

Since shee to few, yet to too many'hath showne
 How love-song weeds, and Satyrique thornes are growne 5
 Where seeds of better Arts, were early sown.

Though to use, and love Poëtrie, to mee,
 Betroth'd to no'one Art, be no'adulterie;
 Omissions of good, ill, as ill deeds bee.

For though to us it seeme,' and be light and thinne, 10
 Yet in those faithfull scales, where God throwes in
 Mens workes, vanity weighs as much as sinne.

If our Soules have stain'd their first white, yet wee
 May cloth them with faith, and deare honestie,
 Which God imputes, as native puritie. 15

There is no Vertue, but Religion:
 Wife, valiant, sober, just, are names, which none
 Want, which want not Vice-covering discretion.

To M^r Rowland Woodward. 1633-69: similarly or without heading, A18, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD: A Letter of Doctor Dunne to one that desired some of his papers. B: To M^r R. W. W 1 professe] professe, 1633 2 retirednesse, 1633-69, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, O'F, P, S: a retirednesse, A18, L74, N, TC, W 3 fallownesse; Ed: fallownesse. 1633-54: fallownesse, 1669: holinesse Cy, P, S96 4 too] so W showne 1633, 1669: flowne, 1635-54 5 How love-song weeds, 1633: How long loves weeds, 1635-54, O'F: How Love-song weeds, 1669 6 sown. 1633, 1669: sown? 1635-54: sown; Chambers, who retains the full-stop after fallownesse 10 to us it] to use it, Cy, P, S96 seeme,' and be light 1633, A18, B, D, H40, H49, L74, N, S, S96, TC, W: seem but light 1635-69, Cy, OF, P, and Chambers, who attributes to 1633 the reading seem and be but light 13 white] whites Cy, O'F, P 14 honestie] integritie Cy, P, S, S96 15 puritie.] puritie, 1633 16 Religion: 1669: Religion, 1633: Religion. 1635-54

Seeke wee then our felves in our felves; for as
Men force the Sunne with much more force to passe, 20
By gathering his beames with a christall glasse;

So wee, If wee into our felves will turne,
Blowing our sparkes of vertue, may outburne
The straw, which doth about our hearts sojourne.

You know, Physitians, when they would infuse 25
Into any'oyle, the Soules of Simples, use
Places, where they may lie still warme, to chuse.

So workes retirednesse in us; To rome
Giddily, and be every where, but at home,
Such freedome doth a banishment become. 30

Wee are but farmers of our felves, yet may,
If we can stocke our felves, and thrive, uplay
Much, much deare treasure for the great rent day.

Manure thy selfe then, to thy selfe be'approv'd,
And with vaine outward things be no more mov'd, 35
But to know, that I love thee and would be lov'd.

23 our] the *A18, L74, N, TC* sparkes 1633-54, *B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TC, W*: spark 1669, *A18, H40, S, Chambers*
25 infuse] infuse 1633 26 Soules 1633-69, *Cy, P*: soule *B, D, H40 JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC, W* 28 To 1635-69: to 1633 29
Giddily, 1669: Giddily 1633-54 31 farmers 1635-69, and all *MSS.*, where it is generally spelt feimers: teimers 1633 33 deare 1633, and most *MSS.*: good 1635-69, *Cy, O'F, P, S96* 34 approv'd 1633-54, *A18, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC, W*: improv'd 1669, *B, Chambers* 36 lov'd. 1633-69: belov'd. *A18, L74, N, P, S, S96, TC*

To S^r Henry Wootton.

Here's no more newes, then vertue, I may as well
Tell you *Cales*, or S^t *Michaels* tale for newes, as tell
That vice doth here habitually dwell.

Yet, as to'get stomachs, we walke up and downe,
And toyle to sweeten rest, so, may God frowne,
If, but to loth both, I haunt Court, or Towne. 5

For here no one is from the'extremitie
Of vice, by any other reason free,
But that the next to'him, still, is worfe then hee.

In this worlds warfare, they whom rugged Fate,
(Gods Commiffary,) doth so thoroughly hate,
As in'the Courts Squadron to marshall their state: 10

If they stand arm'd with feely honesty,
With wishing prayers, and neat integritie,
Like Indians'gainst Spanish hosts they bee. 15

Suspitious boldnesse to this place belongs,
And to'have as many eares as all have tongues;
Tender to know, tough to acknowledge wrongs.

To S^r Henry Wootton. 1633-69: *do.* or A Letter to &c. B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, S, S96 (of these Cy and S add From Court and From y^e Court): From Court. P: To M^r H. W. 20 Jul. 1598 at Court. HN: To M^r H. W. 20 July 1598 (*sic*) At Court. W: Jo: D: to M^r H: W: A18, N, TC: Another Letter. JC 1 newes] new 1669 2 Tell you *Cales*, (*Calis*, 1633) or S^t *Michaels* tale for newes, as tell 1633, A18, B (tales), Cy (and S^t *Michaels* tales), D, H49, JC, L74, N, O'F (tales), P, S, S96 (tales), TC, W (MSS. *waver in spelling—but Cales Cy, HN, P*): Tell you *Calis*, or *Saint Michaels* tales, as tell 1635-54, *Chambers* (*Calais*): Tell *Calis*, or *Saint Michaels* Mount, as tell 1669: Tell you *Calais*, or *Saint Michaels* Mount as tell 1719: All modern editions read *Calais* 6 or] and 1669 9 to'him, still, 1633: to him, still, 1635-69: to him is still A18, L74, N, O'F, TC 12 state: 1635-69: state 1633 14 wishing prayers, 1633, A18, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, S, S96, TC, W: wishing, prayers, 1669, HN: wishes, prayers, 1635-54, B, Cy, O'F, P, *Chambers*

Beleeve

Beleeve mee Sir, in my youths giddiest dayes,
 When to be like the Court, was a playes praise, 20
 Playes were not so like Courts, as Courts are like playes.

Then let us at these mimicke antiques jeast,
 Whose deepest projects, and egregious gifts
 Are but dull Moralls of a game at Chefts.

But now'tis incongruity to smile, 25
 Therefore I end; and bid farewell a while,
At Court; though *From Court*, were the better stile.

H: W: in Hiber: belligeranti.

WEnt you to conquer? and have so much lost
 Yourself, that what in you was best and most,
 Respective friendship, should so quickly dye?
 In publique gaine my share'is not such that I
 Would lose your love for Ireland: better cheap 5
 I pardon death (who though he do not reap
 Yet gleanes hee many of our frends away)
 Then that your waking mind should bee a prey
 To lethargies. Lett shott, and boggs, and skeines
 With bodies deale, as fate bids and restreynes; 10
 Ere sicknesse attack, yong death is best,
 Who payes before his death doth scape arrest.

20 playes] players 1639-69 21 are like 1633, *At 8. D, H 49, L 74,*
Lec, N, S, S 96 (are now like), *TC, W:* are om. (*metri causa*) 1635-69. *B. Cy,*
JC, O'F

23-4

are egregeous guests,

And but dull Morals at a game of Chefts. 1669

25 now'tis] 'tis an 1669 27 *At Court*; though, *From Court*, &c. *W:*
At Court, though from Court, &c. 1633-69

H: W: &c. *Burley MS.* (JD in margin) i.e. Henrico Wottoni in Hibernia
 belligeranti 2 that] yⁱ *Bur*, and similarly y^e (the), y^r (your), w^{ch}
 (which), wth (with) *throughout* 2-3 most, Respective friendship,] no
 commas, *Bur* 4 share'is] share is *Bur* 9 lethargies.] letargies. *Bur*
 10 restreynes;] restreynes *Bur* 11 attack,] attack *Bur* best,] best *Bur*

Lett

Lett not your foule (at first with graces fill'd,
 And since, and thorough crooked lymbecks, still'd
 In many schools and courts, which quicken it,) 15
 It self unto the Irish negligence submit.
 I aske not labored letters which should weare
 Long papers out: nor letters which should feare
 Dishonest carriage: or a feers art:
 Nor such as from the brayne come, but the hart. 20

To the Countesse of Bedford.

MADAME,

Reason is our Soules left hand, Faith her right,
 By these wee reach divinity, that's you;
 Their loves, who have the blessings of your light,
 Grew from their reason, mine from faire faith grew.
 But as, although a squint lefthandednesse 5
 Be'ungracious, yet we cannot want that hand,
 So would I, not to encrease, but to expresse
 My faith, as I beleewe, so understand.
 Therefore I study you first in your Saints,
 Those friends, whom your election glorifies, 10
 Then in your deeds, accessses, and restraints,
 And what you reade, and what your selfe devise.
 But soone, the reasons why you're lov'd by all,
 Grow infinite, and so passe reasons reach,
 Then backe againe to'implicite faith I fall, 15
 And rest on what the Catholique voice doth teach;

13 (at first] *Bur* closes bracket after first and again after 15 quicken it,
 14 since,] since *Bur* 19 art:] art *Bur*

To the Countesse of Bedford. 1633-69: *do.* or To the Countesse of B.
B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, M, N, O'F, RP31, S, S96, TCD 3 blessings
 1633, *D, H49, Lec:* blessing 1635-69, *B, Cy, L74, N, O'F, S, S96, TCD*
 light, 1633-69: fight, *B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, RP31, S, TCD*
 4 faire 1633-69, *L74, N, TCD:* farr *B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, M, O'F, RP31, S,*
S96 16 what| that *Chambers* voice 1635-69, *B, Cy, D, H49, L74,*
Lec, M, N, O'F, S96, TCD: faith 1633, *RP31, S*

That

That you are good: and not one Heretique
 Denies it: if he did, yet you are so.
 For, rockes, which high top'd and deep rooted sticke,
 Waves wash, not undermine, nor overthrow. 20

In every thing there naturally growes
 A *Balsamum* to keepe it fresh, and new,
 If'twere not injur'd by extrinsique blowes;
 Your birth and beauty are this Balme in you.

But you of learning and religion, 25
 And vertue, and such ingredients, have made
 A methridate, whose operation
 Keepest off, or cures what can be done or said.

Yet, this is not your phyficke, but your food,
 A dyet fit for you; for you are here 30
 The first good Angell, since the worlds frame stood,
 That ever did in womans shape appeare.

Since you are then Gods masterpeece, and so
 His Factor for our loves; do as you doe,
 Make your returne home gracious; and bestow 35
 This life on that; so make one life of two.

For so God helpe mee, I would not misse you there
 For all the good which you can do me here.

· 19 high top'd and deep rooted 1633, *N*, *TCD*: high to lense deepe-rooted 1635-54, *O'F*, *Chambers* (*who has overlooked 1633 reading*): high to fense and deepe-rooted 596: high to sun and deepe-rooted *L74*, *RP3I*, *S*: high do seem, deep-rooted 1669, *Cy* (*but MS. with and*): high to some, and deepe-rooted *D*, *H49*, *Lec*: high to seeme, and deepe-rooted *B*. See note 25
 But *Ed*: But, 1633-69 36 This 1635-69, *B*, *Cy*, *D*, *H49*, *L74*, *Lec*, *N*, *O'F*, *RP3I*, *S*, *TCD*, *Grosart* and *Chambers*: Thy 1633, *Grolier*. See note

To the Countesse of Bedford.

MADAME,

YOU have refin'd mee, and to worthyest things
(Vertue, Art, Beauty, Fortune,) now I see
Rarenesse, or use, not nature value brings;
And such, as they are circumstanc'd, they bee.

Two ills can ne're perplexe us, sinne to'excuse;
But of two good things, we may leave and chuse. 5

Therefore at Court, which is not vertues clime,
(Where a transcendent height, (as, lownesse mee)
Makes her not be, or not shew) all my rime
Your vertues challenge, which there rarest bee; 10
For, as darke texts need notes: there some must bee
To usher vertue, and say, *This is shee.*

So in the country's beauty; to this place
You are the season (Madame) you the day,
'Tis but a grave of spices, till your face
Exhale them, and a thick close bud display. 15
Widow'd and reclus'd else, her sweets she'enshrines;
As China, when the Sunne at Brasill dines.

Out from your chariot, morning breaks at night,
And falsifies both computations so; 20
Since a new world doth rise here from your light,
We your new creatures, by new recknings goe.
This shewes that you from nature lothly stray,
That suffer not an artificiall day.

To the Countesse of Bedford. 1633-69: similarly or with no title, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, Lec, N, O'F, TCD 2 (Vertue, . . . Fortune,)] brackets Ed: Fortune, 1633: Fortune; 1635-69, Grolier: Fortune. Chambers. See note 5 ne're] nere 1633 6 and] or 1669 8-9 1633 begins to bracket (Where . . . not show) but does not finish, putting a colon after show: the others drop the larger brackets, retaining the smaller (as . . . mee) 9 be] see 1669 show] show: 1633-54: show. 1669 11 notes: there some 1633-54: notes some: there 1669 17 enshrines; 1719: enshrines 1633-69 20 computations so; 1633-69: computations; so, Chambers In

In this you have made the Court the Antipodes, 25
 And will'd your Delegate, the vulgar Sunne,
 To doe profane autumnall offices,
 Whilst here to you, wee sacrificers runne;
 And whether Priests, or Organs, you wee'obey,
 We found your influence, and your Dictates say. 30

Yet to that Deity which dwels in you,
 Your vertuous Soule, I now not sacrifice;
 These are *Petitions*, and not *Hymnes*; they sue
 But that I may surway the edifice.
 In all Religions as much care hath bin 35
 Of Temples frames, and beauty,'as Rites within.

As all which goe to Rome, doe not thereby
 Esteeme religions, and hold fast the best,
 But serve discourse, and curiosity,
 With that which doth religion but invest, 40
 And shunne th'entangling laborinths of Schooles,
 And make it wit, to thinke the wiser fooles:

So in this pilgrimage I would behold
 You as you are vertues temple, not as shee,
 What walls of tender cristall her enfold, 45
 What eyes, hands, bosome, her pure Altars bee;
 And after this surway, oppose to all
 Bablers of Chappels, you th'Escuriat.

Yet not as consecrate, but merely as faire,
 On these I cast a lay and country eye. 50
 Of past and future stories, which are rare,
 I finde you all record, and prophetic.
 Purge but the booke of Fate, that it admit
 No fad nor guilty legends, you are it.

42 fooles:] fooles. 1633 48 Bablers 1633: Babblers 1635-54:
 Builders 1669 49 faire, *Ed*: faire; 1633-69 50 eye.] eye, 1633
 52 and prophetic] all prophetic *B, D, H, 49, L, sc, N, O'F, TCD* pro-
 phetic.] prophetic, 1633 some copies

If good and lovely were not one, of both 55
 You were the transcript, and originall,
 The Elements, the Parent, and the Growth,
 And every peece of you, is both their All:
 So'intire are all your deeds, and you, that you
 Must do the same thinge still; you cannot two. 60

But these (as nice thinne Schoole divinity
 Serves heresie to funder or repressse)
 Taft of Poëtique rage, or flattery,
 And need not, where all hearts one truth professe;
 Oft from new proofes, and new phraze, new doubts grow,
 As strange attire aliens the men wee know. 66

Leaving then busie praise, and all appeale
 To higher Courts, senses decree is true,
 The Mine, the Magazine, the Commonweale,
 The story of beauty, in Twicknam is, and you. 70
 Who hath seene one, would both; As, who had bin
 In Paradise, would seeke the Cherubin.

To S^r Edward Herbert. at Iulyers.

MAN is a lumpe, where all beafts kneaded bee,
 Wifdome makes him an Arke where all agree;
 The foole, in whom these beafts do live at jarre,
 Is sport to others, and a Theater;

57 Parent] Parents 1669 Growth, 1669: Growth 1633-54 58 both
 1633 and MSS.: worth 1635-69, O'F All: Ed: All, 1633-69 60
 thinge B, Cy, D, H40, H49, N, O'F: things 1633-69, Lec 61 nice thinne
 1633-54: nicest 1669 66 aliens 1633, 1669 and MSS.: alters 1635-54,
 O'F 67 and] end 1669, not lend as in Chambers' note appeale
 Ed: appeale, 1633-69 68 true, 1633: true. 1635-69 71 had bin
 1633-35: hath bin 1639-69. See note

To S^r Edward &c. 1633, D, H49, Lec, O'F: A Letter to S^r Edward
 Herbert (or Harbert). B, Cy (which adds Incerti Authoris), S96: To Sir
 E. H. A18, N, TC: no title, P: Elegia Vicesima Tertia. S: To S^r Edward
 Herbert, now (since 1669) Lord Herbert of Cherbury, being at the siege of
 Iulyers. 1635-69 4 Theater; Ed: Theater, 1633-69: Theater. D

Nor

Nor scapes hee so, but is himselfe their prey, 5
 All which was man in him, is eate away,
 And now his beasts on one another feed,
 Yet couple'in anger, and new monsters breed.
 How happy'is hee, which hath due place assign'd
 To'his beasts, and disaforested his minde! 10
 Empail'd himselfe to keepe them out, not in;
 Can fow, and dares trust corne, where they have bin;
 Can use his horse, goate, wolfe, and every beast,
 And is not Assfe himselfe to all the rest.
 Else, man not onely is the heard of swine, 15
 But he's those devills too, which did incline
 Them to a headlong rage, and made them worle:
 For man can adde weight to heavens heaviest curle.
 As Soules (they say) by our first touch, take in
 The poysonous tincture of Originall sinne, 20
 So, to the punishments which God doth fling,
 Our apprehension contributes the fling.
 To us, as to his chickens, he doth cast
 Hemlocke, and wee as men, his hemlocke taste;
 We do infuse to what he meant for meat, 25
 Corrosivenesse, or intense cold or heat.
 For, God no such specifique poyson hath
 As kills we know not how; his fiercest wrath
 Hath no antipathy, but may be good
 At left for physicke, if not for our food. 30
 Thus man, that might be'his pleasure, is his rod,
 And is his devill, that might be his God.
 Since then our businesse is, to rectifie
 Nature, to what she was, wee'are led awry
 By them, who man to us in little show; 35
 Greater then due, no forme we can bestow

5 prey, *Ed*: prey; 1633-69 8 breed.] breed; 1633 10 minde!
Ed: minde? 1633-69 17 a headlong] a *om.* 1669: an headlong 1635-54
 24 taste; *Ed*: taste. 1633-69 28 we know 1633 and *MSS.*: men know
 1635-69, O'F 35 show; 1669: show, 1633-54, *Chambers* 36
 due, 1633-69: due; *Chambers*. See note

On him ; for Man into himfelfe can draw
 All ; All his faith can fwallow,'or reafon chaw.
 All that is fill'd, and all that which doth fill,
 All the round world, to man is but a pill, 40
 In all it workes not, but it is in all
 Poyfonous, or purgative, or cordiall,
 For, knowledge kindles Calentures in fome,
 And is to others icy *Opium*.
 As brave as true, is that profefſion than 45
 Which you doe uſe to make ; that you know man.
 This makes it credible ; you have dwelt upon
 All worthy bookes, and now are ſuch an one.
 Actions are authors, and of thoſe in you
 Your friends finde every day a mart of new. 50

To the Counteſſe of Bedford.

T'Have written then, when you writ, ſeem'd to mee
 Worſt of ſpirituall vices, Simony,
 And not t'have written then, ſeemes little leſſe
 Then worſt of civill vices, thankleſſeneſſe.
 In this, my debt I ſeem'd loath to confeſſe, 5
 In that, I ſeem'd to ſhunne beholdingneſſe.
 But 'tis not foe ; *nothings*, as I am, may
 Pay all they have, and yet have all to pay.
 Such borrow in their payments, and owe more
 By having leave to write ſo, then before. 10
 Yet ſince rich mines in barren grounds are ſhowne,
 May not I yeeld (not gold) but coale or ſtone?

38 All; All 1669: All: All 1635-54: All, All 1633 chaw. 1633:
 chaw, 1635-69, Grolier 39 fill, 1633-54: fill 1669: fill; Grolier
 44 icy] jcy 1633 47-8 credible; . . . bookes, Ed: credible, . . .
 bookes; 1633-69: credible . . . bookes Grolier
 To the Counteſſe of B. N, O' F, TCD 5 debt
 1669, N, O' F, TCD: doubt 1633-54 7 foe; Ed: foe, 1633-54: foe.
 1669 nothings, 1635-54: nothing, 1633, N, TCD: Nothing 1669 may]
 may, 1633

Temples were not demolish'd, though prophane:
 Here *Peter Ioves*, there *Paul* hath *Dian's* Fane.
 So whether my hymnes you admit or chuse, 15
 In me you have hallowed a Pagan Muse,
 And denizend a stranger, who mistaught
 By blamers of the times they mard, hath fought
 Vertues in corners, which now bravely doe
 Shine in the worlds best part, or all It; You. 20
 I have beene told, that vertue in Courtiers hearts
 Suffers an Ostracisme, and departs.
 Profit, ease, fitnesse, plenty, bid it goe,
 But whither, only knowing you, I know;
 Your (or you) vertue two vast uses serves, 25
 It ransomes one sex, and one Court preserves.
 There's nothing but your worth, which being true,
 Is knowne to any other, not to you:
 And you can never know it; To admit
 No knowledge of your worth, is some of it. 30
 But since to you, your praises discords bee,
 Stoop, others ills to meditate with mee.
 Oh! to confesse wee know not what we should,
 Is halfe excuse; wee know not what we would:
 Lightnesse depresseth us, emptinesse fills, 35
 We sweat and faint, yet still goe downe the hills.
 As new Philosophy arrests the Sunne,
 And bids the passive earth about it runne,
 So wee have dull'd our minde, it hath no ends;
 Onely the bodie's busie, and pretends; 40
 As dead low earth ecclipses and controules

14 hath] have 1633: om. N, TCD (have inserted) Dian's 1635-54:
 Dian's 1633: Dina's 1669 20 or all It; You. 1635-54: or
 all it, you. 1669, N, O'F, TCD: or all, in you. 1633 (you, some copies)
 25 Your (or you) vertue O'F: Your, or you vertue, 1633-54: You, or
 you vertue, 1669 26 preserves. Ed: preserves; 1633-69 28
 you:] you. 1633-39 30 is some] it some 1633 32 Stoop, others
 ills] Stoop (Stop 1633) others ills, 1633-54: Stoop others ills 1669
 34 excuse; Ed: excuse, 1633-69, Grosart (who transposes should and
 would), Chambers: excuse Grolier. See note would: Ed: would]
 1633-69 36 the hills. Ed: the hills; 1633-69 37 Philosophy.
 Phylosophy 1633 some copies, 1669

The quick high Moone: so doth the body, Soules.
 In none but us, are such mixt engines found,
 As hands of double office: For, the ground
 We till with them; and them to heav'n wee raise; 45
 Who prayer-lesse labours, or, without this, prayes,
 Doth but one halfe, that's none; He which said, *Ploughh*
And looke not back, to looke up doth allow.
 Good seed degenerates, and oft obeyes
 The soyles disease, and into cockle strays; 50
 Let the minds thoughts be but transplanted so,
 Into the body, and bastardly they grow.
 What hate could hurt our bodies like our love?
 Wee (but no forraine tyrants could) remove
 These not ingrav'd, but inborne dignities, 55
 Caskets of foules; Temples, and Palaces:
 For, bodies shall from death redeemed bee,
 Soules but preserv'd, not naturally free.
 As men to our prisons, new foules to us are sent,
 Which learne vice there, and come in innocent. 60
 First seeds of every creature are in us,
 What ere the world hath bad, or pretious,
 Mans body can produce, hence hath it beene
 That stones, wormes, frogges, and snakes in man are
 seene:
 But who ere saw, though nature can worke foe, 65
 That pearle, or gold, or corne in man did grow?
 We have added to the world Virginia, and sent
 Two new starres lately to the firmament;

45 raise;] raise 1633 46 this,] these 1669 50 strays; *Ed*:
 strays. 1633-69 51 Let] Let but 1669 54 Wee (but no forraine
 tyrants could) remove *Ed*: Wee but no forraine tyrants could, remove *O'F*:
 Wee but no forraigne tyrants could remove, 1633-54 (tyrans 1633):
 We, but no forrain tyrants, could remove 1669, *Chambers and Grolier*. See
note 55 dignities, *Ed*: dignities 1633-69 56 Palaces: 1633-35:
 Palaces. 1639-69 58 not naturally free. *Ed*: not naturally free; 1633,
N, TCD: borne naturally free; 1635-69, *O'F* 59 prisons, new foules
 1633: prisons now, foules 1635-69, *O'F*: prisons, now foules *N, TCD*
 60 vice 1635-69, *O'F*: it 1633, *N, TCD* 66 That] That, 1633 grow?
 1639-69: grow. 1633-35

Why

Why grudge wee us (not heaven) the dignity
 Tⁱncrease with ours, those faire soules company. 70
 But I must end this letter, though it doe
 Stand on two truths, neither is true to you.
 Vertue hath some perverseness; For she will
 Neither beleve her good, nor others ill.
 Even in you, vertues best paradise, 75
 Vertue hath some, but wise degrees of vice.
 Too many vertues, or too much of one
 Begets in you unjust suspicion;
 And ignorance of vice, makes vertue lesse,
 Quenching compassion of our wretchednesse. 80
 But these are riddles; Some aspersion
 Of vice becomes well some complexion.
 Statesmen purge vice with vice, and may corrode
 The bad with bad, a spider with a toad:
 For so, ill thralls not them, but they tame ill 85
 And make her do much good against her will,
 But in your Commonwealth, or world in you,
 Vice hath no office, or good worke to doe.
 Take then no vitious purge, but be content
 With cordiall vertue, your knowne nourishment. 90

*To the Countesse of Bedford.**On New-yeares day.*

THIS twilight of two yeares, not past nor next,
 Some embleme is of mee, or I of this,
 Who Meteor-like, of stufte and forme perplex,
 Whose *what*, and *where*, in disputation is,
 If I should call mee *any thing*, should misse. 5

74 ill.] ill, 1633-35 75 you, 1669: you 1635-54: your 1633
 78 suspicion; *Ed*: suspicion. 1633-69 79 makes] make 1635-39 87
 Commonwealth, . . . you,] no commas 1633
 To the &c. 1633-69: To the Countesse of B. at New-yeares tide. *N.*
O'F, TCD 3-4 (Meteor-like, . . . disputation is,) 1635-69

I summe the yeares, and mee, and finde mee not
 Debtor to th'old, nor Creditor to th'new,
 That cannot say, My thanks I have forgot,
 Nor trust I this with hopes, and yet scarce true
 This bravery is, since these times shew'd mee you. 10

In recompence I would show future times
 What you were, and teach them to'urge towards such.
 Verse embalms vertue; and Tombs, or Thrones of rimes,
 Preserve fraile transitory fame, as much
 As spice doth bodies from corrupt aires touch. 15

Mine are short-liv'd; the tincture of your name
 Creates in them, but dissipates as fast,
 New spirits: for, strong agents with the same
 Force that doth warme and cherish, us doe waft;
 Kept hot with strong extracts, no bodies last: 20

So, my verse built of your just praise, might want
 Reason and likelihood, the firmest Base,
 And made of miracle, now faith is scant,
 Will vanish soone, and so possesse no place,
 And you, and it, too much grace might disgrace. 25

When all (as truth commands assent) confesse
 All truth of you, yet they will doubt how I,
 One corne of one low anthills dust, and lesse,
 Should name, know, or expresse a thing so high,
 And not an inch, measure infinity. 30

I cannot tell them, nor my selfe, nor you,
 But leave, lest truth b'endanger'd by my praise,
 And turne to God, who knowes I thinke this true,

9 true *Ed*: true, 1633: true. 1635-69 10 is, *Ed*: is 1633-69 (in
 1633 the interval shows that a comma was intended) times] time 1633
 12 such. *Ed*: such, 1633-69 16 short-liv'd] short liv'd 1633 17
 fast,] fast 1633 18 spirits: *Ed*: spirit: 1633: spirits; 1635-69 19
 cherish, us doe 1633: cherish us, doe 1635-69 27 I, *Ed*: I 1633-69
 28 (One corne . . . and lesse,) 1635-69 29 name, know,] no commas
 1633-69 30 And not an inch, 1633: And (not an inch) 1635-69
 infinity.] infinite. 1669

- And useth oft, when such a heart mis-fayes,
To make it good, for, such a praiser prayes. 35
- Hee will best teach you, how you should lay out
His stock of *beauty, learning, favour, blood*;
He will perplex security with doubt,
And cleare those doubts; hide from you, and shew you
good,
And so increase your appetite and food; 40
- Hee will teach you, that good and bad have not
One latitude in cloysters, and in Court;
Indifferent there the greatest space hath got;
Some pitty's not good there, some vaine disport,
On this side sinne, with that place may comport. 45
- Yet he, as hee bounds seas, will fixe your houres,
Which pleasure, and delight may not ingresse,
And though what none else lost, be truest yours,
Hee will make you, what you did not, possesse,
By using others, not vice, but weakenesse. 50
- He will make you speake truths, and credibly,
And make you doubt, that others doe not so:
Hee will provide you keyes, and locks, to spie,
And scape spies, to good ends, and hee will show
What you may not acknowledge, what not know. 55
- For your owne conscience, he gives innocence,
But for your fame, a discreet warinesse,
And though to scape, then to revenge offence
Be better, he shewes both, and to repress
Joy, when your state swells, *sadnesse* when'tis lesse. 60

35 praiser prayes. 1635-69, O'F: prayer prayes. 1633: prayer praise. N,
TCD 37 blood;] blood, 1633 39 doubts;] doubts, 1633 42
Court; Ed: Court, 1633-69 43 got; Ed: got, 1633-69 44 pitty'
1633-69: piety James Russell Lowell, in Grolier note. See note 45 On
this side sinne, Ed (from Chambers): On this side, sinne; 1633: On this
side, sin, 1635-69. See note 46 he, Ed: he 1633-69 47 Which]
With 1633 55 may] will 1669 58-9 (though to scape . . . Be
better,) 1635-69

From need of teares he will defend your soule,
 Or make a rebaptizing of one teare;
 Hee cannot, (that's, he will not) dif-inroule
 Your name; and when with active joy we heare
 This private Ghospell, then'tis our New Yeare. 65

To the Countesse of Huntingdon.

MADAME,
MAN to Gods image; *Eve*, to mans was made,
 Nor finde wee that God breath'd a soule in her,
 Canons will not Church functions you invade,
 Nor lawes to civill office you preferre.
 Who vagrant transitory Comets fees, 5
 Wonders, because they're rare; But a new starre
 Whose motion with the firmament agrees,
 Is miracle; for, there no new things are;
 In woman so perchance milde innocence
 A seldome comet is, but active good 10
 A miracle, which reason scapes, and sense;
 For, Art and Nature this in them withstood.
 As such a starre, the *Magi* led to view
 The manger-cradled infant, God below:
 By vertues beames by fame deriv'd from you, 15
 May apt soules, and the worst may, vertue know.
 If the worlds age, and death be argued well
 By the Sunnes fall, which now towards earth doth bend,
 Then we might feare that vertue, since she fell
 So low as woman, should be neare her end. 20

65 New Yeare.] new yeare, 1633

To the C. 1633-69, O'F: To the C. of H. N, TCD 1 image;]
 image, 1633 mans] man 1650-69 9 woman] women 1669 13
 the } which 1633 Magi] Magis N, O'F, TCD: compare p. 243, l. 390
 14 below: Ed: below. 1633-69 15 beames by . . . you, 1633: beames
 (by . . . you) 1635-69 16 may, Ed: may 1633-69

But she's not stoop'd, but rais'd; exil'd by men
 She fled to heaven, that's heavenly things, that's you;
 She was in all men, thinly scatter'd then,
 But now amafs'd, contracted in a few.
 She guilded us: But you are gold, and Shee; 25
 Us she inform'd, but transubstantiates you;
 Soft dispositions which ductile bee,
 Elixarlike, she makes not cleane, but new.
 Though you a wives and mothers name retaine,
 'Tis not as woman, for all are not foe, 30
 But vertue having made you vertue,'is faine
 T'adhere in these names, her and you to shew,
 Else, being alike pure, wee should neither see;
 As, water being into ayre rarify'd,
 Neither appeare, till in one cloud they bee, 35
 So, for our sakes you do low names abide;
 Taught by great constellations, which being fram'd,
 Of the most starres, take low names, *Crab*, and *Bull*,
 When single planets by the *Gods* are nam'd,
 You covet not great names, of great things full. 40
 So you, as woman, one doth comprehend,
 And in the vaile of kindred others see;
 To some ye are reveal'd, as in a friend,
 And as a vertuous Prince farre off, to mee.
 To whom, because from you all vertues flow, 45
 And 'tis not none, to dare contemplate you,
 I, which doe so, as your true subject owe
 Some tribute for that, so these lines are due.

22 you; *Ed*: you, 1633-69 24 amafs'd, 1633, *O'F*: a masse 1635-69,
N, TCD 25-6 But you are gold, and Shee; . . . transubstantiates
 you; *Ed*: But you are gold, and Shee, . . . transubstantiates you, 1633:
 but you are gold; and she,

Informed us, but transubstantiates you, 1635-69, *Chambers* (but no comma
 after and she and colon or full stop after you 1650-69, *Chambers*) 33 see;
Ed: see, 1633-69 37-9 (which being . . . are nam'd) 1635-69 42
 vaile] vale 1669 43 ye 1633: you 1635-69 47 doe so, 1635-69,
O'F: doe *N, TCD*: to you 1633 48 due.] due, 1633

If you can thinke these flatteries, they are,
For then your judgement is below my praise, 50
If they were so, oft, flatteries worke as farre,
As Counsels, and as farre th'endeavour raise.

So my ill reaching you might there grow good,
But I remaine a poyson'd fountaine still;
But not your beauty, vertue, knowledge, blood 55
Are more above all flattery, then my will.

And if I flatter any, 'tis not you
But my owne judgement, who did long agoe
Pronounce, that all these praises should be true,
And vertue should your beauty, and birth outgrow. 60

Now that my prophesies are all fulfill'd,
Rather then God should not be honour'd too,
And all these gifts confests'd, which hee instill'd,
Your selfe were bound to say that which I doe.

So I, but your Recorder am in this, 65
Or mouth, or Speaker of the universe,
A ministeriall Notary, for 'tis
Not I, but you and fame, that make this verse;

I was your Prophet in your yonger dayes,
And now your Chaplaine, God in you to praise. 70

To M^r T. W.

Al haile sweet Poët, more full of more strong fire,
Then hath or shall enkindle any spirit,
I lov'd what nature gave thee, but this merit
Of wit and Art I love not but admire;

55 But 1633, N, O'F, TCD: And 1635-69, Chambers 64 that]
thar 1633 66 or Speaker 1633: and Speaker 1635-69 67 Notary,]
notary, 1633

To M^r T. W. P, S, W: To M. I. W. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: A
Letter. To M^r T. W. O'F: Ad amicum. S96: no title, B, Cy 1 more full]
and full 1669 2 any spirit, 1633, A18, Cy, N, P, TC, W: my dull spirit,
1635-69, B, O'F, S 3 this merit 1633, A18, Cy, N, P, S, TC, W: thy
merit 1635-69, B, O'F, Chambers

Who

Who have before or fhall write after thee, 5
 Their workes, though toughly laboured, will bee
 Like infancie or age to mans firme stay,
 Or earely and late twilights to mid-day.

Men fay, and truly, that they better be
 Which be envyed then pittied: therefore I, 10
 Because I wifh thee beft, doe thee envie:
 O wouldft thou, by like reafon, pittie mee!
 But care not for mee: I, that ever was
 In Natures, and in Fortunes gifts, alas,
 (Before thy grace got in the Mufes Schoole 15
 A monfter and a begger,) am now a foole.

Oh how I grieve, that late borne modefty
 Hath got fuch root in eafie waxen hearts,
 That men may not themfelves, their owne good parts
 Extoll, without fufpect of furquedrie, 20
 For, but thy felfe, no fubject can be found
 Worthy thy quill, nor any quill refound
 Thy worth but thine: how good it were to fee
 A Poëm in thy praife, and writ by thee.

Now if this fong be too'harfh for rime, yet, as 25
 The Painters bad god made a good devill,

11 thee . . thee] the . . the 1669 12 mee | Ed: mee. W: mee,
 1633-69 13 mee: Ed: mee, 1633-69 ever was] never was B, P, S, 96
 14-16 In Natures, and in Fortunes gifts, alas,
 (Before . . . and a begger,) Ed:
 In Natures, and in fortunes gifts, (alas,
 Before thy grace got in the Mufes Schoole)
 A monfter and a begger, 1633 (some copies: others read 15 Before
 by thy grace &c., which is also the Grolier conjecture), A18, Cy, N, P, S,
 TC, W (but W and some of the other MSS. have no brackets):
 In Natures, and in fortunes gifts, alas,
 (But for thy grace got in the Mufes Schoole)
 A Monfter and a beggar, 1635-69, O'F, Chambers
 In fortunes, nor (or S96) in natures gifts alas,
 But by thy grace, &c. B, S96. See note
 16 am now a foole. Cy, O'F, P, S, S96, W: am a foole. 1633-69, A18, B,
 N, TC 23 worth 1669, B, Cy, O'F, P, S, S96, W: worke 1633-54,
 A18, N, TC

'Twill be good prose, although the verse be evill,
 If thou forget the rime as thou dost passe.
 Then write, that I may follow, and so bee
 Thy debter, thy'eccho, thy foyle, thy zanee. 30
 I shall be thought, if mine like thine I shape,
 All the worlds Lyon, though I be thy Ape.

To M T. W.

HAst thee harsh verse, as fast as thy lame measure
 Will give thee leave, to him, my pain and pleasure.
 I have given thee, and yet thou art too weake,
 Feete, and a reasoning soule and tongue to speake.
 Plead for me, and so by thine and my labour 5
 I am thy Creator, thou my Saviour.
 Tell him, all questions, which men have defended
 Both of the place and paines of hell, are ended ;
 And 'tis decreed our hell is but privation
 Of him, at least in this earths habitation : 10
 And 'tis where I am, where in every street
 Infections follow, overtake, and meete :
 Live I or die, by you my love is sent,
 And you're my pawnes, or else my Testament.

27 evill, *W*: evill. 1633-69, *Chambers* 28 passe. *W*: passe,
 1633-69, *Chambers* 29 that I 1669, *B, Cy, N, O'F, P, S, W*: then I
 1633-54, *A18, N, TC* 30 Thy debter, thy'eccho 1633-54: Thy
 eccho, thy debtor 1669 thy zanee.] and thy Zanee. *A18, N, TC*
 31 if . . . shape] brackets 1635-69
 To M^r T. W. *O'F, W*: To M. T. W. 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD*
 1 verse, 1669: verse 1633-54 2 to him, my pain and pleasure. *W*,
 and *Chambers* (without comma): to him; My pain, and pleasure 1633-69:
 to him. My pain and pleasure, *Grolier* 4 Feete, . . . soule *W*: no
 comma 1633: Feete . . . soule, 1635-69 5-6 These lines only in *W*
 9 our] that *W* 14 And you're 1633, *A18, N, TC, W*: You are
 1635-69, *O'F* pawnes] om. with space, *W*

To

To Mr T. W.

Pregnant again with th'old twins Hope, and Feare,
 Oft have I askt for thee, both how and where
 Thou wert, and what my hopes of letters were;
 As in our streets fly beggers narrowly
 Watch motions of the givers hand and eye, 5
 And evermore conceive some hope thereby.
 And now thy Almes is given, thy letter's read,
 The body risen againe, the which was dead,
 And thy poore starveling bountifully fed.
 After this banquet my Soule doth say grace, 10
 And praise thee for't, and zealously imbrace
 Thy love; though I thinke thy love in this case
 To be as gluttons, which say 'midst their meat,
 They love that best of which they most do eat.

To Mr T. W.

AT once, from hence, my lines and I depart,
 I to my soft still walks, they to my Heart;
 I to the Nurse, they to the child of Art;
 Yet as a firme house, though the Carpenter
 Perish, doth stand: As an Embassadour 5
 Lyes safe, how e'r his king be in danger:
 So, though I languish, prest with Melancholy,
 My verse, the strict Map of my misery,
 Shall live to see that, for whose want I dye.

To Mr T. W. *O'F, W:* To M. T. W. 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD*
 5 Watch] Marke *W* and eye, *A18, A23, N, O'F, TC, W:* or eye,
 1633-69 12 love; *Ed:* love, 1633-69

To Mr T. W. *W:* An Old Letter. *D, H49:* A Letter. *S96:* Letter.
O'F: no heading, and following the preceding without any interval, 1633, *A18,*
N, TC: Incerto. 1635-69 5 As *W:* as 1633-69 7 Melancholy]
 Melancholy 1633

Therefore

Therefore I envie them, and doe repent, 10
 That from unhappy mee, things happy'are sent;
 Yet as a Picture, or bare Sacrament,
 Accept these lines, and if in them there be
 Merit of love, bestow that love on mee.

To M^r R. W.

Zealously my Muse doth salute all thee,
 Enquiring of that mistique trinitee
 Whereof thou, and all to whom heavens do infuse
 Like fyre, are made; thy body, mind, and Muse.
 Dost thou recover sicknes, or prevent? 5
 Or is thy Mind travail'd with discontent?
 Or art thou parted from the world and mee,
 In a good skorn of the worlds vanitee?
 Or is thy devout Muse retyr'd to sing
 Vpon her tender Elegiaque string? 10
 Our Minds part not, joyne then thy Muse with myne,
 For myne is barren thus devorc'd from thyne.

To M^r R. W.

Muse not that by thy mind thy body is led:
 For by thy mind, my mind's distempered.
 So thy Care lives long, for I bearing part
 It eates not only thyne, but my swolne hart.
 And when it gives us intermission 5
 We take new harts for it to feede upon.
 But as a Lay Mans Genius doth controule
 Body and mind; the Muse beeing the Soules Soule

14 of love,] of love 1633

To M^r R. W. *A23, W*: first printed in Gosse's Life and Letters of
 John Donne, &c., 1899 1 thee,] thee *W*

To M^r R. W. *A23, W*: printed here for the first time

Of

Of Poets, that methinks should ease our anguish,
 Although our bodyes wither and minds languish. 10
 Wright then, that my griefes which thine got may bee
 Cured by thy charming soveraigne melodee.

To M^r C. B.

THy friend, whom thy deserts to thee enchainē,
 Urg'd by this unexcusable occasion,
 Thee and the Saint of his affection
 Leaving behinde, doth of both wants complaine;
 And let the love I beare to both sustaine 5
 No blott nor maimē by this division,
 Strong is this love which ties our hearts in one,
 And strong that love pursu'd with amorous paine;
 But though besides thy selfe I leave behind
 Heavens liberall, and earths thrice-fairer Sunne, 10
 Going to where sterne winter aye doth wonne,
 Yet, loves hot fires, which martyr my sad minde,
 Doe send forth scalding fighes, which have the Art
 To melt all Ice, but that which walls her heart.

To M^r E. G.

EVen as lame things thirst their perfection, so
 The slimy rimes bred in our vale below,
 Bearing with them much of my love and hart,
 Fly unto that Parnassus, where thou art.

To M^r C. B. *A23, W*: To M. C. B. 1633-69, *A18, N, O'F, TCC, TCD* 9 thy self] my self 1669 10 liberall,] liberall 1633 earths 1633, 1669, *A18, A23, N, O'F, TC, W*: the 1635-54, *Chambers* thrice fairer *A23, W*: thrice-faire 1633-69, *A18, N, TC* 11 sterne 1633, *A18, A23, N, TC, W*: sterv'd 1635-69, *O'F* 13 forth] out *A18, N, TC*

To M^r E. G. *W*: first printed in *Gosse's Life and Letters of John Donne*, &c. 1899

There

There thou oreseeft London : Here I have beene, 5
 By ftaying in London, too much overfeene.
 Now pleasures dearth our City doth poffes,
 Our Theaters are fill'd with emptines;
 As lancke and thin is every ftreet and way
 As a woman deliver'd yesterday. 10
 Nothing whereat to laugh my spleen efpyes
 But bearbaitings or Law exercife.
 Therefore I'le leave it, and in the Country ftrove
 Pleafure, now fled from London, to retrieve.
 Do thou fo too: and fill not like a Bee 15
 Thy thighs with hony, but as plenteoufly
 As Ruffian Marchants, thy felfes whole vefsell load,
 And then at Winter retaile it here abroad.
 Bleffe us with Suffolks fweets; and as it is
 Thy garden, make thy hive and warehoufe this. 20

To M^r R. W.

IF, as mine is, thy life a flumber be,
 Seeme, when thou read'ft thefe lines, to dreame of me,
 Never did Morpheus nor his brother weare
 Shapes foe like thofe Shapes, whom they would appeare,
 As this my letter is like me, for it 5
 Hath my name, words, hand, feet, heart, minde and wit;
 It is my deed of gift of mee to thee,
 It is my Will, my felfe the Legacie.
 So thy retyrings I love, yea envie,
 Bred in thee by a wife melancholy, 10
 That I rejoyce, that unto where thou art,
 Though I ftay here, I can thus fend my heart,

5-6 beene, . . . London,] *no commas, W* 6 ftaying] ftaying *W*
 7 dearth] dirth *W* 7-8 poffes, . . . emptines;] poffes . . . emptines. *W*
 To M^r R. W. *A18, A23, N, O'F, TCC, TCD, W:* To M. R. W.
1633-69: no breaks, W: two ftanzas of fourteen lines and a quatrain, 1633:
twenty-eight lines continuous and a quatrain, 1635-69 3 brother 1633-69,
A18, N, O'F, TC: brethren W 6 hand,] hands O'F, TC

As kindly'as any enamored Patient

His Picture to his absent Love hath sent.

All newes I thinke sooner reach thee then mee; 15

Havens are Heavens, and Ships wing'd Angels be,
The which both Gospell, and sterne threatnings bring;

Guyanaes harvest is nip'd in the spring,
I feare; And with us (me thinkes) Fate deales so
As with the Jewes guide God did; he did show 20

Him the rich land, but bar'd his entry in:

Oh, slownes is our punishment and sinne.

Perchance, these Spanish businesse being done,

Which as the Earth betweene the Moone and Sun
Eclipse the light which Guyana would give, 25

Our discontinued hopes we shall retrive:

But if (as all th'All must) hopes smoake away,

Is not Almighty Vertue'an India?

If men be worlds, there is in every one

Some thing to answere in some proportion 30

All the worlds riches: And in good men, this,

Vertue, our formes forme and our soules soule, is.

To M^r R. W.

KIndly I envy thy songs perfection

Built of all th'elements as our bodyes are:

That Little of earth that is in it, is a faire

Delicious garden where all sweetes are towne.

21 in: 1650-69, *W*: in, 1633-39 22 Oh, *A23, N, O'F, TC*: Ah, *W*:
Our 1633-69 sinne. *W*: sinne; 1633-69 23 businesse 1633, *A18*,
N, TC: businesse *W*: businesse 1635-69 done] donne *W* 27 all
th'All *W*: All th'All 1633-69 31 men, this, *Ed*: men, this 1633-69
32 soules soule, is. *Chambers*: soules soule is. 1633-69

To M^r R. W. *W*: published here for the first time

In it is cherishing fyre which dryes in mee 5
 Griefe which did drowne me: and halfe quench'd by it
 Are fatirique fyres which urg'd me to have writt
 In skorne of all: for now I admyre thee.
 And as Ayre doth fullfill the hollownes
 Of rotten walls; so it myne emptines, 10
 Where toft and mov'd it did beget this found
 Which as a lame Eccho of thyne doth rebound.
 Oh, I was dead; but since thy song new Life did give,
 I recreated, even by thy creature, live.

To M^r S. B.

O Thou which to search out the secreet parts
 Of the India, or rather Paradise
 Of knowledge, hast with courage and advise
 Lately launch'd into the vast Sea of Arts,
 Disdaine not in thy constant travailing 5
 To doe as other Voyagers, and make
 Some turnes into lesse Creekes, and wisely take
 Fresh water at the Heliconian spring;
 I sing not, Siren like, to tempt; for I
 Am harsh; nor as those Scismatiques with you, 10
 Which draw all wits of good hope to their crew;
 But seeing in you bright sparkes of Poetry,
 I, though I brought no fuell, had desire
 With these Articulate blafts to blow the fire.

6 which] ^{w^{ch}} *W*, and so always 10 emptines,] emptines. *W*
 13-14 Oh, . . . give, . . . recreated, . . . creature,] *no commas, W*
 To M^r S. B. *O'F*: To M. S. B. 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD, W*
 10 harsh; 1650-69: harsh, 1633-39 12 seeing] *seing* 1633: *seene*
TCD, W: *seeme TCC* 13 I, though] I thought 1650-54 had]
 but 1650-54

To M^r I. L.

OF that short Roll of friends writ in my heart
 Which with thy name begins, since their depart,
 Whether in the English Provinces they be,
 Or drinke of Po, Sequan, or Danubie,
 There's none that sometimes greets us not, and yet 5
 Your Trent is Lethe; that past, us you forget.
 You doe not duties of Societies,
 If from the'embrace of a lov'd wife you rise,
 View your fat Beasts, stretch'd Barnes, and labour'd fields,
 Eate, play, ryde, take all joyes which all day yeelds, 10
 And then againe to your embracements goe:
 Some houres on us your friends, and some bestow
 Upon your Muse, else both wee shall repent,
 I that my love, she that her guifts on you are spent.

To M^r B. B.

IS not thy sacred hunger of science
 Yet satisfi'd? Is not thy braines rich hive
 Fulfil'd with hony which thou dost derive
 From the Arts spirits and their Quintessence?
 Then weane thy selfe at last, and thee withdraw 5
 From Cambridge thy old nurse, and, as the rest,
 Here toughly chew, and sturdily digest
 Th'immenfe vast volumes of our common law;
 And begin soone, lest my grieffe grieve thee too,
 Which is, that that which I should have begun 10

To M^r I. L. *W*: To M. I. L. 1633-69: To M. I. L. *A18, N, TCC, TCD*: To M^r T. L. *O'F* 5 sometimes] sometime 1635-39, *Chambers*
 6 Lethe; *W*: Lethe', 1633-69 forget. 1639-69, *W*: forget, 1633-35
 13 your] thy *W* 14 you] thee *W* spent.] spent 1633
 To M^r B. B. *O'F, W*: To M. B. B. 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD*

In

In my youthe morning, now late must be done;
 And I as Giddy Travellers must doe,
 Which stray or sleepe all day, and having lost
 Light and strength, darke and tir'd must then ride post.
 If thou unto thy Muse be marryed, 15
 Embrace her ever, ever multiply,
 Be far from me that strange Adulterie
 To tempt thee and procure her widowed.
 My Muse, (for I had one,) because I'am cold,
 Divorc'd her selfe: the cause being in me, 20
 That I can take no new in Bigamye,
 Not my will only but power doth withhold.
 Hence comes it, that these Rymes which never had
 Mother, want matter, and they only have
 A little forme, the which their Father gave; 25
 They are prophane, imperfect, oh, too bad
 To be counted Children of Poetry
 Except confirm'd and Bishoped by thee.

To M^r I. L.

BLeft are your North parts, for all this long time
 My Sun is with you, cold and darke's our Clime;
 Heavens Sun, which staid so long from us this yeare,
 Staid in your North (I thinke) for she was there,
 And hether by kinde nature drawne from thence, 5
 Here rages, chafes, and threatens pestilence;

12 I . . . Travellers 1650-69: I, . . . Travellers, 1633-39 13
 stray] stay *W*: compare Sat. III. 78 16 ever, ever multiply, 1633-69,
 A18, N, O'F, TC: still: encrease and multiply; *W* 18 widowed.
W: widdowhood, 1633-39: widdowhood; 1650-69 19 Muse,
 A18, N, O'F, TC, *W*: nurse, 1633-69 20 selfe: *W*: selfe, 1633-69
 in me, 1633-69: in me; *Grolier*: in me. *Chambers*. See note
 To M^r I. L. *Ed*: To M. I. L. A18, N, TCC, TCD, *W*: To M^r T. L.
 O'F: To M. I. P. 1633-69 6 rages, chafes, *Ed*: rages chafes
 1633-39: rages, chafes 1650-69: rages, burnes, *W*

Yet

Yet I, as long as thee from hence doth staie,
 Thinke this no South, no Sommer, nor no day.
 With thee my kinde and unkinde heart is run,
 There sacrifice it to that beauteous Sun: 10
 And since thou art in Paradise and need'st crave
 No joyes addition, helpe thy friend to save.
 So may thy pastures with their flowery feasts,
 As suddenly as Lard, fat thy leane beasts;
 So may thy woods oft poll'd, yet ever weare 15
 A greene, and when thee list, a golden haire;
 So may all thy sheepe bring forth Twins; and so
 In chace and race may thy horse all out goe;
 So may thy love and courage ne'r be cold;
 Thy Sonne ne'r Ward; Thy lov'd wife ne'r seem old;
 But maist thou wish great things, and them attaine, 21
 As thou telst her, and none but her, my paine.

To Sir *H. W.* at his going Ambassador to *Venice*.

After those reverend papers, whose soule is
 Our good and great Kings lov'd hand and fear'd name,
 By which to you he derives much of his,
 And (how he may) makes you almost the same,
 A Taper of his Torch, a copie writ 5
 From his Originall, and a faire beame
 Of the same warme, and dazeling Sun, though it
 Must in another Sphere his vertue streame:

11-12 these lines from *W*: they have not previously been printed 16
 when thee list, *Ed*: when thee list 1633, *A18, N, TC*: (when she list)
 1635-69, *O'F*: when thou wilt *W* 20 lov'd wife } fair wife *W* 22
 her, . . . her, *Ed*: her . . . her 1633: her, . . . her 1635-69

To Sir *H. W.* at his &c. 1633-54: To Sir Henry Wotton, at his &c.
 1669, *A18, N, O'F, TCC, TCD*: printed in *Walton's Life of Sir Henry*
Wotton, 1670, as a 'letter, sent by him to Sir *Henry Wotton*, the morning
 before he left *England*', i. e. July 13 (O. S.), 1604

After

After those learned papers which your hand
 Hath stor'd with notes of use and pleasure too, 10
 From which rich treasury you may command
 Fit matter whether you will write or doe:
 After those loving papers, where friends send
 With glad grieve, to your Sea-ward steps, farewell,
 Which thicken on you now, as prayers ascend 15
 To heaven in troupes at'a good mans passing bell:
 Admit this honest paper, and allow
 It such an audience as your selfe would aske;
 What you must say at Venice this meanes now,
 And hath for nature, what you have for taske: 20
 To sweare much love, not to be chang'd before
 Honour alone will to your fortune fit;
 Nor shall I then honour your fortune, more
 Then I have done your honour wanting it.
 But'tis an easier load (though both oppresse) 25
 To want, then governe greatnesse, for wee are
 In that, our owne and onely businesse,
 In this, wee must for others vices care;
 'Tis therefore well your spirits now are plac'd
 In their last Furnace, in activity; 30
 Which fits them (Schooles and Courts and Warres o'rpast)
 To touch and test in any best degree.
 For mee, (if there be such a thing as I)
 Fortune (if there be such a thing as thee)
 Spies that I beare so well her tyranny, 35
 That she thinks nothing else so fit for mee;

10 pleasure 1635-69, A18, N, O'F, TC, Walton: pleasures 1633 13
 where 1633, A18, N, TC: which 1635-69, O'F, Walton 16 in troupes]
 on troops Walton 19 must . . . meanes] would . . . sayes Walton
 20 hath] has Walton taske: Ed: taske. 1633-69 21 not] nor
 Walton 24 honour wanting it. 1633: noble-wanting-wit. 1635-69,
 O'F: honour-wanting-wit. Walton: noble wanting it. A18, N, TCC, TCD
 31 Warres Ed: warres 1633-69: tents Burley MS. 32 test] tast
 1669 and Walton 35 Spies] Finds Walton

But though she part us, to heare my oft prayers
 For your increase, God is as neere mee here;
 And to send you what I shall begge, his staires
 In length and ease are alike every where.

40

To M^{rs} M. H.

MAd paper stay, and grudge not here to burne
 With all those sonnes whom my braine did create,
 At lest lye hid with mee, till thou returne
 To rags againe, which is thy native state.

What though thou have enough unworthinesse 5
 To come unto great place as others doe,
 That's much; emboldens, pulls, thrusts I confesse,
 But'tis not all; Thou should'st be wicked too.

And, that thou canst not learne, or not of mee;
 Yet thou wilt goe? Goe, since thou goest to her 10
 Who lacks but faults to be a Prince, for shee,
 Truth, whom they dare not pardon, dares preferre.

But when thou com'st to that perplexing eye
 Which equally claimes *love* and *reverence*,
 Thou wilt not long dispute it, thou wilt die; 15
 And, having little now, have then no sense.

Yet when her warme redeeming hand, which is
 A miracle; and made such to worke more,
 Doth touch thee (sapples leafe) thou grow'st by this
 Her creature; glorify'd more then before. 20

To M^{rs} M. H. O'F: To M. M. H. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: no
 title, A25, B, C, P: Elegie. S96 2 sonnes] Sunnes B, S96 my
 1633: thy 1635-69: Chambers attributes thy to 1633 3 returne]
 returne. 1633 7 That's much; emboldens, A18, N, TC: That's much,
 emboldens, 1633-54: That's much emboldness, 1669: That's much, it
 emboldens, B, P 8 all; Thou A18, N, TC: all, thou 1633-69
 10 goe? Goe, Ed: goe, Goe, 1633-69 14 reverence, Ed: reverence.
 1633: reverence: 1635-69

Then

Then as a mother which delights to heare
 Her early child mis-speake halfe uttered words,
 Or, because majesty doth never feare
 Ill or bold speech, she Audience affords.

And then, cold speechlesse wretch, thou diest againe, 25
 And wisely; what discourse is left for thee?
 For, speech of ill, and her, thou must abstaine,
 And is there any good which is not shee?

Yet maist thou praise her servants, though not her,
 And wit, and vertue, and honour her attend, 30
 And since they are but her cloathes, thou shalt not erre,
 If thou her shape and beauty and grace commend.

Who knowes thy destiny? when thou hast done,
 Perchance her Cabinet may harbour thee,
 Whither all noble ambitious wits doe runne, 35
 A nest almost as full of Good as shee.

When thou art there, if any, whom wee know,
 Were fav'd before, and did that heaven partake,
 When she revolves his papers, marke what show
 Of favour, she alone, to them doth make. 40

Marke, if to get them, she o'r skip the rest,
 Marke, if shee read them twice, or kisse the name;
 Marke, if she doe the same that they protest,
 Marke, if she marke whether her woman came.

Marke, if slight things be objected, and o'r blowne, 45
 Marke, if her oathes against him be not still
 Reserv'd, and that shee grieves she's not her owne,
 And chides the doctrine that denies Freewill.

22 mis-speake] mispeake 1633 27 For, 1633: From 1635-69,
 and MSS. her, Ed: her 1633-69 31 erre, 1669: erre 1633-54
 40 she alone, 1633: she, alone, 1635-69 41 get them, she o'r skip]
 get them, she do skip A18 (doth), N, TC: get them, she skip oare A25,
 C, O'F(skips): get to them, shee skipp B, P 44 whether 1633:
 whither 1635-69 47 grieves 1633: grieve 1635-69

I bid thee not doe this to be my spie;
 Nor to make my selfe her familiar;
 But so much I doe love her choyce, that I
 Would faine love him that shall be lov'd of her.

To the Countesse of Bedford.

HONOUR is so subline perfection,
 And so refinde; that when God was alone
 And creaturelesse at first, himselfe had none;
 But as of the elements, these which wee tread,
 Produce all things with which wee are joy'd or fed, 5
 And, those are barren both above our head;
 So from low persons doth all honour flow;
 Kings, whom they would have honoured, to us shew,
 And but *direct* our honour, not *bestow*.
 For when from herbs the pure part must be wonne 10
 From grosse, by Stilling, this is better done
 By despis'd dung, then by the fire or Sunne.
 Care not then, Madame, how low your prayfers lye;
 In labourers balads oft more piety
 God findes, then in *Te Deums* melodie. 15
 And, ordinance rais'd on Towers, so many mile
 Send not their voice, nor last so long a while
 As fires from th'earths low vaults in *Sicil* Isle.
 Should I say I liv'd darker then were true,
 Your radiation can all clouds subdue; 20
 But one, 'tis best light to contemplate you.

To the Countesse of Bedford. 1633-69, *B, O'F, S96*: To the Countess
 of B. *N, TCD* 10 part] parts *N, O'F, TCD* 12 or Sunne. 1633,
B, N, O'F, S96, TCD: or Sun: 1669: of Sunne: 1635-54, *Chambers*
 13 prayfers *N, O'F, TCD*: prayers *S96*: prayfes 1633-69 16 Towers,]
 Towers 1633 20-1 subdue; But one, *Ed*: subdue; But One *Chambers*:
 subdue, But one, 1633-69: subdue But one; *Grosart and Grosart*. See note
 You,

You, for whose body God made better clay,
Or tooke Soules stufte such as shall late decay,
Or such as needs small change at the last day.

This, as an Amber drop enwraps a Bee, 25
Covering discovers your quicke Soule; that we
May in your through-shine front your hearts thoughts see.

You teach (though wee learne not) a thing unknowne
To our late times, the use of Ipecular stone,
Through which all things within without were shown. 30

Of such were Temples; so and of such you are;
Beeing and *seeming* is your equall care,
And *vertues* whole *summe* is but *know* and *dare*.

But as our Soules of growth and Soules of sense
Have birthright of our reasons Soule, yet hence 35
They fly not from that, nor seeke precedence:

Natures first lesson, so, discretion,
Must not grudge zeale a place, nor yet keepe none,
Not banish it selfe, nor religion.

Discretion is a wisemans Soule, and so 40
Religion is a Christians, and you know
How these are one; her *yea*, is not her *no*.

Nor may we hope to fodder still and knit
These two, and dare to breake them; nor must wit
Be colleague to religion, but be it. 45

26 Covering discovers] Coverings discover 1669 27 your hearts
thoughts *B, N, O'F, S96, TCD*: our hearts thoughts 1633-69. *See note*
31 so and of such *N, TCD*: so and such 1633-69, *B, O'F, S96* 33
is but to know and dare. *N*

36-7 They fly not from that, nor seeke precedence:
Natures first lesson, so, discretion, &c. 1633-69 (precedence. 1633;
precedence: 1669)

They fly not from that, nor seek precedence,
Natures first lesson; so discretion &c. *Chambers and Grolier*
(discretion, *Grolier*). *See note* 40-2] These lines precede 34-9 in
1635-69, *B, N, S96, TCD*: om. *O'F* 42 one; Ed: one, 1633-69
yea, . . . no] *ital. Ed.*

In

In those poor types of God (round circles) so
Religions tipes the peeclesse centers flow,
And are in all the lines which all wayes goe.

If either ever wrought in you alone
Or principally, then religion
Wrought your ends, and your wayes discretion.

50

Goe thither stil, goe the same way you went,
Who so would change, do covet or repent;
Neither can reach you, great and innocent.

*To the Countesse of Bedford.
Begun in France but never perfected.*

THOUGH I be *dead*, and buried, yet I have
(Living in you,) Court enough in my grave,
As oft as there I thinke my selfe to bee,

So many refurrections waken mee.

That thankfullnesse your favours have begot

5

In mee, embalmes mee, that I doe not rot.

This season as 'tis Easter, as 'tis spring,

Must both to growth and to confession bring

My thoughts dispos'd unto your influence; so,

These verses bud, so these confessions grow.

10

First I confesse I have to others lent

Your stock, and over prodigally spent

Your treasure, for since I had never knowne

Vertue or beautie, but as they are growne

48 all wayes 1719: always 1633-69

50-1

'twas Religion,

Yet you neglected not Discretion. 896

53 do covet] doth covet 1669, O'F, 896

To the Countesse &c. 1633-69 (*following in 1635-69 That unripe side*
&c., p. 417, and *If her disdaine* &c., p. 430), O'F 5 begot] forgot 1633
some copies 6 embalmes mee, *Ed:* embalmes mee; 1633-69 rot. *Ed:*
rot; 1633-69 9 influence; *Ed:* influence, 1633-69 10 grow. *Ed:*
grow; 1633-69 14 or 1633-39: and 1650-69

In

In you, I should not thinke or say they shine, 15
(So as I have) in any other Mine.

Next I confesse this my confession,
For, 'tis some fault thus much to touch upon
Your praise to you, where half rights seeme too much,
And make your minds sincere complexion blush. 20

Next I confesse my'impenitence, for I
Can scarce repent my first fault, since thereby
Remote low Spirits, which shall ne'r read you,
May in lesse lessons finde enough to doe,
By studying copies, not Originals, 25
Defunt cætera.

*A Letter to the Lady Carey, and M^{rs} Effex
Riche, From Amyens.*

MADAME,

Here where by All All Saints invoked are,
'Twere too much schisme to be singular,
And 'gainst a practise generall to warre.

Yet turning to Saincts, should my'humility
To other Sainct then you directed bee, 5
That were to make my schisme, heresie.

Nor would I be a Convertite so cold,
As not to tell it; If this be too bold,
Pardons are in this market cheaply fold.

Where, because Faith is in too low degree, 10
I thought it some Apostleship in mee
To speake things which by faith alone I see.

16 Mine. *Ed:* Mine; 1633-69

18 upon *Ed:* upon, 1633-69

A Letter to &c. 1633-69, *D. H49, Lec:* To the Lady Carey and her
Sister M^{rs} Effex Rich. From Amiens. *O'F:* To the Lady Co: of C. N,
TCD: To the Ladie Carey. or A Letter to the Ladie Carey. *B, Cy, 896:*
no title, P: To M^{rs} Effex Rich and her sister frō Amiens. *M*

That

That is, of you, who are a firmament
 Of virtues, where no one is growne, or spent,
 They're your materials, not your ornament. 15

Others whom wee call vertuous, are not so
 In their whole substance, but, their vertues grow
 But in their humours, and at seasons show.

For when through tastelesse flat humilitie
 In dow bak'd men some harmelesenes we see, 20
 'Tis but his *flegme* that's *Vertuous*, and not Hee:

Soe is the Blood sometimes; who ever ran
 To danger unimportun'd, he was than
 No better then a *sanguine* Vertuous man.

So cloysterall men, who, in pretence of feare 25
 All contributions to this life forbear,
 Have Vertue in *Melancholy*, and only there.

Spirituell *Cholerique* Crytiques, which in all
 Religions find faults, and forgive no fall,
 Have, through this zeale, Vertue but in their Gall. 30

We're thus but parcel guilt; to Gold we're growne
 When Vertue is our Soules complexion;
 Who knowes his Vertues name or place, hath none.

Vertue's but aguish, when 'tis severall,
 By occasion wak'd, and circumstantiall. 35
 True vertue is *Soule*, Alwaies in all deeds *All*.

This Vertue thinking to give dignitie
 To your soule, found there no infirmitie,
 For, your soule was as good Vertue, as shee;

13 who are] who is 1633 19 humilitie 1633-54, B, Cy, D, H49,
 Lec, M, N, O'F, P, S96, TCD: humidity 1669, Chambers 26 con-
 tributions] contribution B, D, N, TCD 30 this zeale, 1635-69, B, Cy,
 D, H49, N, O'F, P, S96, TCD: their zeale, 1633, Lec 31 Gold] Golds
 1633 some copies 33 aguish,] anguish, 1650-54

Shee therefore wrought upon that part of you 40
Which is scarce lesse then foule, as she could do,
And so hath made your beauty, Vertue too.

Hence comes it, that your Beauty wounds not hearts,
As Others, with prophane and sensuall Darts,
But as an influence, vertuous thoughts imparts. 45

But if such friends by the honor of your fight
Grow capable of this so great a light,
As to partake your vertues, and their might,

What must I thinke that influence must doe,
Where it findes sympathie and matter too, 50
Vertue, and beauty of the same stufte, as you?

Which is, your noble worthie sister, shee
Of whom, if what in this my Extasie
And revelation of you both I see,

I should write here, as in short Galleries 55
The Master at the end large glasses ties,
So to present the roome twice to our eyes,

So I should give this letter length, and say
That which I said of you; there is no way
From either, but by the other, not to stray. 60

May therefore this be enough to testifie
My true devotion, free from flattery;
He that beleeves himselfe, doth never lie.

57 our eyes,] your eyes, *Cy, D, H49, Lec, P*
1669 other, 1669: other 1633-54

60 by the] to the

To the Countesse of Salisbury. Augult. 1614.

FAire, great, and good, since seeing you, wee see
 What Heaven can doe, and what any Earth can be:
 Since now your beauty shines, now when the Sunne
 Growne stale, is to so low a value runne,
 That his dishevel'd beames and scattered fires 5
 Serve but for Ladies Periwigs and Tyres
 In lovers Sonnets: you come to repaire
 Gods booke of creatures, teaching what is faire.
 Since now, when all is withered, shrunke, and dri'd,
 All Vertues ebb'd out to a dead low tyde, 10
 All the worlds frame being crumbled into sand,
 Where every man thinks by himselfe to stand,
 Integrity, friendship, and confidence,
 (Ciments of greatnes) being vapor'd hence,
 And narrow man being fill'd with little shares, 15
 Court, Citie, Church, are all shops of small-wares,
 All having blowne to sparkes their noble fire,
 And drawne their sound gold-ingot into wyre;
 All trying by a love of littlenessse
 To make abridgments, and to draw to lesse, 20
 Even that nothing, which at first we were;
 Since in these times, your greatnesse doth appeare,
 And that we learne by it, that man to get
 Towards him that's infinite, must first be great.
 Since in an age so ill, as none is fit 25
 So much as to accuse, much lesse mend it,
 (For who can judge, or witnesse of those times
 Where all alike are guiltie of the crimes?)

To the Countesse &c. 1633-69, *D, H49, Lec*: To the Countess of
 Salisbury. *O'F*: To the Countess of S. *N, TCD* 2 and what 1633,
 1669, *D, H49, Lec*: what 1635 54, *N, O'F, TCD* 16 Court,] Courts,
 1669 17 noble fire,] nobler fire, *O'F* 24 him] him, 1633
 that's 1650-69: that's 1633-39

Where

Where he that would be good, is thought by all
 A monſter, or at beſt fantaſticall; 30
 Since now you durſt be good, and that I doe
 Diſcerne, by daring to contemplate you,
 That there may be degrees of faire, great, good,
 Through your light, largeneſſe, vertue underſtood:
 If in this ſacrifice of mine, be ſhowne 35
 Any ſmall ſparke of theſe, call it your owne.
 And if things like theſe, have been ſaid by mee
 Of others; call not that Idolatrie.
 For had God made man firſt, and man had ſeene
 The third daies fruits, and flowers, and various greene, 40
 He might have ſaid the beſt that he could ſay
 Of thoſe faire creatures, which were made that day;
 And when next day he had admir'd the birth
 Of Sun, Moone, Stars, fairer then late-praiſ'd earth,
 Hee might have ſaid the beſt that he could ſay, 45
 And not be chid for praizing yeſterday;
 So though ſome things are not together true,
 As, that another is worthieſt, and, that you:
 Yet, to ſay ſo, doth not condemne a man,
 If when he ſpoke them, they were both true than. 50
 How faire a prooſe of this, in our ſoule growes?
 Wee firſt have ſoules of growth, and ſenſe, and thoſe,
 When our laſt ſoule, our ſoule immortall came,
 Were ſwallowed into it, and have no name.
 Nor doth he injure thoſe ſoules, which doth caſt 55
 The power and praife of both them, on the laſt;
 No more doe I wrong any; I adore
 The ſame things now, which I ador'd before,
 The ſubject chang'd, and meaſure; the ſame thing
 In a low conſtable, and in the King 60

29-30 *Chambers includes in parenthesis* 30 fantaſticall; *Ed*: fantaſticall: 1633-69 34 light, largeneſſe,] lights largeneſſe, 1669 38
 Idolatrie.] Adulterie: *N, TCD* 40 greene,] greene 1633 42 day;
Ed: day: 1633-69 46 yeſterday; *Ed*: yeſterday: 1633-69 54
 name. 1633-39: name 1654-69 57 any; I adore 1633, *D, Lec, N,*
TCD: any, if I adore 1635-69, *O'F* (if *being inserted*)

I reverence; His power to work on mee:
 So did I humbly reverence each degree
 Of faire, great, good; but more, now I am come
 From having found their *walkes*, to find their *home*.
 And as I owe my first soules thankes, that they 65
 For my last soule did fit and mould my clay,
 So am I debtor unto them, whose worth,
 Enabled me to profit, and take forth
 This new great lesson, thus to study you;
 Which none, not reading others, first, could doe. 70
 Nor lacke I light to read this booke, though I
 In a darke Cave, yea in a Grave doe lie;
 For as your fellow Angells, so you doe
 Illustrate them who come to study you.
 The first whom we in Histories doe finde 75
 To have profest all Arts, was one borne blinde:
 He lackt those eyes beasts have as well as wee,
 Not those, by which Angels are seene and see;
 So, though I'am borne without those eyes to live,
 Which fortune, who hath none her selfe, doth give, 80
 Which are, fit meanes to see bright courts and you,
 Yet may I see you thus, as now I doe;
 I shall by that, all goodnesse have discern'd,
 And though I burne my librarie, be learn'd.

61 mee: *D, N, TCD*: mee; 1633-69
 1633-69 77-8 om. *D, H49, Lec*

63 good; *Ed*: good,

To the Lady Bedford.

YOU that are she and you, that's double shee,
 In her dead face, halfe of your selfe shall see;
 Shee was the other part, for so they doe
 Which build them friendships, become one of two;
 So two, that but themselves no third can fit, 5
 Which were to be so, when they were not yet;
 Twinnes, though their birth *Cusco*, and *Musco* take,
 As divers starres one Constellation make;
 Pair'd like two eyes, have equall motion, so
 Both but one meanes to see, one way to goe. 10
 Had you dy'd first, a carcasfe shee had beene;
 And wee your rich Tombe in her face had seene;
 She like the Soule is gone, and you here stay,
 Not a live friend; but th'other halfe of clay.
 And since you act that part, As men say, here 15
 Lies such a Prince, when but one part is there,
 And do all honour and devotion due
 Unto the whole, so wee all reverence you;
 For, such a friendship who would not adore
 In you, who are all what both were before, 20
 Not all, as if some perished by this,
 But so, as all in you contracted is.
 As of this all, though many parts decay,
 The pure which elemented them shall stay;
 And though diffus'd, and spread in infinite, 25
 Shall recollect, and in one All unite:

To the &c. 1635-69, O'F: Elegie to the Lady Bedford. 1633, Cy, H40,
 L74, N, P, TCD: Elegia Sexta. S: In 1633, Cy, H40, N, TCD it follows, in
 P precedes, the Funerall Elegy Death (p. 284), to which it is apparently
 a covering letter: In L74 it follows the Elegy on the Lady Marckham:
 O'F places it among the Letters, S among the Elegies 1 she and you,
 she, and you 1633-69, Chambers. See note 4 two;] the two; 1669
 6 yet; Ed: yet 1633-39: yet. 1650-69 8 make; Ed: make, 1633-69
 10 goe. Ed: goe; 1633-69 13 stay,] stay 1633-35 th'other]
 th'other 1633 clay. Ed: clay; 1633-69 16 there, Ed: there; 1633-69
 17 honour] honour: 1633 due] due; 1633 20 were] was 1633
 22 as all in you] as in you all O'F: that in you all Cy, H40, L74, N, S
 is. Ed: is; 1633-69

So

So madame, as her Soule to heaven is fled,
 Her flesh rests in the earth, as in the bed;
 Her vertues do, as to their proper spheare,
 Returne to dwell with you, of whom they were: 30
 As perfect motions are all circular,
 So they to you, their sea, whence lesse streames are.
 Shee was all spices, you all metalls; fo
 In you two wee did both rich Indies know.
 And as no fire, nor rust can spend or waste 35
 One dramme of gold, but what was first shall last,
 Though it bee forc'd in water, earth, salt, aire,
 Expans'd in infinite, none will impaire;
 So, to your selfe you may additions take,
 But nothing can you lesse, or changed make. 40
 Seeke not in seeking new, to seeme to doubt,
 That you can match her, or not be without;
 But let some faithfull booke in her roome be,
 Yet but of *Iudith* no such booke as shee.

28 the bed;] a bed; *Cy, H40, L74, N, O'F, S:* her bed; *P* 30
 were:] were; 1633 32 are.] are; 1633 34 know.] know; 1633
 41 doubt, 1633: doubt; 1635-69 42 can] twice in 1633

AN
ANATOMIE
OF THE WORLD.

Wherein,

By occasion of the untimely death of
Mistris ELIZABETH DRVRY,
the frailty and the decay of this
whole World is represented.

The first Anniversary.

To the praise of the dead,
and the ANATOMIE.

WELL dy'd the World, that we might live to see
This world of wit, in his Anatomie:
No evill wants his good; so wilder heires
Bedew their Fathers Tombes, with forced teares,
Whose state requites their losse: whiles thus we gain, 5
Well may wee walke in blacks, but not complaine.
Yet how can I consent the world is dead
While this Muse lives? which in his spirits stead

An Anatomie &c. 1611-33: Anatomie &c. 1635-69 The first
Anniversary. 1612-69: om. 1611. See note To the praise of the
dead &c. 1611-69 (Dead 1611) 8 While] Whiles 1639-69
Seemes

Seemes to informe a World; and bids it bee,
 In spight of losse or fraile mortalitie? 10
 And thou the subject of this welborne thought,
 Thrice noble maid, couldst not have found nor fought
 A fitter time to yeeld to thy sad Fate,
 Then whiles this spirit lives, that can relate
 Thy worth so well to our last Nephews eyne, 15
 That they shall wonder both at his and thine:
 Admired match! where strives in mutuall grace
 The cunning pencill, and the comely face:
 A taske which thy faire goodnesse made too much
 For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch; 20
 Enough is us to praise them that praise thee,
 And say, that but enough those prayses bee,
 Which hadst thou liv'd, had hid their fearfull head
 From th'angry checkings of thy modest red:
 Death barres reward and shame: when envy's gone, 25
 And gaine, 'tis safe to give the dead their owne.
 As then the wise Egyptians wont to lay
 More on their Tombes, then houses: these of clay,
 But those of brasse, or marble were: so wee
 Give more unto thy Ghost, then unto thee. 30
 Yet what wee give to thee, thou gav'st to us,
 And may'st but thanke thy selfe, for being thus:
 Yet what thou gav'st, and wert, O happy maid,
 Thy grace profest all due, where 'tis repayd.
 So these high songs that to thee suited bin 35
 Serve but to sound thy Makers praise, in thine,
 Which thy deare soule as sweetly sings to him
 Amid the Quire of Saints, and Seraphim,
 As any Angels tongue can sing of thee;
 The subjects differ, though the skill agree: 40
 For as by infant-yeares men judge of age,

21 is] it is 1669 25 shame: 1611, 1612-25: shame, 1633-69
 26 gaine, 1633-69: gaine; 1612-25 34 where] were 1621-25 35
 bin 1633-39: bine 1611: bine, 1612-21: bine, 1625: bin, 1650-69 36
 praise, in thine, 1611, 1612-25: praise and thine, 1633-69 38 Quire
 1611, 1612-25: quire 1633-69 39 tongue 1611, 1612-39: tongues
 1650-69 41 infant-yeares 1611, 1621-25: infant yeares 1633-69

Thy early love, thy vertues, did prefage
 What an high part thou bear'st in those best songs,
 Where to no burden, nor no end belongs.
 Sing on thou virgin Soule, whose losfull gaine
 Thy lovesick parents have bewail'd in vaine;
 Never may thy Name be in our songs forgot,
 Till wee shall sing thy ditty and thy note.

An Anatomy of the World.

The first Anniversary.

WHEN that rich Soule which to her heaven is gone,
 Whom all do celebrate, who know they have one,
 (For who is sure he hath a Soule, unlesse
 It see, and judge, and follow worthinesse,
 And by Deedes praise it? hee who doth not this,
 May lodge an In-mate soule, but 'tis not his.)
 When that Queene ended here her progresse time,
 And, as t'her standing house to heaven did climbe,
 Where loath to make the Saints attend her long,
 She's now a part both of the Quire, and Song,
 This World, in that great earthquake languished;
 For in a common bath of teares it bled,
 Which drew the strongest vitall spirits out:
 But succour'd then with a perplexed doubt,
 Whether the world did lose, or gaine in this,
 (Because since now no other way there is,

The entrie
 into the
 worke.

42 vertues, 1611, 1612-25: vertues 1633-69 prefage 1612-25: prefage,
 1633-69 43 What an hie . . . best songs, 1611-12: What hie . . .
 best songs 1621-25: What high . . . best of songs, 1633-69 47 our
 1611, 1612-54: om. 1669 forgot,] forgot. 1621-25

An Anatomy &c. 1611-69 The first Anniversary. 1612-69 (First
 1612-25): om. 1611 2 Whom 1611, 1612-25, 1669: Who 1633: who
 1635-54 5 Deedes 1611, 1612-25: deeds, 1633-69 6 In-mate
 1611-12: Inmate 1621-25: inmate 1633: inmate 1635-69 10 Song,
 1611: Song. 1612-33: Song: 1635-69 14 then 1611, 1612-39:
 them 1650-69 The entrie &c. 1612-21: om. 1625-33: 1611 and
 1635-69 have no notes

But

But goodnesse, to see her, whom all would see,
 All must endeavour to be good as shee,) 20
 This great consumption to a fever turn'd,
 And so the world had fits; it joy'd, it mourn'd;
 And, as men thinke, that Agues physick are,
 And th'Ague being spent, give over care,
 So thou sicke World, mistak'st thy selfe to bee
 Well, when alas, thou'rt in a Lethargie.
 Her death did wound and tame thee than, and than 25
 Thou might'st have better spar'd the Sunne, or Man.
 That wound was deep, but 'tis more misery,
 That thou hast lost thy sense and memory.
 'Twas heavy then to heare thy voyce of mone,
 But this is worse, that thou art speechlesse growne. 30
 Thou hast forgot thy name, thou hadst; thou wast
 Nothing but shee, and her thou hast o'rpast.
 For as a child kept from the Font, untill
 A prince, expected long, come to fulfill
 The ceremonies, thou unnam'd had'st laid, 35
 Had not her comming, thee her Palace made:
 Her name defin'd thee, gave thee forme, and frame,
 And thou forgett'st to celebrate thy name.
 Some moneths she hath beene dead (but being dead,
 Measures of times are all determin'd) 40
 But long she'ath beene away, long, long, yet none
 Offers to tell us who it is that's gone.
 But as in states doubtfull of future heires,
 When sicknesse without remedie empaire
 The present Prince, they're loth it should be said, 45
 The Prince doth languish, or the Prince is dead:
 So mankinde feeling now a generall thaw,
 A strong example gone, equall to law,
 The Cyment which did faithfully compact,
 And glue all vertues, now resolv'd, and slack'd, 50

18 shee, 1611: shee 1612, 1669: shee. 1621-54 22 care, 1611-21:
 care. 1625-33 24 Lethargie.] Letargee. 1611, 1612-25 26
 Man. 1611, 1621-25: man. 1633-69 31 name, 1611, 1612-25: name
 1633-69 33 Font, 1611: Fount, 1612-69 36 Palace 1611-12,
 1621-25: palace 1633-69 40 times 1611, 1612-33: time 1635-69
 48 law, 1612, 1669: law. 1611, 1621-25: law; 1633-54 50 glue]
 give 1650-69

Thought it some blasphemy to say sh'was dead,
 Or that our weaknesse was discovered
 In that confession; therefore spoke no more
 Then tongues, the Soule being gone, the losse deplore.
 But though it be too late to succour thee, 55
 Sicke World, yea, dead, yea putrified, since shee
 Thy'intrinsique balme, and thy preservative,
 Can never be renew'd, thou never live,
 I (since no man can make thee live) will try,
 What wee may gaine by thy Anatomy. 60
 Her death hath taught us dearely, that thou art
 Corrupt and mortall in thy purest part.
 Let no man say, the world it selfe being dead,
 'Tis labour lost to have discovered
 The worlds infirmities, since there is none 65
 Alive to study this dissection;
 For there's a kinde of World remaining still,
 Though shee which did inanimate and fill
 The world, be gone, yet in this last long night,
 Her Ghost doth walke; that is, a glimmering light, 70
 A faint weake love of vertue, and of good,
 Reflects from her, on them which understood
 Her worth; and though she have shut in all day,
 The twilight of her memory doth stay;
 Which, from the carcasse of the old world, free, 75
 Creates a new world, and new creatures bee
 Produc'd: the matter and the stufte of this,
 Her vertue, and the forme our practice is:
 And though to be thus elemented, arme
 These creatures, from home-borne intrinsique harme, 80
 (For all assum'd unto this dignitie,
 So many weedlesse Paradises bee,
 Which of themselves produce no venomous sinne,
 Except some forraine Serpent bring it in)

*What life
 the world
 hath stil.*

What life &c. 1612-21: om. 1625-33 70 walke; 1611, 1612-25:
 walke, 1633-69 71 good, 1633: good 1612-25, 1635-69 75 old
 world, free, 1611-12, 1633-69: old world, free 1621-25 79 though]
 thought 1621-33 80 home-borne] homborne 1611, 1621-25:
 homeborne 1633-69

	Yet, because outward stormes the strongest breake,	85
	And strength it selfe by confidence growes weake,	
	This new world may be safer, being told	
<i>The sicknesses of the World</i>	The dangers and diseases of the old:	
	For with due temper men doe then forgoe,	
	Or covet things, when they their true worth know.	90
<i>Impossibili- ty of health</i>	There is no health; Physitians say that wee,	
	At best, enjoy but a neutralitie.	
	And can there bee worse sickness, then to know	
	That we are never well, nor can be so?	
	Wee are borne ruinous: poore mothers cry,	95
	That children come not right, nor orderly;	
	Except they headlong come and fall upon	
	An ominous precipitation.	
	How witty's ruine! how importunate	
	Upon mankinde! it labour'd to frustrate	100
	Even Gods purpose; and made woman, sent	
	For mans reliefe, cause of his languishment.	
	They were to good ends, and they are so still,	
	But accessory, and principall in ill;	
	For that first marriage was our funerall:	105
	One woman at one blow, then kill'd us all,	
	And singly, one by one, they kill us now.	
	We doe delightfully our selves allow	
	To that consumption; and profusely blinde,	
	Wee kill our selves to propagate our kinde.	110
	And yet we do not that; we are not men:	
	There is not now that mankinde, which was then,	
	When as, the Sunne and man did seeme to strive,	
<i>Shortnesse of life.</i>	(Joynt tenants of the world) who should survive;	
	When, Stagge, and Raven, and the long-liv'd tree,	115
	Compar'd with man, dy'd in minoritie;	

85 Yet, 1612-25: Yet 1633-69 *The sicknesses &c.* 1612: *The sicknesses &c.* 1621: *The sicknesses &c.* 1625-33 89 then] them 1650-69
 99 ruine! *Ed:* ruine? 1611, 1612-25: ruine, 1633-69 100 mankinde!
Ed: mankinde? 1611, 1612-69 113 When as, the Sunne and man
 1633-39: no commas 1650-69: When as the Sunne and man, 1611,
 1612-25 114 survive; 1650-69: survive. 1611, 1612-39 116
 minoritie; 1650-69: minoritee. 1611, 1621-25: minoritie, 1633-39

When,

When, if a flow pac'd starre had stolne away
 From the observers marking, he might stay
 Two or three hundred yeares to see't againe,
 And then make up his observation plaine; 120
 When, as the age was long, the life was great;
 Mans growth confes'd, and recompenc'd the meat;
 So spacious and large, that every Soule
 Did a faire Kingdome, and large Realme controule:
 And when the very stature, thus erect, 125
 Did that soule a good way towards heaven direct.
 Where is this mankinde now? who lives to age,
 Fit to be made *Methusalem* his page?
 Alas, we scarce live long enough to try
 Whether a true made clocke run right, or lie. 130
 Old Grandfires talke of yesterday with sorrow,
 And for our children wee reserve to morrow.
 So short is life, that every peasant strives,
 In a torne house, or field, to have three lives.
 And as in lasting, so in length is man 135
 Contracted to an inch, who was a spanne;
 For had a man at first in forrests stray'd,
 Or shipwrack'd in the Sea, one would have laid
 A wager, that an Elephant, or Whale,
 That met him, would not hastily assaile 140
 A thing so equall to him: now alas,
 The Fairies, and the Pigmies well may passe
 As credible; mankinde decays so soone,
 We're scarce our Fathers shadowes cast at noone:
 Onely death addes t'our length: nor are wee growne 145
 In stature to be men, till we are none.
 But this were light, did our lesse volume hold
 All the old Text; or had wee chang'd to gold
 Their silver; or dispos'd into lesse glasse
 Spirits of vertue, which then scatter'd was. 150

*Smalnesse
 of stature.*

131 Grandfires 1611, 1612-21: Granfires 1625-69 sorrow,
 1611-21: sorrow. 1625: sorrow: 1633-69 133 peasant 1611, 1612-25:
 peasant 1633-69 134 lives. 1611, 1633: lives 1612: lives, 1621-25
 135 man 1611: man. 1612-25: man, 1633-69 145 addes 1611-21:
 adds 1635-69: ads 1625, 1633 149 silver; 1611-12: silver
 1621-25: silver, 1633-69 150 scatter'd] scattred 1612-25

But

But 'tis not so: w'are not retir'd, but damp't;
 And as our bodies, so our mindes are crampt:
 'Tis shrinking, not close weaving that hath thus,
 In minde, and body both bedwarfed us.
 Wee seeme ambitious, Gods whole worke t'undoe; 155
 Of nothing hee made us, and we strive too,
 To bring our selves to nothing backe; and wee
 Doe what wee can, to do't so soone as hee.
 With new diseases on our selves we warre,
 And with new Physicke, a worse Engin farre. 160
 Thus man, this worlds Vice-Emperour, in whom
 All faculties, all graces are at home;
 And if in other creatures they appeare,
 They're but mans Ministers, and Legats there,
 To worke on their rebellions, and reduce 165
 Them to Civility, and to mans use:
 This man, whom God did wooe, and loth t'attend
 Till man came up, did downe to man descend,
 This man, so great, that all that is, is his,
 Oh what a trifle, and poore thing he is! 170
 If man were any thing, he's nothing now:
 Helpe, or at least some time to waite, allow
 T'his other wants, yet when he did depart
 With her whom we lament, hee lost his heart.
 She, of whom th'Ancients seem'd to prophesie, 175
 When they call'd vertues by the name of *shee*;
 Shee in whom vertue was so much refin'd,
 That for Allay unto so pure a minde
 Shee tooke the weaker Sex; shee that could drive
 The poysonous tincture, and the staine of *Eve*, 180
 Out of her thoughts, and deeds; and purifie
 All, by a true religious Alchymie;

152 bodies, 1611-25: bodies 1633-39 153 close weaving
 1633-69: close-weaning 1611-12: close weaning 1621-25 161 Thus
 man, 1611, 1612-33: This man, 1635-69, *Chambers* 166 use:]
 use. 1611, 1621-33 167 t'attend] t'attend 1633 169 man, 1611:
 man 1612-69 171 any thing, 1611-12: any thing; 1621-33 172
 waite, 1633: waite 1611: waste, 1635-69 178 Allay 1611, 1612-25:
 allay 1633-69 179 Sex; 1611: Sex, 1621-25: Sex: 1633-69
 181 thoughts, 1611-12, 1635-69: thought, 1621-33

Shee,

Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead: when thou knowest this,
 Thou knowest how poore a trifling thing man is.
 And learn'ſt thus much by our Anatomie, 185
 The heart being perish'd, no part can be free.
 And that except thou feed (not banquet) on
 The supernaturall food, Religion,
 Thy better Growth growes withered, and scant;
 Be more then man, or thou'rt lesse then an Ant. 190
 Then, as mankinde, so is the worlds whole frame
 Quite out of joynt, almost created lame:
 For, before God had made up all the rest,
 Corruption entred, and deprav'd the best:
 It seisd the Angels, and then first of all 195
 The world did in her cradle take a fall,
 And turn'd her braines, and tooke a generall maime,
 Wronging each joynt of th'universall frame.
 The noblest part, man, felt it first; and than
 Both beaſts and plants, curst in the curse of man. 200
 So did the world from the first houre decay,
 That evening was beginning of the day,
 And now the Springs and Sommers which we see,
 Like sonnes of women after fiftie bee.
 And new Philosophy calls all in doubt, 205
 The Element of fire is quite put out;
 The Sun is lost, and th'earth, and no mans wit
 Can well direct him where to looke for it.
 And freely men confesse that this world's spent,
 When in the Planets, and the Firmament 210
 They seeke so many new; they see that this
 Is crumbled out againe to his Atomies.
 'Tis all in peeces, all cohaerence gone;
 All just supply, and all Relation:

200 Decay of
 nature in
 other parts.

183 Shee, shee 1611, 1612-25: She, she 1633-69 186 no]
 no no 1621 188 Religion, 1611, 1650-69: Religion. 1612-25:
 Religion: 1633-39 189 Growth 1611: growth 1612-25: growth
 1633-69 withered] whithered 1621-25 191 Then, 1611,
 1621-25: Then 1633-69 195 Angels, 1612-69: Angells: 1611
 200 man. 1611, 1612-25: man, 1633-39: man: 1650-69 210
 Firmament 1611-12: firmament 1621-69 212 Atomies.] Atomis.
 1611, 1612-25 213 cohaerence 1611, 1612-25: coherence 1633-69
 Prince

Prince, Subject, Father, Sonne, are things forgot, 215
 For every man alone thinkes he hath got
 To be a Phœnix, and that then can bee
 None of that kinde, of which he is, but hee.
 This is the worlds condition now, and now
 She that should all parts to reunion bow, 220
 She that had all Magnetique force alone,
 To draw, and fasten fundred parts in one;
 She whom wise nature had invented then
 When she observ'd that every sort of men
 Did in their voyage in this worlds Sea stray, 225
 And needed a new compasse for their way;
 She that was best, and first originall
 Of all faire copies, and the generall
 Steward to Fate; she whose rich eyes, and breſt
 Guilt the West Indies, and perfum'd the East; 230
 Whose having breath'd in this world, did bestow
 Spice on those Iles, and bad them still smell so,
 And that rich Indie which doth gold interre,
 Is but as single money, coyn'd from her:
 She to whom this world muſt it ſelfe refer, 235
 As Suburbs, or the Microcoſme of her,
 Shee, ſhee is dead; ſhee's dead: when thou knowſt this,
 Thou knowſt how lame a cripple this world is.
 And learn'ſt thus much by our Anatomy,
 That this worlds generall ſickenefſe doth not lie 240
 In any humour, or one certaine part;
 But as thou ſaweſt it rotten at the heart,
 Thou ſeeſt a Heſtique feaver hath got hold
 Of the whole ſubſtance, not to be contrould,
 And that thou haſt but one way, not t'admit 245
 The worlds infection, to be none of it.
 For the worlds ſubtilſt immateriall parts

217 then 1611, 1612-69: there Grosart, who with Chambers attributes to
 1669 223 invented] innented 1621 228 copies, 1633-69: copies;
 1611-12: copies 1621-25 229 Fate; 1612-69: Fate: 1611 breſt
 1611: breſt: 1612-25: breſt, 1633 230 West Indies, 1611: West-
 Indies, 1621-69 East; 1611: East, 1621-69 234 money, 1611-21:
 money 1625-69 237 knowſt 1611: knoweſt 1612-69: and ſo in 238
 237 this,] this 1633-35 238 is. 1611, 1612-33: is, 1635-69 244
 contrould,] contrould. 1611, 1612-25

Feele this confuming wound, and ages darts.
 For the worlds beauty is decal'd, or gone,
 Beauty, that's colour, and proportion.
 We thinke the heavens enjoy their Sphericall,
 Their round proportion embracing all.
 But yet their various and perplexed course,
 Observ'd in divers ages, doth enforce
 Men to finde out so many Eccentrique parts,
 Such divers downe-right lines, such overthwarts,
 As disproportion that pure forme: It teares
 The Firmament in eight and forty sheires,
 And in these Constellations then arise
 New starres, and old doe vanish from our eyes:
 As though heav'n suffered earthquakes, peace or war,
 When new Towers rise, and old demolish't are.
 They have impal'd within a Zodiake
 The free-borne Sun, and keepe twelve Signes awake
 To watch his steps; the Goat and Crab controule,
 And fright him backe, who else to either Pole
 (Did not these Tropiques fetter him) might runne:
 For his course is not round; nor can the Sunne
 Perfit a Circle, or maintaine his way
 One inch direct; but where he rose to-day
 He comes no more, but with a couzening line,
 Steales by that point, and so is Serpentine:
 And seeming weary with his reeling thus,
 He meanes to sleepe, being now false nearer us.
 So, of the Starres which boast that they doe runne
 In Circle still, none ends where he begun.
 All their proportion's lame, it sinkes, it swels.
 For of Meridians, and Parallels,
 Man hath weav'd out a net, and this net throwne
 Upon the Heavens, and now they are his owne.
 Loth to goe up the hill, or labour thus
 To goe to heaven, we make heaven come to us.
 We spur, we reine the starres, and in their race

250 *Disformity
of parts.*

255

260

265

270

275

280

251 Sphericall, 1650-69: Sphericall 1611, 1612-39 252 all. 1611,
 1612-25: all, 1633-69 257 forme: 1633-69: forme. 1611, 1612-25
 258 sheires, 1633-35: sheeres, 1611, 1612-25: shieres, 1639-69 267
 Tropiques 1611, 1612-25: tropiques 1633-69 273 with] of 1635-69
 They're

They're diversly content t'obey our pace.
 But keeps the earth her round proportion still? 285
 Doth not a Tenarif, or higher Hill
 Rise so high like a Rocke, that one might thinke
 The floating Moone would shipwracke there, and sinke?
 Seas are so deepe, that Whales being strooke to day,
 Perchance to morrow, scarfe at middle way 290
 Of their wish'd journies end, the bottome, die.
 And men, to found depths, so much line untie,
 As one might justly thinke, that there would rise
 At end thereof, one of th'Antipodies:
 If under all, a Vault infernall bee, 295
 (Which sure is spacious, except that we
 Invent another torment, that there must
 Millions into a straight hot roome be thrust)
 Then solidnesse, and roundnesse have no place.
 Are these but warts, and pock-holes in the face 300
 Of th'earth? Thinke so: but yet confesse, in this
 The worlds proportion disfigured is;
 That those two legges whereon it doth rely,
 Reward and punishment are bent awry.
 And, Oh, it can no more be questioned, 305
 That beauties best, proportion, is dead,
 Since even grieve it selfe, which now alone
 Is left us, is without proportion.
 Shee by whose lines proportion should bee
 Examin'd, measure of all Symmetree, 310
 Whom had that Ancient seen, who thought foules made
 Of Harmony, he would at next have said
 That Harmony was shee, and thence infer,
 That foules were but Resultances from her,
 And did from her into our bodies goe, 315

*Disorder in
the world.*

284 pace.] peace. 1612-33 286 Tenarif, 1611, 1612-25: Tenarus
 1633-69 Hill 1611, 1612-25: hill 1633-69 288 there, 1611,
 1612-21: there 1625-69 289 strooke 1611, 1612-25: strucke 1633-69
 290 to morrow, 1611, 1612-25: to morrow 1633-69 295 Vault
 1611, 1612-25: vault 1633-69 298 straight] strait 1611-25 300
 pock-holes] pockholes 1633-69 301 th'earth?] th'earth; 1633 306
 beauties best, proportion, 1611, 1612-39: beauty's best proportion *Chambers*:
 1650-69 drop the second comma 313 infer, 1611-12: infer. 1621-25:
 infer 1633-69

As to our eyes, the formes from objects flow :
 Shee, who if those great Doctors truly said
 That the Arke to mans proportions was made,
 Had been a type for that, as that might be
 A type of her in this, that contrary 320
 Both Elements, and Passions liv'd at peace
 In her, who caus'd all Civill war to cease.
 Shee, after whom, what forme so'er we see,
 Is discord, and rude incongruitie ;
 Shee, shee is dead, shee's dead ; when thou know'st this 325
 Thou know'st how ugly a monster this world is :
 And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,
 That here is nothing to enamour thee :
 And that, not only faults in inward parts,
 Corruptions in our braines, or in our hearts, 330
 Poysoning the fountaines, whence our actions spring,
 Endanger us : but that if every thing
 Be not done fitly and in proportion,
 To satisfie wife, and good lookers on,
 (Since most men be such as most thinke they bee) 335
 They're lothsome too, by this Deformitee.
 For good, and well, must in our actions meete ;
 Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet.
 But beauties other second Element,
 Colour, and lustre now, is as neere spent. 340
 And had the world his just proportion,
 Were it a ring still, yet the stone is gone.
 As a compassionate Turcoyse which doth tell
 By looking pale, the wearer is not well,
 As gold falls sicke being stung with Mercury, 345
 All the worlds parts of such complexion bee.
 When nature was most busie, the first weeke,
 Swadling the new borne earth, God seem'd to like
 That she should sport her selfe sometimes, and play,

318 proportions 1611-12 : proportion 1621-69 321 Elements,
 1611-12 : Elements 1621-69 325 Shee, shee 1611, 1612-25 : She, she
 1633-69 shee's] she's 1633-69 know'st 1611 : knowest 1612-25 :
 know'st 1633-69 326 know'st 1611, 1612-25 : knowest 1633-69
 336 Deformitee. 1611, 1612-25 : deformitie. 1633-69

To mingle, and vary colours every day : 350
 And then, as though shee could not make inow,
 Himselfe his various Rainbow did allow.
 Sight is the noblest sense of any one,
 Yet sight hath only colour to feed on,
 And colour is decay'd: summers robe grows 355
 Duskie, and like an oft dyed garment shewes.
 Our blushing red, which us'd in cheekes to spread,
 Is inward funke, and only our soules are red.
 Perchance the world might have recovered,
 If she whom we lament had not beene dead : 360
 But shee, in whom all white, and red, and blew
 (Beauties ingredients) voluntary grew,
 As in an unvest Paradise; from whom
 Did all things verdure, and their lustre come,
 Whose composition was miraculous, 365
 Being all colour, all Diaphanous,
 (For Ayre, and Fire but thick grosse bodies were,
 And liveliest stones but drowsie, and pale to her,)
 Shee, shee, is dead; shee's dead: when thou know'st this,
 Thou know'st how wan a Ghost this our world is : 370
 And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,
 That it should more affright, then pleasure thee.
 And that, since all faire colour then did sinke,
 'Tis now but wicked vanitie, to thinke
 To colour vicious deeds with good pretence, 375
 Or with bought colors to illude mens sense.
 Nor in ought more this worlds decay appeares,
 Then that her influence the heav'n forbears,
 Or that the Elements doe not feele this,
 The father, or the mother barren is. 380
 The cloudes conceive not raine, or doe not powre,
 In the due birth time, downe the balmy shewre;

*Weaknesse in
 the want of
 correspondence
 of heaven and
 earth.*

351 inow, 1611, 1612-25: enough, 1633: enow, 1635-69 352
 allow.] allow, 1621-33 366 Diaphanous, 1611, 1612-25: diaphanous,
 1633-69 369 Shee, shee, 1611, 1612-25 (shee 1625): She, she
 1633-69 (but Shee, 1633, in *pass-over word*) 370 know'st 1611:
 knowest 1621-69 374 vanitie, to thinke 1633-69: vanity to think,
 1611, 1612-25 379-80 feele this, . . . barren is. 1611, 1612-69: feele
 this. . . barren is; *Chambers. See note*

Th'Ayre

Th'Ayre doth not motherly fit on the earth,
 To hatch her seasons, and give all things birth;
 Spring-times were common cradles, but are tombes; 385
 And false-conceptions fill the generall wombes;
 Th'Ayre shoves such Meteors, as none can see,
 Not only what they meane, but what they bee;
 Earth such new wormes, as would have troubled much
 Th'Ægyptian *Mages* to have made more such. 390
 What Artift now dares boast that he can bring
 Heaven hither, or constellate any thing,
 So as the influence of those starres may bee
 Imprison'd in an Hearbe, or Charme, or Tree,
 And doe by touch, all which those stars could doe? 395
 The art is lost, and correspondence too.
 For heaven gives little, and the earth takes lesse,
 And man least knowes their trade and purposes.
 If this commerce twixt heaven and earth were not
 Embarr'd, and all this traffique quite forgot, 400
 She, for whose losse we have lamented thus,
 Would worke more fully, and pow'rfully on us:
 Since herbes, and roots, by dying lose not all,
 But they, yea Ashes too, are medicinall,
 Death could not quench her vertue so, but that 405
 It would be (if not follow'd) wondred at:
 And all the world would be one dying Swan,
 To sing her funerall praise, and vanish than.
 But as some Serpents poyson hurteth not,
 Except it be from the live Serpent shot, 410
 So doth her vertue need her here, to fit
 That unto us; shee working more then it.
 But shee, in whom to such maturity
 Vertue was growne, past growth, that it must die;
 She, from whose influence all Impressions came, 415
 But, by Receivers impotencies, lame,

383 Th'Ayre 1611, 1612-21: Th'ayre 1625-69 387 Th'Ayre
 1611: Th'ayre 1612-69 390 *Mages*] No change of type, 1611-12
 394 Charme, 1611-21: Charme 1625-54 404 Ashes 1611, 1612-25:
 ashes 1633-69 407 Swan, 1611, 1612-25: swan, 1633-69 415
 Impressions 1611: Impression 1612-25: impression 1633-69 416 But,
 1611: But 1621-69 Receivers 1611-12: rest no capital

Who,

Who, though she could not transubstantiate
 All states to gold, yet gilded every state,
 So that some Princes have some temperance;
 Some Counsellors some purpose to advance 420
 The common profit; and some people have
 Some stay, no more then Kings should give, to crave;
 Some women have some taciturnity,
 Some nunneries some graines of chastitie.
 She that did thus much, and much more could doe, 425
 But that our age was Iron, and rustie too,
 Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead; when thou knowst this,
 Thou knowst how drie a Cinder this world is.
 And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
 That 'tis in vaine to dew, or mollifie 430
 It with thy teares, or sweate, or blood: nothing
 Is worth our travaile, grieve, or perishing,
 But those rich joyes, which did possesse her heart,
 Of which she's now partaker, and a part.
Conclusion. But as in cutting up a man that's dead, 435
 The body will not last out, to have read
 On every part, and therefore men direct
 Their speech to parts, that are of most effect;
 So the worlds carcasle would not last, if I
 Were punctuall in this Anatomy; 440
 Nor smels it well to hearers, if one tell
 Them their disease, who faine would think they're well.
 Here therefore be the end: And, blessed maid,
 Of whom is meant what ever hath been said,
 Or shall be spoken well by any tongue, 445
 Whose name refines course lines, and makes prose song,
 Accept this tribute, and his first yeares rent,
 Who till his darke short tapers end be spent,
 As oft as thy feast sees this widowed earth,
 Will yearely celebrate thy second birth, 450
 That is, thy death; for though the soule of man
 Be got when man is made, 'tis borne but than

421 have] have, 1633 427 is dead;] is dead, 1633-69 shee's
 dead; 1611-25: she's dead; 1633-69 431 nothing] no thing 1611-21
 442 they're] thy're 1633 443 And, 1611, 1612-25: and, 1633-69
When

When man doth die; our body's as the wombe,
 And, as a Mid-wife, death directs it home.
 And you her creatures, whom she workes upon, 455
 And have your last, and best concoction
 From her example, and her vertue, if you
 In reverence to her, do thinke it due,
 That no one should her praises thus rehearse,
 As matter fit for Chronicle, not verse; 460
 Vouchsafe to call to minde that God did make
 A last, and lasting't peece, a song. He spake
 To *Moses* to deliver unto all,
 That song, because hee knew they would let fall
 The Law, the Prophets, and the History, 465
 But keepe the song still in their memory:
 Such an opinion (in due measure) made
 Me this great Office boldly to invade:
 Nor could incomprehensiblenesse deterre
 Mee, from thus trying to emprison her, 470
 Which when I saw that a strict grave could doe,
 I saw not why verse might not do so too.
 Verse hath a middle nature: heaven keepes Soules,
 The Grave keepes bodies, Verse the Fame enroules.

A Funerall ELEGIE.

'TIs lost, to trust a Tombe with such a guest,
 Or to confine her in a marble cheft.
 Alas, what's Marble, Jeat, or Porphyrie,
 Priz'd with the Chrysolite of either eye,
 Or with those Pearles, and Rubies, which she was? 5
 Joyne the two Indies in one Tombe, 'tis glasse;
 And so is all to her materials,
 Though every inch were ten Escurials,

467 (in due measure) 1611, 1612-25 (but 1625 drops second bracket): commas
 1633-69 468 Office 1611, 1612-25: office 1633-69 473
 nature: 1611-25: nature, 1633-69

A Funerall ELEGIE. 1611, 1612-69: whole poem printed in italics
 1612-25: in roman 1611 1 lost, 1611, 1612-25: lost 1633: losse
 1635-69 2 cheft. 1611-21: cheft, 1625-69 8 Escurials,]
 escurials. 1611-25

Yet she's demolish'd: can wee keepe her then
 In works of hands, or of the wits of men? 10
 Can these memorials, ragges of paper, give
 Life to that name, by which name they must live?
 Sickly, alas, short-liv'd, aborted bee
 Those carcasfe verses, whose foule is not shee.
 And can shee, who no longer would be shee, 15
 Being such a Tabernacle, stoop to be
 In paper wrapt; or, when shee would not lie
 In such a house, dwell in an Elegie?
 But 'tis no matter; wee may well allow
 Verse to live so long as the world will now, 20
 For her death wounded it. The world contains
 Princes for armes, and Counsellors for braines,
 Lawyers for tongues, Divines for hearts, and more,
 The Rich for stomackes, and for backes, the Poore;
 The Officers for hands, Merchants for feet, 25
 By which, remote and distant Countries meet.
 But those fine spirits which do tune, and set
 This Organ, are those peeces which beget
 Wonder and love; and these were shee; and shee
 Being spent, the world must needs decrepit bee; 30
 For since death will proceed to triumph still,
 He can finde nothing, after her, to kill,
 Except the world it selfe, so great as shee.
 Thus brave and confident may Nature bee,
 Death cannot give her such another blow, 35
 Because shee cannot such another show.
 But must wee say she's dead? may't not be said
 That as a fundred clocke is peecemeale laid,
 Not to be lost, but by the makers hand
 Repollish'd, without errour then to stand, 40
 Or as the Affrique Niger streame enwombs

13 aborted 1611, 1612-33: abortive 1635-69 17 or, 1612-25: or
 1633-69 18 a] an 1635-69 22-5 Princes, Counsellors &c. all in
 capitals except Officers 1611, 1612-25: later editions erratic 24 backes,
 1611: backes 1612-25: backs 1633-69 Poore] spelt Pore 1611-12
 28. peeces] peeces, 1633-69 30 1625 inserts marginal note, Smalnesse
 of stature. See p. 235 33 as 1611-21: om. 1625: was 1633-69

It felfe into the earth, and after comes
 (Having firft made a naturall bridge, to paffe
 For many leagues) farre greater then it was,
 May't not be faid, that her grave fhall reftore
 Her, greater, purer, firmer, then before? 45
 Heaven may fay this, and joy in't, but can wee
 Who live, and lacke her, here this vantage fee?
 What is't to us, alas, if there have beene
 An Angell made a Throne, or Cherubin? 50
 Wee lofe by't: and as aged men are glad
 Being tafteleffe growne, to joy in joyes they had,
 So now the fick ftarv'd world muft feed upon
 This joy, that we had her, who now is gone.
 Rejoyce then Nature, and this World, that you, 55
 Fearing the laft fires haftning to fubdue
 Your force and vigour, ere it were neere gone,
 Wifely beftow'd and laid it all on one.
 One, whose cleare body was fo pure and thinne,
 Because it need difguife no thought within. 60
 'Twas but a through-light fcarfe, her minde t'inroule;
 Or exhalation breath'd out from her Soule.
 One, whom all men who durft no more, admir'd:
 And whom, who ere had worth enough, defir'd;
 As when a Temple's built, Saints emulate 65
 To which of them, it fhall be confecrate.
 But, as when heaven lookes on us with new eyes,
 Thofe new ftarres every Artift exercife,
 What place they fhould affigne to them they doubt,
 Argue, and agree not, till thofe ftarres goe out: 70
 So the world ftudied whose this peece fhould be,
 Till fhee can be no bodies elfe, nor fhee:
 But like a Lampe of Balfamum, defir'd
 Rather t'adorne, then laft, fhe foone expir'd,
 Cloath'd in her virgin white integritie, 75

47 in't,] in't; 1612-21: in'ts, 1625 48 her, here 1611, 1612-25:
 her, here, 1633: her here, 1635-69 58 one. 1612-25: one; 1633-69
 64 worth] worke 1633 74 expir'd, 1633-69: expir'd; 1611, 1612-25
 75 integritie, 1633-69: integritie; 1611-25

For marriage, though it doe not staine, doth dye.
 To scape th'infirmities which wait upon
 Woman, she went away, before sh'was one;
 And the worlds busie noyse to overcome,
 Tooke so much death, as serv'd for *opium*; 80
 For though she could not, nor could chuse to dye,
 She'ath yeelded to too long an extasie:
 Hee which not knowing her said History,
 Should come to reade the booke of destiny,
 How faire, and chaste, humble, and high she'ad been, 85
 Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fifteene,
 And measuring future things, by things before,
 Should turne the leafe to reade, and reade no more,
 Would thinke that either destiny mistooke,
 Or that some leaves were torne out of the booke. 90
 But 'tis not so; Fate did but usher her
 To yeares of reasons use, and then inferre
 Her destiny to her selfe, which liberty
 She tooke but for thus much, thus much to die.
 Her modestie not suffering her to bee 95
 Fellow-Commissioner with Destinie,
 She did no more but die; if after her
 Any shall live, which dare true good prefer,
 Every such person is her deligate,
 T'accomplish that which should have beene her Fate. 100
 They shall make up that Booke and shall have thanks
 Of Fate, and her, for filling up their blankes.
 For future vertuous deeds are Legacies,
 Which from the gift of her example rise;
 And 'tis in heav'n part of spirituall mirth, 105
 To see how well the good play her, on earth.

76 it doe 1611, 1612-25: it doth 1633-69 dye. 1611, 1612-69 (*spelt*
die 1633-69): *Chambers closes the sentence at 74 expir'd and prints 75-7*
thus— Clothed in her virgin white integrity

—For marriage, though it doth not stain, doth dye—
 To 'scape &c.

83 said 1611, 1612-33: sad 1635-69 94 tooke 1611, 1612-25:
 tooke, 1633-69 98 prefer, 1611, 1612-25: prefer; 1633-69

OF THE
P R O G R E S S E
OF THE SOULE.

Wherein,

By occasion of the Religious death of
Mistris ELIZABETH DRVRY,
the incommodities of the Soule in
this life, and her exaltation in
the next, are contemplated.

The second Anniverfary.

The Harbinger to the
P R O G R E S S E.

TWO Soules move here, and mine (a third) must move
Paces of admiration, and of love;
Thy Soule (deare virgin) whose this tribute is,
Mov'd from this mortall Spheare to lively blisse;
And yet moves still, and still aspires to see
The worlds last day, thy glories full degree: 5
Like as those starres which thou o'r-lookest farre,

Of the Progresse &c. 1612-69: The second Anniverfary. 1612-69
(in 1612-21 it stands at head of page)

The Harbinger &c.] In 1612-25 this poem printed in italics

Are in their place, and yet still moved are :
 No foule (whiles with the luggage of this clay
 It clogged is) can follow thee halfe way ; 10
 Or see thy flight, which doth our thoughts outgoe
 So fast, that now the lightning moves but slow :
 But now thou art as high in heaven flowne
 As heaven's from us ; what foule besides thine owne
 Can tell thy joyes, or say he can relate 15
 Thy glorious Journals in that blessed state ?
 I envie thee (Rich foule) I envy thee,
 Although I cannot yet thy glory see :
 And thou (great spirit) which hers follow'd hast
 So fast, as none can follow thine so fast ; 20
 So far, as none can follow thine so farre,
 (And if this flesh did not the passage barre
 Hadst caught her) let me wonder at thy flight
 Which long agoe hadst lost the vulgar sight,
 And now mak'st proud the better eyes, that they 25
 Can see thee less'n'd in thine ayery way ;
 So while thou mak'st her foule by progresse knowne
 Thou mak'st a noble progresse of thine owne,
 From this worlds carkasse having mounted high
 To that pure life of immortalitie ; 30
 Since thine aspiring thoughts themselves so raise
 That more may not beseeme a creatures praise,
 Yet still thou vow'st her more ; and every yeare
 Mak'st a new progresse, while thou wandrest here ;
 Still upward mount ; and let thy Makers praise 35
 Honor thy Laura, and adorne thy laies.
 And since thy Muse her head in heaven shrouds,
 Oh let her never stoope below the clouds :
 And if those glorious fainted soules may know
 Or what wee doe, or what wee sing below, 40
 Those acts, those songs shall still content them best
 Which praise those awfull Powers that make them blest.

8 are :] are 1612-25 12 that now] as now 1635-69, *Chambers* 27
 foule] foules 1612 28 owne, 1635-69: owne. 1612-33 34 while]
 whilst 1669 35 upward] upwards 1612

OF THE PROGRESSE OF THE SOULE.

The second Anniverfarie.

Nothing could make me sooner to confesse
That this world had an everlastingnesse,
Then to consider, that a yeare is runne,
Since both this lower world's, and the Sunnes Sunne,
The Lustre, and the vigor of this All, 5
Did set; 'twere blasphemie to say, did fall.
But as a ship which hath strooke faile, doth runne
By force of that force which before, it wonne:
Or as sometimes in a beheaded man,
Though at those two Red seas, which freely ranne, 10
One from the Trunke, another from the Head,
His soule be fail'd, to her eternall bed,
His eyes will twinckle, and his tongue will roll,
As though he beckned, and cal'd backe his soule,
He graspes his hands, and he pulls up his feet, 15
And seemes to reach, and to step forth to meet
His soule; when all these motions which we saw,
Are but as Ice, which crackles at a thaw:
Or as a Lute, which in moist weather, rings
Her knell alone, by cracking of her strings: 20
So struggles this dead world, now shee is gone;
For there is motion in corruption.

The entrance.¹

¹ *The entrance.* 1612-21: om. 1625-33: no notes, 1635-69 5 All,
1612: all, 1625-69 10 Though] Through 1612-25 12 be fail'd,
he fail'd, 1621-33 13 twinckle] twincke 1625 20 strings: Ed:
strings. 1612-69

As

As some daies are at the Creation nam'd,
 Before the Sunne, the which fram'd daies, was fram'd,
 So after this Sunne's fet, some shew appeares, 25
 And orderly vicissitude of yeares.
 Yet a new Deluge, and of *Lethe* flood,
 Hath drown'd us all, All have forgot all good,
 Forgetting her, the maine reserve of all.
 Yet in this deluge, grosse and generall, 30
 Thou seest me strive for life; my life shall bee,
 To be hereafter prais'd, for praying thee;
 Immortall Maid, who though thou would'st refuse
 The name of Mother, be unto my Muse
 A Father, since her chaste Ambition is, 35
 Yearely to bring forth such a child as this.
 These Hymnes may worke on future wits, and so
 May great Grand children of thy prayes grow.
 And so, though not revive, embalme and spice
 The world, which else would putrifie with vice. 40
 For thus, Man may extend thy progeny,
 Untill man doe but vanish, and not die.
 These Hymnes thy issue, may encrease so long,
 As till Gods great *Venite* change the song.
 Thirst for that time, O my insatiate soule, 45
 And serve thy thirst, with Gods safe-sealing Bowle.
 Be thirstie still, and drinke still till thou goe
 To th'only Health, to be Hydroptique so.
 Forget this rotten world; And unto thee
 Let thine owne times as an old storie bee. 50
 Be not concern'd: studie not why, nor when;
 Doe not so much as not beleieve a man.
 For though to erre, be worst, to try truths forth,

A iust dis-
estimation¹ of
this world.

23 are *Ed*: are, 1612-69 24 was fram'd, 1612-25: was fram'd:
 1633-69 27 Deluge, 1612-25: deluge, 1633-69 29 all. *Ed*: all,
 1612-33: all; 1635-69 33 Maid, 1612-25, 1669: maid, 1633-54
 35 is, 1612-25: is 1633-69 43 thy] they 1621-25 issue,
 1612-33: issue 1635-69. See note ¹ *dise/limation*] *estimation* 1625
 46 safe-sealing] safe-sealing 1621-39 47 goe] goe; 1612-25 48
 Health, 1612-33: Health; 1635-69, *Chambers and Grolier* so. 1612-21:
 so, 1625-69, *Chambers and Grolier*. See note 50 bee. *Ed*: bee 1612-35:
 bee, 1639-69 51 why, 1612-21: why 1625-69 nor] or 1669

Is far more businesse, then this world is worth.
 The world is but a carkasse; thou art fed 55
 By it, but as a worme, that carkasse bred;
 And why should'st thou, poore worme, consider more,
 When this world will grow better then before,
 Then those thy fellow wormes doe thinke upon
 That carkasses last resurrection. 60
 Forget this world, and scarce thinke of it so,
 As of old clothes, cast off a yeare agoe.
 To be thus stupid is Alacritie;
 Men thus Lethargique have best Memory.
 Look upward; that's towards her, whose happy state 65
 We now lament not, but congratulate.
 Shee, to whom all this world was but a stage,
 Where all sat harkning how her youthfull age
 Should be employ'd, because in all shee did,
 Some Figure of the Golden times was hid. 70
 Who could not lacke, what e'r this world could give,
 Because shee was the forme, that made it live;
 Nor could complaine, that this world was unfit
 To be staid in, then when shee was in it;
 Shee that first tried indifferent desires 75
 By vertue, and vertue by religious fires,
 Shee to whose person Paradise adher'd,
 As Courts to Princes, shee whose eyes ensphear'd
 Star-light enough, t'have made the South controule,
 (Had shee beene there) the Star-full Northerne Pole, 80
 Shee, shee is gone; she is gone; when thou knowest this,
 What fragmentary rubbidge this world is
 Thou knowest, and that it is not worth a thought;
 He honors it too much that thinkes it nought.
 Thinke then, my soule, that death is but a Groome, 85
 Which brings a Taper to the outward roome,
 Whence thou spiest first a little glimmering light,
 And after brings it nearer to thy sight:
 For such approaches doth heaven make in death.
 Thinke thy selfe labouring now with broken breath, 90

Contemplation of our state in our death-bed.

57 more, 1612-25: more 1633-69 67 was but] twas but 1612-25
 81 Shee, shee 1621-25: Shee, she 1633-69 82 is] is. 1612-25

And thinke those broken and soft Notes to bee
 Division, and thy happyest Harmonie.
 Thinke thee laid on thy death-bed, loose and slacke;
 And thinke that, but unbinding of a packe,
 To take one precious thing, thy soule from thence. 95
 Thinke thy selfe parch'd with fevers violence,
 Anger thine ague more, by calling it
 Thy Physicke; chide the slacknesse of the fit.
 Thinke that thou hear'st thy knell, and think no more,
 But that, as Bels cal'd thee to Church before, 100
 So this, to the Triumphant Church, calls thee.
 Thinke Satans Sergeants round about thee bee,
 And thinke that but for Legacies they thrust;
 Give one thy Pride, to'another give thy Lust:
 Give them those sinnes which they gave thee before, 105
 And trust th'immaculate blood to wash thy score.
 Thinke thy friends weeping round, and thinke that they
 Weepe but because they goe not yet thy way.
 Thinke that they close thine eyes, and thinke in this,
 That they confesse much in the world, amisse, 110
 Who dare not trust a dead mans eye with that,
 Which they from God, and Angels cover not.
 Thinke that they shroud thee up, and think from thence
 They reinvest thee in white innocence.
 Thinke that thy body rots, and (if so low, 115
 Thy soule exalted so, thy thoughts can goe,)
 Think thee a Prince, who of themselves create
 Wormes which insensibly devoure their State.
 Thinke that they bury thee, and thinke that right
 Laies thee to sleepe but a Saint Lucies night. 120
 Thinke these things cheerefully: and if thou bee
 Drowfie or slacke, remember then that shee,
 Shee whose Complexion was so even made,
 That which of her Ingredients should invade

96 parch'd 1612-21, 1639-69: pach'd 1625: patch'd 1633-35 99
 knell,] knell 1633 101 So this, 1612-33: So, this 1635-69 103
 thrust:] trust; 1669 113 shroud] shourd 1621-25 116 exalted]
 exalted 1621 goe,] goe. 1612-21 123 Complexion 1612-25:
 complexion 1633-69 124 Ingredients 1612-25: ingredients 1633-69

The other three, no Feare, no Art could gueſſe: 125
 So far were all remov'd from more or leſſe.
 But as in Mithridate, or juſt perfumes,
 Where all good things being met, no one preſumes
 To governe, or to triumph on the reſt,
 Only becauſe all were, no part was beſt. 130
 And as, though all doe know, that quantities
 Are made of lines, and lines from Points ariſe,
 None can theſe lines or quantities unjoynt,
 And ſay this is a line, or this a point,
 So though the Elements and Humors were 135
 In her, one could not ſay, this governeſ there.
 Whoſe even conſtitution might have wonne
 Any diſeaſe to venter on the Sunne,
 Rather then her: and make a ſpirit feare,
 That hee to diſuniting ſubject were. 140
 To whoſe proportions if we would compare
 Cubes, th'are unſtable; Circles, Angular;
 She who was ſuch a chaine as Fate employes
 To bring mankind all Fortunes it enjoyes;
 So faſt, ſo even wrought, as one would thinke, 145
 No Accident could threaten any linke;
 Shee, ſhee embrac'd a ſickneſſe, gave it meat,
 The pureſt blood, and breath, that e'r it eate;
 And hath taught us, that though a good man hath
 Title to heaven, and plead it by his Faith, 150
 And though he may pretend a conqueſt, ſince
 Heaven was content to ſuffer violence,
 Yea though hee plead a long poſſeſſion too,
 (For they're in heaven on earth who heavens workes do)
 Though hee had right and power and place, before, 155
 Yet Death muſt uſher, and unlocke the doore.
 Thinke further on thy ſelfe, my Soule, and thinke
 How thou at firſt waſt made but in a ſinke;
 Thinke that it argued ſome infirmitie,

*Incommodities
 of the Soule in
 the Body.¹*

134 a point, 1612-21: a-point. 1625: a point: 1633-69 136 there.
 1612-25: there, 1633-69 137 wonne] worne 1612-25: woon 1633
 140 to 1612-25: too 1633-69 146 Accident 1612-25: accident
 1633-69 156 Death 1612-25: death 1633-69 ¹ Incommodities
 &c. 1612-21: om. 1625-33

That those two soules, which then thou foundst in me, 160
 Thou fedst upon, and drewst into thee, both
 My second soule of sense, and first of growth.
 Thinke but how poore thou wast, how obnoxious;
 Whom a small lump of flesh could poyson thus.
 This curd milke, this poore unlittered whelp 165
 My body, could, beyond escape or helpe,
 Infect thee with Originall sinne, and thou
 Couldst neither then refuse, nor leave it now.
 Thinke that no stubborne fullen Anchorit,
 Which fixt to a pillar, or a grave, doth sit 170
 Bedded, and bath'd in all his ordures, dwels
 So fowly as our Soules in their first-built Cels.
 Thinke in how poore a prison thou didst lie
 After, enabled but to suck, and crie.
 Thinke, when'twas growne to most, 'twas a poore Inne, 175
 A Province pack'd up in two yards of skinne,
 And that usurp'd or threatned with the rage
 Of sicknesses, or their true mother, Age.
 But thinke that Death hath now enfranchis'd thee,
 Thou hast thy'expansion now, and libertie; 180
 Thinke that a rustie Peece, discharg'd, is flowne
 In peeces, and the bullet is his owne,
 And freely flies: This to thy Soule allow,
 Thinke thy shell broke, thinke thy Soule hatch'd but now.
 And think this slow-pac'd soule, which late did cleave 185
 To a body, and went but by the bodies leave,
 Twenty, perchance, or thirty mile a day,
 Dispatches in a minute all the way
 Twixt heaven, and earth; she staves not in the ayre,
 To looke what Meteors there themselves prepare; 190
 She carries no desire to know, nor sense,
 Whether th'ayres middle region be intense;

161 thee, both 1612-25: thee both 1633-69 172 first-built
 1612-25: first built 1633-69 173 didst] dost 1669 177 the
 rage 1612-25: a rage 1633-69 179 Death 1612-25: death
 1633-69 181 Peece, discharg'd, 1612: Peece, discharg'd 1625: Peece
 discharg'd 1633: Peece discharg'd, 1635-69 183 This 1612-25: this
 1633-69 185 soule, 1612-21: soule 1625-69 187 Twenty,
 perchance,] Twentie, perchance 1625: Twenty perchance 1633-69

For

*Her liberty
by death.*

For th'Element of fire, she doth not know,
 Whether she past by such a place or no;
 She baits not at the Moone, nor cares to trie 195
 Whether in that new world, men live, and die.
Venus retards her not, to'enquire, how shee
 Can, (being one starre) *Hesper*, and *Vesper* bee;
 Hee that charm'd *Argus* eyes, sweet *Mercury*,
 Workes not on her, who now is growne all eye; 200
 Who, if she meet the body of the Sunne,
 Goes through, not staying till his course be runne;
 Who findes in *Mars* his Campe no corps of Guard;
 Nor is by *Love*, nor by his father barr'd;
 But ere she can consider how she went, 205
 At once is at, and through the Firmament.
 And as these starres were but so many beads
 Strung on one string, speed undistinguish'd leads
 Her through those Spheares, as through the beads, a string,
 Whose quick succession makes it still one thing: 210
 As doth the pith, which, left our bodies slacke,
 Strings fast the little bones of necke, and backe;
 So by the Soule doth death string Heaven and Earth;
 For when our Soule enjoyes this her third birth,
 (Creation gave her one, a second, grace,) 215
 Heaven is as neare, and present to her face,
 As colours are, and objects, in a roome
 Where darknesse was before, when Tapers come.
 This must, my Soule, thy long-short Progresse bee;
 To'advance these thoughts, remember then, that she, 220
 She, whose faire body no such prison was,
 But that a Soule might well be pleas'd to passe
 An age in her; she whose rich beauty lent
 Mintage to other beauties, for they went
 But for so much as they were like to her; 225
 Shee, in whose body (if we dare preferre

197 *Venus*] no ital. 1612-25, and so with *Hesper* &c. retards] records
 1612-25 201 Who, if 1612-25: Who if 1633-69 204 barr'd;]
 bard; 1612-39 209 the] those 1669 214 her] om. 1650-69
 219-20 text 1612-25 (but soul 1612-25, and then 1625 and shee 1612-25):

This must, my Soule, thy long-short Progresse bee,
 To'advance these thoughts; Remember then that she,
 1633-69, Chambers and Grolier. See note
 This

This low world, to so high a marke as shee,)
 The Westerne treasure, Easterne spicerie,
 Europe, and Afrique, and the unknowne rest
 Were easily found, or what in them was best; 230
 And when w^e have made this large discoverie
 Of all, in her some one part then will bee
 Twenty such parts, whose plenty and riches is
 Enough to make twenty such worlds as this;
 Shee, whom had they knowne who did first betroth 235
 The Tutelar Angels, and assign'd one, both
 To Nations, Cities, and to Companies,
 To Functions, Offices, and Dignities,
 And to each severall man, to him, and him,
 They would have given her one for every limbe; 240
 She, of whose soule, if wee may say, 'twas Gold,
 Her body was th'Electrum, and did hold
 Many degrees of that; wee understood
 Her by her sight; her pure, and eloquent blood
 Spoke in her cheekes, and so distinctly wrought, 245
 That one might almost say, her body thought;
 Shee, shee, thus richly and largely hous'd, is gone:
 And chides us slow-pac'd snailes who crawle upon
 Our prisons prison, earth, nor thinke us well,
 Longer, then whil'ft wee beare our brittle shell. 250
 But 'twere but little to have chang'd our roome,
 If, as we were in this our living Tombe
 Oppress'd with ignorance, wee still were so.
 Poore soule, in this thy flesh what dost thou know?
 Thou know'st thy selfe so little, as thou know'st not, 255
 How thou didst die, nor how thou wast begot.
 Thou neither know'st, how thou at first cam'st in,
 Nor how thou took'st the poyson of mans sinne.
 Nor dost thou, (though thou know'st, that thou art so)
 By what way thou art made immortall, know. 260
 Thou art too narrow, wretch, to comprehend

*Her ignorance in
 this life
 and knowledge in the
 next.¹*

231 discoverie] Discoverie. 1612-25 232 Of all,] Of all 1612-25
 236 assign'd *Ed*: assigned 1612-69 238 Dignities, 1612-25: dignities.
 1633-69 241 Gold, 1612-25: gold, 1633-69 243 understood]
 understood 1621-25 249 well,] well 1612-25 251 little] little 1633
¹ *Her ignorance &c.*: 1612-25: *om.* 1633

Even thy selfe: yea though thou wouldst but bend
 To know thy body. Have not all soules thought
 For many ages, that our body's wrought
 Of Ayre, and Fire, and other Elements? 265
 And now they thinke of new ingredients,
 And one Soule thinkes one, and another way
 Another thinks, and 'tis an even lay.
 Knowst thou but how the stone doth enter in
 The bladders cave, and never breake the skinne? 270
 Know'st thou how blood, which to the heart doth flow,
 Doth from one ventricle to th'other goe?
 And for the putrid stufte, which thou dost spit,
 Know'st thou how thy lungs have attracted it?
 There are no passages, so that there is 275
 (For ought thou know'st) piercing of substances.
 And of those many opinions which men raise
 Of Nails and Haires, dost thou know which to praise?
 What hope have wee to know our selves, when wee
 Know not the least things, which for our use be? 280
 Wee see in Authors, too stiffe to recant,
 A hundred controversies of an Ant;
 And yet one watches, starves, freezes, and sweats,
 To know but Catechismes and Alphabets
 Of unconcerning things, matters of fact; 285
 How others on our stage their parts did Act;
 What *Cæsar* did, yea, and what *Cicero* said.
 Why grasse is greene, or why our blood is red,
 Are mysteries which none have reach'd unto.
 In this low forme, poore soule, what wilt thou doe? 290
 When wilt thou shake off this Pedantry,
 Of being taught by sense, and Fantasie?
 Thou look'st through spectacles; small things seeme great
 Below; But up unto the watch-towre get,
 And see all things despoyl'd of fallacies: 295
 Thou shalt not peepe through lattices of eyes,

265 Ayre, and Fire, 1612-25: aire, and fire, 1633-69 266 in-
 gredients, 1612: ingredients. 1621-69 268 'tis] ty's 1612-21 270
 breake 1612: brake 1621-33: break 1635-69 287 said. 1612-25: said,
 1633-69 291 Pedantry] Pedantry 1650-69 292 taught]
 thought 1612-25

Nor heare through Labyrinths of eares, nor learne
 By circuit, or collections to discern.
 In heaven thou straight know'st all, concerning it,
 And what concernes it not, shalt straight forget. 300
 There thou (but in no other schoole) maist bee
 Perchance, as learned, and as full, as shee,
 Shee who all libraries had throughly read
 At home in her owne thoughts, and practised
 So much good as would make as many more: 305
 Shee whose example they must all implore,
 Who would or doe, or thinke well, and confesse
 That all the vertuous Actions they expresse,
 Are but a new, and worfe edition
 Of her some one thought, or one action: 310
 She who in th'art of knowing Heaven, was growne
 Here upon earth, to such perfection,
 That she hath, ever since to Heaven she came,
 (In a far fairer print,) but read the same:
 Shee, shee not satisfied with all this waight, 315
 (For so much knowledge, as would over-fraight
 Another, did but ballast her) is gone
 As well t'enjoy, as get perfection.
 And calls us after her, in that shee tooke,
 (Taking her selfe) our best, and worthiest booke. 320
 Returne not, my Soule, from this extasie,
 And meditation of what thou shalt bee,
 To earthly thoughts, till it to thee appeare,
 With whom thy conversation must be there.
 With whom wilt thou converse? what station 325
 Canst thou choose out, free from infection,
 That will not give thee theirs, nor drinke in thine?
 Shalt thou not finde a spungie slacke Divine
 Drinke and sucke in th'instructions of Great men,
 And for the word of God, vent them agen? 330
 Are there not some Courts (and then, no things bee

*Of our com-
 pany in this
 life, and in
 the next.*

300 shalt] shall 1612-25, 1669 308 all] aie 1612-21: are 1625
 314 print,] point, 1612-33 323 earthly] early 1625 324 there.]
 there, 1633-39 326 choose 1612-25: chose 1633-69 327 will not]
 will nor 1612-25 328 Divine 1612-25: Divine, 1633-69 329
 Great 1612-25: great 1633-69

So like as Courts) which, in this let us see,
 That wits and tongues of Libellers are weake,
 Because they do more ill, then these can speake?
 The poyson's gone through all, poysons affect 335
 Chiefly the chiefeft parts, but some effect
 In nailes, and haire, yea excrements, will shew;
 So lyes the poyson of sinne in the most low.
 Up, up, my drowfie Soule, where thy new eare
 Shall in the Angels songs no discord heare; 340
 Where thou shalt see the blessed Mother-maid
 Joy in not being that, which men have said.
 Where she is exalted more for being good,
 Then for her interest of Mother-hood.
 Up to those Patriarchs, which did longer sit 345
 Expecting Christ, then they have enjoy'd him yet.
 Up to those Prophets, which now gladly see
 Their Prophecies growne to be Historie.
 Up to th'Apostles, who did bravely runne
 All the Suns course, with more light then the Sunne. 350
 Up to those Martyrs, who did calmly bleed
 Oyle to th'Apostles Lamps, dew to their seed.
 Up to those Virgins, who thought, that almost
 They made joyntenants with the Holy Ghost,
 If they to any should his Temple give. 355
 Up, up, for in that Squadron there doth live
 She, who hath carried thither new degrees
 (As to their number) to their dignities.
 Shee, who being to her selfe a State, injoy'd
 All royalties which any State employ'd; 360
 For shee made warres, and triumph'd; reason still
 Did not o'rthrow, but rectifie her will:
 And she made peace, for no peace is like this,
 That beauty, and chastity together kisse:
 She did high justice, for she crucified 365
 Every first motion of rebellious pride:

333 wits 1612-25: wits, 1633-69 336 some] some, 1633
 338 lyes] wife 1612-25 353 thought] thoughts 1612-25 366
 rebellious] rebellions 1635-69

And she gave pardons, and was liberall,
 For, onely her selfe except, she pardon'd all:
 Shee coy'nd, in this, that her impressiōs gave
 To all our actions all the worth they have: 370
 She gave protectiōs; the thoughts of her brest
 Satans rude Officers could ne'r arrest.
 As these prerogatives being met in one,
 Made her a foveraigne State; religion
 Made her a Church; and these two made her all. 375
 She who was all this All, and could not fall
 To worse, by company, (for she was still
 More Antidote, then all the world was ill,)
 Shee, shee doth leave it, and by Death, survive
 All this, in Heaven; whither who doth not strive 380
 The more, because shees there, he doth not know
 That accidentall joyes in Heaven doe grow.
 But pause, my soule; And study, ere thou fall
 On accidentall joyes, th'essentiall.
 Still before Accessories doe abide 385
 A triall, must the principall be tride.
 And what essentiall joy can't thou expect
 Here upon earth? what permanent effect
 Of transitory causes? Dost thou love
 Beauty? (And beauty worthy't is to move) 390
 Poore coufened coufenor, *that* she, and *that* thou,
 Which did begin to love, are neither now;
 You are both fluid, chang'd since yesterday;
 Next day repaires, (but ill) last dayes decay.
 Nor are, (although the river keepe the name) 395
 Yesterdaies waters, and to daies the same.
 So flowes her face, and thine eyes, neither now
 That Saint, nor Pilgrime, which your loving vow
 Concern'd, remains; but whil't you thinke you bee
 Constant, you're hourelly in inconstancie. 400

369 impressiōs 1612-25: rest impression 378 ill,)] last bracket dropped
 1612-33 380 whither] *spelt* whether 1612-33 383 study, 1635-69:
 study 1612-33 391 *that . . . that*] no italics 1612-25 397 eies,
 1612-21: eyes 1625: eyes; 1633-69, Chambers. See note 398 Saint,
 1612-25: Saint 1633-69 vow] row 1612-25 399 remains;]
 remains, 1612-25

Honour may have pretence unto our love,
 Because that God did live so long above
 Without this Honour, and then lov'd it so,
 That he at last made Creatures to bestow
 Honour on him; not that he needed it, 405
 But that, to his hands, man might grow more fit.
 But since all Honours from inferiours flow,
 (For they doe give it; Princes doe but shew
 Whom they would have so honor'd) and that this
 On such opinions, and capacities 410
 Is built, as rise and fall, to more and lesse:
 Alas, 'tis but a casuall happinesse.
 Hath ever any man to'himselfe assign'd
 This or that happinesse to'arrest his minde,
 But that another man which takes a worse, 415
 Thinks him a foole for having tane that course?
 They who did labour Babels tower to'erec't,
 Might have considered, that for that effect,
 All this whole solid Earth could not allow
 Nor furnish forth materialls enow; 420
 And that this Center, to raise such a place,
 Was farre too little, to have beene the Base;
 No more affords this world, foundation
 To erect true joy, were all the meanes in one.
 But as the Heathen made them severall gods, 425
 Of all Gods Benefits, and all his Rods,
 (For as the Wine, and Corne, and Onions are
 Gods unto them, so Agues bee, and Warre)
 And as by changing that whole precious Gold
 To such small Copper coynes, they lost the old, 430
 And lost their only God, who ever must
 Be sought alone, and not in such a thrust:

402 that] *in italics* 1633-69 404 Creatures 1612-25: creatures
 1633-69 416 Thinks] Thinke 1612-25 420 enow] enough 1633
 421 this 1612: his 1621-69 421-2 place, . . . little, 1612: place . . . little,
 1621-33 423 affords] affoords 1612-25 world, foundation 1633-69:
 worlds, foundatione 1612-25 426 Benefits . . . Rods] capitals from
 1612-25 428 Warre] *no capital* 1612-39 429 that] the 1625
 So

So much mankinde true happinesse mistakes;
 No Joy enjoys that man, that many makes.
 Then, Soule, to thy first pitch worke up againe;
 Know that all lines which circles doe containe, 435
 For once that they the Center touch, doe touch
 Twice the circumference; and be thou such;
 Double on heaven thy thoughts on earth emploid;
 All will not serve; Only who have enjoy'd 440
 The sight of God, in fulnesse, can thinke it;
 For it is both the object, and the wit.
 This is essentiall joy, where neither hee
 Can suffer diminution, nor wee;
 'Tis such a full, and such a filling good; 445
 Had th'Angels once look'd on him, they had stood.
 To fill the place of one of them, or more,
 Shee whom wee celebrate, is gone before.
 She, who had Here so much essentiall joy,
 As no chance could distract, much lesse destroy; 450
 Who with Gods presence was acquainted so,
 (Hearing, and speaking to him) as to know
 His face in any naturall Stone, or Tree,
 Better then when in Images they bee:
 Who kept by diligent devotion, 455
 Gods Image, in such reparation,
 Within her heart, that what decay was growne,
 Was her first Parents fault, and not her owne:
 Who being solicited to any act,
 Still heard God pleading his safe precontract; 460
 Who by a faithfull confidence, was here
 Betroth'd to God, and now is married there;
 Whose twilights were more cleare, then our mid-day;
 Who dreamt devoutlier, then most use to pray;
 Who being here fil'd with grace, yet strove to bee, 465
 Both where more grace, and more capacitie
 At once is given: she to Heaven is gone,
 Who made this world in some proportion

433 much] much, 1633-39
 1612-25: here 1633-69

435 up] upon 1612-25
 463 cleare,] cleane, 1635

449 Here

A heaven,

A heaven, and here, became unto us all,
 Joy, (as our joyes admit) essentiall. 470
 But could this low world joyes essentiall touch,
 Heavens accidentall joyes would passe them much.
 How poore and lame, must then our casuall bee?
 If thy Prince will his subjects to call thee
My Lord, and this doe swell thee, thou art than, 475
 By being greater, growne to bee lesse Man.
 When no Physitian of redresse can speake,
 A joyfull casuall violence may breake
 A dangerous Apostem in thy breast;
 And whil't thou joyest in this, the dangerous rest, 480
 The bag may rise up, and so strangle thee.
 What e'r was casuall, may ever bee.
 What should the nature change? Or make the same
 Certaine, which was but casuall, when it came?
 All casuall joy doth loud and plainly say, 485
 Only by comming, that it can away.
 Only in Heaven joyes strength is never spent;
 And accidentall things are permanent.
 Joy of a foules arrivall ne'r decaies;
 For that foule ever joyes and ever staies. 490
 Joy that their last great Consummation
 Approaches in the resurrection;
 When earthly bodies more celestially
 Shall be, then Angels were, for they could fall;
 This kinde of joy doth every day admit 495
 Degrees of growth, but none of losing it.
 In this fresh joy, 'tis no small part, that shee,
 Shee, in whose goodnesse, he that names degree,
 Doth injure her; ('Tis losse to be cal'd best,
 There where the stufte is not such as the rest) 500
 Shee, who left such a bodie, as even shee
 Only in Heaven could learne, how it can bee
 Made better; for shee rather was two foules,

*Of accidentall
 joys in
 both places.*

475 *My Lord*] no italics 1612-25
 482 What e'r] What eye 1612-25
 501 even] ever 1625

477 redresse] Reders 1612-25
 500 where] waere 1612

Or like to full on both sides written Rols,
 Where eyes might reade upon the outward skin, 505
 As strong Records for God, as mindes within;
 Shee, who by making full perfection grow,
 Peeces a Circle, and still keeps it so,
 Long'd for, and longing for it, to heaven is gone,
 Where shee receives, and gives addition. 510
Conclusion. Here in a place, where mis-devotion frames
 A thousand Prayers to Saints, whose very names
 The ancient Church knew not, Heaven knows not yet:
 And where, what lawes of Poetry admit,
 Lawes of Religion have at least the same, 515
 Immortall Maide, I might invoke thy name.
 Could any Saint provoke that appetite,
 Thou here should'ft make me a French convertite.
 But thou would'it not; nor would'it thou be content,
 To take this, for my second yeares true Rent, 520
 Did this Coine beare any other stampe, then his,
 That gave thee power to doe, me, to say this.
 Since his will is, that to posteritie,
 Thou should'ft for life, and death, a patterne bee,
 And that the world should notice have of this, 525
 The purpose, and th'authoritie is his;
 Thou art the Proclamation; and I am
 The Trumpet, at whose voyce the people came.

506 within; *Ed:* within, 1612-39: within. 1650-69 516
 invoke] inroque 1612-25 518 French 1635-69: french 1612-33
 520 Rent] Rent. 1633

EPICEDES AND OBSEQVIES

Vpon

The deaths of fundry Perfonages.

*Elegie upon the untimely death of the incomparable
Prince Henry.*

L Ooke to mee faith, and looke to my faith, God;
For both my centers feele this period.
Of waight one center, one of greatnesse is;
And Reason is that center, Faith is this;
For into'our reason flow, and there do end 5
All, that this naturall world doth comprehend:
Quotidian things, and equidistant hence,
Shut in, for man, in one circumference.
But for th'enormous greatnesse, which are
So disproportion'd, and so angulare, 10
As is Gods essence, place and providence,
Where, how, when, what foules do, departed hence,
These things (eccentrique else) on faith do strike;
Yet neither all, nor upon all, alike.
For reason, put to'her best extension, 15
Almost meetes faith, and makes both centers one.
And nothing ever came so neare to this,
As contemplation of that Prince, wee misse.
For all that faith might credit mankinde could,
Reason still seconded, that this prince would. 20

Epicedes &c. 1635-69: Elegie upon &c. 1613, in the *Lachrymae Lachrymarum* &c. of *Joshua Sylvester*. See note: Elegie on Prince Henry. 1633-54, O'F: similarly, Cy, N, TCD: An Elegie on the untimely &c. 1669
8 man 1633-69: men 1613 17 neare] nere 1633 18 that 1633-69:
the 1613, 19 might credit 1633-69: could credit 1613

If

If then leaft moving of the center, make
 More, then if whole hell belch'd, the world to shake,
 What muft this do, centers diftracted fo,
 That wee fee not what to beleev'e or know?
 Was it not well beleev'd till now, that hee, 25
 Whofe reputation was an extafie
 On neighbour States, which knew not why to wake,
 Till hee difcover'd what wayes he would take;
 For whom, what Princes angled, when they tryed,
 Met a *Torpedo*, and were ftupified; 30
 And others ftudies, how he would be bent;
 Was his great fathers greateft instrument,
 And activ'ft fpirit, to convey and tie
 This foule of peace, through Chriftianity?
 Was it not well beleev'd, that hee would make 35
 This generall peace, th'Eternall overtake,
 And that his times might have ftretch'd out fo farre,
 As to touch thofe, of which they emblems are?
 For to confirme this juft beleefe, that now
 The laft dayes came, wee faw heav'n did allow, 40
 That, but from his afpect and exercife,
 In peacefull times, Rumors of war did rife.
 But now this faith is herefie: we muft
 Still ftay, and vexe our great-grand-mother, Duft.
 Oh, is God prodigall? hath he fpent his ftore 45
 Of plagues, on us; and onely now, when more
 Would eafe us much, doth he grudge mifery;
 And will not let's enjoy our curfe; to dy?
 As, for the earth throwne loweft downe of all,
 T'were an ambition to defire to fall, 50
 So God, in our defire to dye, doth know
 Our plot for eafe, in being wretched fo.

21 moving 1633-69: movings 1613 22 shake, 1650-69: shake.
 1633-39 26 extafie *Ed:* extafie, 1633-69 31 bent; *Ed:* bent,
 1613, 1633-69 34 through 1613-33: to 1635-69 Chriftianity?
 1669: Chriftianity: 1633-54 42 did 1633: fhould 1613, 1635-69
 44 great-grand-mother, 1613: great-grand mother, 1633: great-grand-mother,
 1635-69 46 us;] us, 1633 48 to dy? *Ed:* to dy. 1633: to die!
 1635-54: no stop, 1669

Therefore

Therefore we live; though such a life wee have,
 As but so many mandrakes on his grave.
 What had his growth, and generation done, 55
 When, what we are, his putrefaction
 Sustaines in us; Earth, which griefes animate?
 Nor hath our world now, other Soule then that.
 And could grieve get so high as heav'n, that Quire,
 Forgetting this their new joy, would desire 60
 (With grieve to see him) hee had staid below,
 To rectifie our errours, They foreknow.
 Is th'other center, Reason, faster then?
 Where should we looke for that, now we're not men?
 For if our Reason be'our connexion 65
 Of causes, now to us there can be none.
 For, as, if all the substances were spent,
 'Twere madnesse, to enquire of accident,
 So is't to looke for reason, hee being gone,
 The onely subject reason wrought upon. 70
 If Fate have such a chaine, whose divers links
 Industrious man discerneth, as hee thinks;
 When miracle doth come, and so steale in
 A new linke, man knowes not, where to begin:
 At a much deader fault must reason bee, 75
 Death having broke off such a linke as hee.
 But now, for us, with busie prooffe to come,
 That we've no reason, would prove wee had some.
 So would just lamentations: Therefore wee
 May safelyer say, that we are dead, then hee. 80
 So, if our griefs wee do not well declare,
 We've double excuse; he's not dead; and we are.
 Yet I would not dy yet; for though I bee

57 animate?] animate; 1633 66 Of 1633-69: With 1613 67
 as, 1613: as 1633-69 69 So is't to] So is' to 1669 71 Fate
 1633-69: Faith 1613 72 thinks; Ed: thinks, 1613, 1633-69 73
 come, 1633-69: joine; 1613 so steale in 1633-69: to steal-in 1613
 77 prooffe 1633-69: proofes 1613 78 some. 1633: some, 1635-69
 80 hee. 1633: hee, 1635-69 82 and we are. 1633-54: we are. 1613,
 1669 83 I would not 1633-54: would not I 1669

Too narrow, to thinke him, as hee is hee,
 (Our Soules best baiting, and midd-period, 85
 In her long journey, of confidering God)
 Yet, (no dishonour) I can reach him thus,
 As he embrac'd the fires of love, with us.
 Oh may I, (since I live) but see, or heare,
 That she-Intelligence which mov'd this spheare, 90
 I pardon Fate, my life: Who ere thou bee,
 Which hast the noble conscience, thou art shee,
 I conjure thee by all the charmes he spoke,
 By th'oathes, which onely you two never broke,
 By all the soules yee figh'd, that if you see 95
 These lines, you wish, I knew your history.
 So much, as you, two mutuall heav'ns were here,
 I were an Angell, finging what you were.

To the Countesse of Bedford.

MADAME,

I Have learn'd by those lawes wherein I am a¹ little conversant,
 that hee which bestowes any cost upon the dead, obliges him
 which is dead, but not the² heire; I do not therefore send this
 paper to your Ladyship, that you should thanke mee for it, or
 thinke that I thanke you in it; your favours and benefits to mee
 are so much above my merits, that they are even above my
 gratitude, if that were to be judged by words which must expresse
 it: But, Madame, since your noble brothers fortune being yours,
 the evidences also concerning it are yours,³ so his vertue⁴ being
 yours, the evidences concerning it,⁵ belong also to you, of which by
 your acceptance this may be one peece, in which quality I humbly
 present it, and as a testimony how intirely your familie possesseth

Your Ladiships most humble
 and thankfull servant

JOHN DONNE.

91 Who *Ed*: who 1633-69

92 shee, 1633-69: she. *Chambers*

97 So much, as you, 1633-69: So, much as you *Chambers*

To the Countesse &c. 1633-69, and in most of the MSS. as next page ¹ a
 1633-54: om. 1669 ² the] his 1669 ³ yours, 1633: yours: 1635-69

⁴ vertue 1633: vertues 1635-69 ⁵ it, 1633: that 1635-69

*Obsequies to the Lord Harrington, brother to the
Lady Lucy, Countesse of Bedford.*

FAire foule, which waft, not onely, as all foules bee,
 Then when thou waft infused, harmony,
 But did'st continue so; and now dost beare
 A part in Gods great organ, this whole Spheare:
 If looking up to God; or downe to us, 5
 Thou finde that any way is pervious,
 Twixt heav'n and earth, and that mans actions doe
 Come to your knowledge, and affections too,
 See, and with joy, mee to that good degree
 Of goodnesse growne, that I can studie thee, 10
 And, by these meditations refin'd,
 Can unapparell and enlarge my minde,
 And so can make by this soft extasie,
 This place a map of heav'n, my selfe of thee.
 Thou seest mee here at midnight, now all rest; 15
 Times dead-low water; when all mindes devest
 To morrows businesse, when the labourers have
 Such rest in bed, that their last Church-yard grave,
 Subject to change, will scarce be'a type of this,
 Now when the clyent, whose last hearing is 20
 To morrow, sleeps, when the condemned man,
 (Who when hee opes his eyes, must shut them than
 Againe by death,) although sad watch hee keepe,
 Doth practice dying by a little sleepe,
 Thou at this midnight seest mee, and as soone 25
 As that Sunne rises to mee, midnight's noone,

Obsequies to &c. *B, S96 and similarly A25, C, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, TCD*: Obsequies to the Lord Harringtons brother. To the Countesse of Bedford. 1633-54: Obsequies on the Lord Harrington, &c. To the Countess of Bedford. 1669 7 mans 1633, *D, H49*: mens 1635-69 and most MSS. 11 these 1633-69: those *B, D, H49, JC, O'F, S, TCD* 15 midnight, now 1633-69: midnight; now *Chambers*: midnight now, *Grolier* 26 that Sunne] this Sunne *N, TCD*

All the world growes transparent, and I see
 Through all, both Church and State, in seeing thee;
 And I discerne by favour of this light,
 My selfe, the hardest object of the sight. 30
 God is the glasse; as thou when thou dost see
 Him who sees all, see'st all concerning thee,
 So, yet unglorified, I comprehend
 All, in these mirrors of thy wayes, and end.
 Though God be our true glasse, through which we see 35
 All, since the beeing of all things is hee,
 Yet are the trunkes which doe to us derive
 Things, in proportion fit, by perspective,
 Deeds of good men; for by their living here,
 Vertues, indeed remote, seeme to be neare. 40
 But where can I affirme, or where arrest
 My thoughts on his deeds? which shall I call best?
 For fluid vertue cannot be look'd on,
 Nor can endure a contemplation.
 As bodies change, and as I do not weare 45
 Those Spirits, humors, blood I did last yeare,
 And, as if on a streame I fixe mine eye,
 That drop, which I looked on, is presently
 Pusht with more waters from my sight, and gone,
 So in this sea of vertues, can no one 50
 Bee'insifted on; vertues, as rivers, passe,
 Yet still remains that vertuous man there was.
 And as if man feed on mans flesh, and so
 Part of his body to another owe,

30 hardest] hardyest 1669 34 end. *D*: end; 1633-69 35 our
 true glasse, 1633-69 (glasse, 1633): truly our glasse *A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec,*
N, O'F, S, S96, TCD see] see. 1633 some copies, 1635 38 Things, in
 proportion fit, by perspective, *D*: Things, in proportion fit by perspective,
 1633: Things, in proportion, fit by perspective, 1635-54, *Chambers*: Things
 in proportion, fit by perspective, 1669. See note 39 men; *D*: men,
 1633: men: 1635-69 living 1633: beeing 1635-69, *Chambers and*
Grolier 40 neare. 1635-69: nere; 1633 44 contemplation. *Ed*:
 contemplation; 1633-69 51 on; *Ed*: on, 1633-69 52 was. *Ed*:
 was; 1633-69 53 feed 1635-69 and *MSS.*: feeds 1633

Yet at the last two perfect bodies rise, 55
 Because God knowes where every Atome lyes;
 So, if one knowledge were made of all those,
 Who knew his minutes well, hee might dispose
 His vertues into names, and ranks; but I
 Should injure Nature, Vertue, and Destinie, 60
 Should I divide and discontinue fo,
 Vertue, which did in one intirenesse grow.
 For as, hee that would say, spirits are fram'd
 Of all the purest parts that can be nam'd,
 Honours not spirits halfe so much, as hee 65
 Which sayes, they have no parts, but simple bee;
 So is't of vertue; for a point and one
 Are much entirer then a million.
 And had Fate meant to have his vertues told,
 It would have let him live to have beene old; 70
 So, then that vertue in season, and then this,
 We might have seene, and said, that now he is
 Witty, now wise, now temperate, now just:
 In good short lives, vertues are faine to thrust,
 And to be sure betimes to get a place, 75
 When they would exercise, lacke time, and space.
 So was it in this person, forc'd to bee
 For lack of time, his owne epitome:
 So to exhibit in few yeares as much,
 As all the long breath'd Chronicles can touch. 80
 As when an Angell down from heav'n doth flye,
 Our quick thought cannot keepe him company,
 Wee cannot thinke, now hee is at the Sunne,
 Now through the Moon, now he through th'aire doth
 run,

63 would 1633: should 1635-69 69 to have his 1633, *A25, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, S, S96, TCD*: to have had his 1635-69, *O'F, Chambers* 70
 old; *Ed*: old, 1633-39: old. 1650-69 71 So, then that *Ed*: So then,
 that 1633: So, then, that 1635-69 76 exercise] exercise 1633 some
copies: encrease *D, H49, Lec*: exercise: they *S* lacke 1633-54: last
 1669 time] room *A25, B, JC, O'F, S, S96, TCD* 78 epitome: *D*:
 epitome. 1633-69 80 Chronicles] Chroniclers 1669 can touch.]
 can touch; 1633 84 he] *om. 1669, O'F*

Yet

Yet when he's come, we know he did repaire 85
 To all twixt Heav'n and Earth, Sunne, Moon, and Aire;
 And as this Angell in an instant knowes,
 And yet wee know, this sodaine knowledge growes
 By quick amassing severall formes of things,
 Which he successively to order brings; 90
 When they, whose slow-pac'd lame thoughts cannot goe
 So fast as hee, thinke that he doth not fo;
 Just as a perfect reader doth not dwell,
 On every syllable, nor stay to spell,
 Yet without doubt, hee doth distinctly see 95
 And lay together every A, and B;
 So, in short liv'd good men, is'not understood
 Each severall vertue, but the compound good;
 For, they all vertues paths in that pace tread,
 As Angells goe, and know, and as men read. 100
 O why should then these men, these lumps of Balme
 Sent hither, this worlds tempests to becalme,
 Before by deeds they are diffus'd and spread,
 And so make us alive, themselves be dead?
 O Soule, O circle, why so quickly bee 105
 Thy ends, thy birth and death, clos'd up in thee?
 Since one foot of thy compass still was plac'd
 In heav'n, the other might securely have pac'd
 In the most large extent, through every path,
 Which the whole world, or man the abridgment hath. 110
 Thou knowst, that though the tropique circles have
 (Yea and those small ones which the Poles engrave,)
 All the same roundnesse, evennesse, and all
 The endlesnesse of the equinoctiall;
 Yet, when we come to measure distances, 115
 How here, how there, the Sunne affected is,

86 Aire; 1669: Aire. 1633-35: Air, 1639-54 87 instant]
 instant, 1633 98 good; Ed: good. 1633-69 102 this A25,
 B, C, D, H49, JC, N, O'F, S, TCD: the 1633-69 tempells A25, D, H49,
 JC, N, S96, TCD: tempest 1633-69, O'F, S 106 death, Ed: death
 1633-69 110 man] man, 1633 hath.] hath, 1633 some copies, 1635-39
 When

When he doth faintly worke, and when prevaile,
 Onely great circles, than can be our scale:
 So, though thy circle to thy selfe expresse
 All, tending to thy endlesse happinesse, 120
 And wee, by our good use of it may trye,
 Both how to live well young, and how to die,
 Yet, since we must be old, and age endures
 His Torrid Zone at Court, and calentures
 Of hot ambitions, irrelegions ice, 125
 Zeales agues, and hydroptique avarice,
 Infirmities which need the scale of truth,
 As well as lust, and ignorance of youth;
 Why did'st thou not for these give medicines too,
 And by thy doing tell us what to doe? 130
 Though as small pocket-clocks, whose every wheele
 Doth each mismotion and distemper feele,
 Whose *hand* gets shaking palsies, and whose *string*
 (His finewes) slackens, and whose *Soule*, the spring,
 Expires, or languishes, whose pulse, the *flye*, 135
 Either beates not, or beates unevenly,
 Whose voice, the *Bell*, doth rattle, or grow dumbe,
 Or idle, as men, which to their last houres come,
 If these clockes be not wound, or be wound still,
 Or be not fet, or fet at every will; 140
 So, youth is easiest to destruction,
 If then wee follow all, or follow none.
 Yet, as in great clocks, which in steeples chime,
 Plac'd to informe whole towns, to'mploy their time,
 An error doth more harme, being generall, 145
 When, small clocks faults, only'on the wearer fall;

117 When . . when 1633-69, *D, H49, Lec*: Where . . where *rest of MSS.*
 118 circles, than can *D*: circles, then, can 1633-69 121 it] that many
MSS. 125 ambitions,] ambition, 1669 126 agues, *Ed*: agues;
 1633-69 127-8 in brackets 1635-69 128 As well as lust, 1669:
 As well, as lust 1633-54 130 tell us 1633, 1669, *A25, D, H49, N, S,*
TCD: set us 1635-54, *B, O'F. S96, and Chambers* 133 *hand* gets *A25,*
B, C, D, H49, JC, N, S, TCD: *hands* get 1633-54: *hands* gets 1669. *See*
note 135 *flye*, 1633: *flee*, 1635-69 138 houres come, 1633-54: hour
 come, 1669: hours are come, *Chambers* 142 none. 1635-69: none;
 1633 146 fall; *Ed*: fall. 1633-69

So worke the faults of age, on which the eye
 Of children, servants, or the State relie.
 Why wouldst not thou then, which hadst such a soule,
 A clock so true, as might the Sunne controule, 150
 And daily hadst from him, who gave it thee,
 Instructions, such as it could never be
 Disordered, stay here, as a generall
 And great Sun-dyall, to have set us All?
 O why wouldst thou be any instrument 155
 To this unnaturall course, or why consent
 To this, not miracle, but Prodigie,
 That when the ebbs, longer then flowings be,
 Vertue, whose flood did with thy youth begin,
 Should so much faster ebb out, then flow in? 160
 Though her flood was blowne in, by thy first breath,
 All is at once funke in the whirle-poole death.
 Which word I would not name, but that I see
 Death, else a desert, growne a Court by thee.
 Now I grow sure, that if a man would have 165
 Good companie, his entry is a grave.
 Mee thinkes all Cities, now, but Anthills bee,
 Where, when the severall labourers I see,
 For children, house, Provision, taking paine,
 They're all but Ants, carrying eggs, straw, and grain; 170
 And Church-yards are our cities, unto which
 The most repaire, that are in goodnesse rich.
 There is the best concourse, and confluence,
 There are the holy suburbs, and from thence
 Begins Gods City, New Jerusaleme, 175
 Which doth extend her utmost gates to them.
 At that gate then Triumphant soule, dost thou
 Begin thy Triumph; But since lawes allow

154 great] grave *A25, C* 155 wouldst] wouldst 1639-54 any
 1633-35, and *MSS.*: an 1639-69, *Chambers* 158 when 1633-69:
 where *C, D, H49, N, O'F, S, TCD*: whereas *B* 161 was 1633: were
 1635-69 165 grow sure, 1633, *D, H49, Lec*: am sure, 1635-69 170
 and 1633-69: or *A25, B, C, N, O'F, S, S96, TCD* 176 them. *D*: them;
 1633, 169-69: them, 1635 178 Triumph; 1633: Triumph. 1635-69
 That

That at the Triumph day, the people may,
 All that they will, 'gainst the Triumpher say, 180
 Let me here use that freedome, and expresse
 My grieffe, though not to make thy Triumph lesse.
 By law, to Triumphs none admitted bee,
 Till they as Magistrates get victorie;
 Though then to thy force, all youthes foes did yield, 185
 Yet till fit time had brought thee to that field,
 To which thy ranke in this state destin'd thee,
 That there thy counsailes might get victorie,
 And so in that capacitie remove
 All jealousies 'twixt Prince and subjects love, 190
 Thou could'st no title, to this triumph have,
 Thou didst intrude on death, usurp'dst a grave.
 Then (though victoriously) thou hadst fought as yet
 But with thine owne affections, with the heate
 Of youths desires, and colds of ignorance, 195
 But till thou should'st successfully advance
 Thine armes 'gainst forraine enemies, which are
 Both Envy, and acclamations popular,
 (For, both these engines equally defeat,
 Though by a divers Mine, those which are great,) 200
 Till then thy War was but a civill War,
 For which to Triumph, none admitted are.
 No more are they, who though with good successe,
 In a defensive war, their power expresse;
 Before men triumph, the dominion 205
 Must be *enlarg'd*, and not *preserv'd* alone;
 Why should'st thou then, whose battailes were to win
 Thy selfe, from those straits nature put thee in,
 And to deliver up to God that state,
 Of which he gave thee the vicariate, 210

184 victorie; *Ed*: victorie, 1633-69 186 brought] wrought 1639,
Chambers 192 usurp'dst *B, D, H49, N, TCD*: usurp'ft 1633, *Lec, S96*:
 usurpe 1635-69, *A25, JC, O'F, Chambers* 193 Then 1635-69: That
 1633 198 acclamations 1669, *A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCD*:
 acclamation 1633-54 202 are. *D*: are; 1633-69 204 expresse;
Ed: expresse. 1633-69

(Which

(Which is thy foule and body) as intire
 As he, who takes endeavours, doth require,
 But didst not stay, t'enlarge his kingdome too,
 By making others, what thou didst, to doe;
 Why shouldst thou Triumph now, when Heav'n no more
 Hath got, by getting thee, then't had before? 216
 For, Heav'n and thou, even when thou livedst here,
 Of one another in possession were.
 But this from Triumph most disables thee,
 That, that place which is conquered, must bee 220
 Left safe from present warre, and likely doubt
 Of imminent commotions to breake out:
 And hath he left us so? or can it bee
 His territory was no more then Hee?
 No, we were all his charge, the Diocis 225
 Of ev'ry exemplar man, the whole world is,
 And he was joyned in commission
 With Tutelar Angels, sent to every one.
 But though this freedome to upbraid, and chide
 Him who Triumph'd, were lawfull, it was ty'd 230
 With this, that it might never reference have
 Unto the Senate, who this triumph gave;
 Men might at Pompey jeast, but they might not
 At that authoritie, by which he got
 Leave to Triumph, before, by age, he might; 235
 So, though, triumphant foule, I dare to write,
 Mov'd with a reverentiall anger, thus,
 That thou so earely wouldst abandon us;
 Yet I am farre from daring to dispute
 With that great soveraigntie, whose absolute 240
 Prerogative hath thus dispens'd with thee,
 'Gainst natures lawes, which just impugnners bee

212 endeavours, 1633-54, *A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96*,
TCD: Indentours, 1669, *Chambers* 216 'thad] t'had 1633-39 218
 were. *D*: were; 1633-69 222 out: 1635-69: out. 1633 224
 His 1633-54: This 1669 then 1633-69: but *D, H49, N, O'F, S, S96*,
TCD 231 reference] reverence 1650-54 239 I am] am I *B*,
O'F, S, S96 241 with 1633-69, *O'F*: for *A25, D, H49, Lec, N, TCD*
 Of

Of early triumphs; And I (though with paine)
 Lessen our losse, to magnifie thy gaine
 Of triumph, when I say, It was more fit, 245
 That all men should lacke thee, then thou lack it.
 Though then in our time, be not suffered
 That testimonie of love, unto the dead,
 To die with them, and in their graves be hid,
 As Saxon wives, and French foldurii did; 250
 And though in no degree I can expresse
 Griefe in great Alexanders great excesse,
 Who at his friends death, made whole townes deuest
 Their walls and bullwarks which became them best:
 Doe not, faire soule, this sacrifice refuse, 255
 That in thy grave I doe interre my Muse,
 Who, by my griefe, great as thy worth, being cast
 Behind hand, yet hath spoke, and spoke her last.

Elegie on the Lady Marckham.

MAn is the World, and death th'Ocean,
 To which God gives the lower parts of man.
 This Sea invirons all, and though as yet
 God hath set markes, and bounds, twixt us and it,
 Yet doth it rore, and gnaw, and still pretend, 5
 And breaks our bankes, when ere it takes a friend.
 Then our land waters (teares of passion) vent;
 Our waters, then, above our firmament,
 (Teares which our Soule doth for her fins let fall)
 Take all a brackish tast, and Funerall, 10

247 time,] times, 1669, B, JC, O'F, N, S, S96, TCD 250 foldurii D,
 H49, Lec: foldarii 1633-69 251 expresse] expresse, 1633 257
 Who, 1633: Which, 1639-69

Elegie &c. 1633-54: An Elegie &c. 1669: similarly, A18, A25, B,
 C, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, S96, TC 6 And breaks
 1633-54: To break 1669 bankes D, Cy, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P,
 TCC: bounds A25, C: banke, 1633-69, N (s added), TCD 8 firmament,]
 firmament. 1633 10 Funerall, Ed: Funerall. 1633-69

And

And even these teares, which should wash sin, are sin.

We, after Gods *Noe*, drowne our world againe.
Nothing but man of all invenom'd things

Doth worke upon itselfe, with inborne stings.

Teares are false Spectacles, we cannot see 15

Through passions mist, what wee are, or what shee.
In her this sea of death hath made no breach,

But as the tide doth wash the slimie beach,
And leaves embroder'd workes upon the sand,
So is her flesh refin'd by deaths cold hand. 20

As men of China, after an ages stay,

Do take up Porcelane, where they buried Clay;
So at this grave, her limbecke, which refines

The Diamonds, Rubies, Saphires, Pearles, and Mines,
Of which this flesh was, her foule shall inspire 25

Flesh of such stuffe, as God, when his last fire
Annuls this world, to recompence it, shall,

Make and name then, th'Elixir of this All.
They say, the sea, when it gaines, loseth too;

If carnall Death (the yonger brother) doe 30
Usurpe the body, our foule, which subject is

To th'elder death, by sinne, is freed by this;
They perish both, when they attempt the just;

For, graves our trophies are, and both deaths dust.
So, unobnoxious now, she hath buried both; 35

For, none to death finnes, that to sinne is loth,
Nor doe they die, which are not loth to die;

So hath she this, and that virginity.

11 these *D, H49, Lec*: those 1633-69 12 after Gods *Noe*, drowne
1633-54 (*No*, 1635-54): after God, new drown 1669 our world
1669, *B, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TCD*: the world 1633-54, *A18*,
A25, JC, TCC 16 mist] mistes *Cy, L74, N, TCD* 19 embroder'd
1635-54: embroderd 1633: embroider'd 1669 21 stay, *Ed*: stay
1633-69 25 which *Ed*: which, 1633-69 28 then, 1633:
then 1635-39: them 1650-69 34 and both deaths dust. *Ed*:
and both Deaths' dust. *Grolier*: and both, deaths dust. 1633: and both
death's dust. 1635-69 and *Chambers*: and both dead dust. *D, Cy, H40*,
H49, JC, Lec, S96. See note 36 loth, *Ed*: loth. 1633-69 37
die; *Ed*: die, 1633-69

Grace was in her extremely diligent,
 That kept her from sinne, yet made her repent. 40
 Of what small spots pure white complaines! Alas,
 How little poyson cracks a christall glasse!
 She sinn'd, but just enough to let us see
 That God's word must be true, All, sinners be.
 Soe much did zeale her conscience rarefie, 45
 That, extreme truth lack'd little of a lye,
 Making omissions, acts; laying the touch
 Of sinne, on things that sometimes may be such.
 As *Moses* Cherubines, whose natures doe
 Surpasse all speed, by him are winged too: 50
 So would her soule, already'in heaven, seeme then,
 To clyme by teares, the common staires of men.
 How fit she was for God, I am content
 To speake, that Death his vaine hast may repent.
 How fit for us, how even and how sweet, 55
 How good in all her titles, and how meet,
 To have reform'd this forward heresie,
 That women can no parts of friendship bee;
 How Morall, how Divine shall not be told,
 Left they that heare her vertues, thinke her old: 60
 And left we take Deaths part, and make him glad
 Of such a prey, and to his tryumph adde.

42 cracks 1633-69, *A25, Cy, P* (crackt): breakes *A18, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, S96, TC* glasse! *Ed*: glasse? 1633-69 44-5 omitted in 1633 between foot of one page and top of next 45 rarefie,] rectify, *D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, S96* 48 sometimes 1633 and *MSS*.: sometime 1635-69, and *Chambers* 52 teares,] tears *Chambers* the . . . men in brackets *A18, N, TC* 54 Death *D*: death 1633-69 58 women 1635-69, *A18, A25, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, TC*: woman 1633, *Cy* parts] parte *Cy, JC*. This line written in large letters in several *MSS*. 60 vertues, 1633-35, 1669: vertue, 1639-54 thinke] thinks 1639 old: *Ed*: old. 1633-69 62 tryumph 1633-69, *A25, D, H40, Lec*: triumphes *A18, B, H49, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, S96, TC*

Elegie on M^{rs} Boulstred.

DEath I recant, and say, unfaid by mee
 What ere hath slip'd, that might diminish thee.
 Spirituall treason, atheisme 'tis, to say,
 That any can thy Summons disobey.
 Th'earths face is but thy Table; there are set 5
 Plants, cattell, men, dishes for Death to eate.
 In a rude hunger now hee millions drawes
 Into his bloody, or plaguy, or sterv'd jawes.
 Now hee will seeme to spare, and doth more wast,
 Eating the best first, well preserv'd to last. 10
 Now wantonly he spoiles, and eates us not,
 But breakes off friends, and lets us peecemeale rot.
 Nor will this earth serve him; he sinkes the deepe
 Where harmelesse fish monastique silence keepe,
 Who (were Death dead) by Roes of living sand, 15
 Might sponge that element, and make it land.
 He rounds the aire, and breakes the hymnique notes
 In birds (Heavens choristers,) organique throats,
 Which (if they did not dye) might seeme to bee
 A tenth ranke in the heavenly hierarchie. 20
 O strong and long-liv'd death, how cam'st thou in?
 And how without Creation didst begin?
 Thou hast, and shalt see dead, before thou dyest,
 All the foure Monarchies, and Antichrist.
 How could I thinke thee nothing, that see now 25
 In all this All, nothing else is, but thou.
 Our births and lives, vices, and vertues, bee
 Wastfull consumptions, and degrees of thee.

Elegie on M^{rs} Boulstred. 1633-69, *A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, TCC, TCD*: in *Cy, O'F, P* this and the Elegie, Death, be not proud (p. 416) are given as one poem. See note 5 there are set] and the meate *A18, L74, N, TC* 6 dishes 1633, 1650-69: dished 1635-39, *A18, L74, N, O'F, S96, TC* 10 first,] fruite or fruites *A18, H49, L74, N, TC*: first fruit *P* 14 keepe, 1635-39: keepe. 1633, 1650-69 15 by Roes 1633: the Roes 1635-54: the Rows 1669: by rows *A18, N, O'F, P, S96, TC* 18 birds *Ed*: birds, 1633-69 (Heavens choristers)] brackets from *HN* 27 lives, 1635-69, *A25, Cy, O'F, P, S*: lifes, *HN*: life, 1633, *A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TC*

For,

For, wee to live, our bellowes weare, and breath,
 Nor are wee mortall, dying, dead, but death. 30
 And though thou beest, O mighty bird of prey,
 So much reclaim'd by God, that thou must lay
 All that thou kill'st at his feet, yet doth hee
 Reserve but few, and leaves the most to thee.
 And of those few, now thou hast overthrowne 35
 One whom thy blow makes, not ours, nor thine own.
 She was more stories high: hopelesse to come
 To her Soule, thou' hast offer'd at her lower roome.
 Her Soule and body was a King and Court:
 But thou hast both of Captaine mist and fort. 40
 As houses fall not, though the King remove,
 Bodies of Saints rest for their soules above.
 Death gets 'twixt soules and bodies such a place
 As sinne insinuates 'twixt just men and grace,
 Both worke a separation, no divorce. 45
 Her Soule is gone to usher up her corse,
 Which shall be almost another soule, for there
 Bodies are purer, then best Soules are here.
 Because in her, her virtues did outgoe
 Her yeares, would'st thou, O emulous death, do so? 50
 And kill her young to thy losse? must the cost
 Of beauty, and wit, apt to doe harme, be lost?
 What though thou found'st her prooffe 'gainst sins of
 youth?
 Oh, every age a diverse sinne pursueth.
 Thou should'st have stay'd, and taken better hold, 55
 Shortly, ambitious; covetous, when old,
 She might have prov'd: and such devotion
 Might once have stray'd to superstition.

34 to thee. 1633: for thee. 1635-69 35 thou hast 1633-69: hast
 thou HN 36 blow] blow, 1633 41 King 1633, A18, A25, B, Cy,
 D, H49, HN, Lec, N, O'F, P, TC: Kings 1635-69 45 worke 1633-69,
 HN, O'F, S: workes A18, Cy, D, H49, L74, N, P, TC: makes Lec. See
 note
 56 Shortly,] Shortly 1633 ambitious; 1635-69: ambitious,
 1633

If all her vertues must have growne, yet might
 Abundant virtue have bred a proud delight. 60
 Had she persever'd just, there would have bin
 Some that would sinne, mis-thinking she did sinne.
 Such as would call her friendship, love, and faine
 To sociableness, a name profane;
 Or sinne, by tempting, or, not daring that, 65
 By wishing, though they never told her what.
 Thus might'st thou have slain more foules, had'st thou not
 crost
 Thy selfe, and to triumph, thine army lost.
 Yet though these wayes be lost, thou hast left one,
 Which is, immoderate griefe that she is gone. 70
 But we may scape that sinne, yet weepe as much,
 Our teares are due, because we are not such.
 Some teares, that knot of friends, her death must cost,
 Because the chaine is broke, though no linke lost.

ELEGIE.

Death.

L Anguage thou art too narrow, and too weake
 To ease us now; great sorrow cannot speake;
 If we could sigh out accents, and weepe words,
 Griefe weares, and lessens, that tears breath affords.

62 mis-thinking] mistaking Cy, HN, O'F (but altered to text) 64
 profane; 1669: profane, 1635-54: profane. 1633 74 though 1635-69,
 A18, A25, HN, L74, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC: but 1633, D, H40, H49, Lec
 Here follow in 1635-54 By our first strange (p. 111), Madame, That I
 (p. 291), and Death be not proud, (p. 422). In 1669 My Fortune and
 (p. 292) precedes Madame, That I
 Elegie. 1633: Elegie XI. Death, 1635-54 (being placed among the Elegies):
 Elegie XI. 1669: An Elegie upon the death of M^{rs} Boulstred. A18, B,
 Cy, H40, L74, N, O'F, P, S, TCC, TCD: no title, HN 2 sorrow 1633,
 B, Cy, H40, HN, L74, N, P, TC: sorrowes 1635-69, O'F, S

Sad

Sad hearts, the lesse they seeme the more they are, 5
 (So guiltiest men stand mute at the barre)
 Not that they know not, feele not their estate,
 But extreme sence hath made them desperate.
 Sorrow, to whom we owe all that we bee;
 Tyrant, in the fift and greatest Monarchy, 10
 Was't, that she did possesse all hearts before,
 Thou hast kil'd her, to make thy Empire more?
 Knew'st thou some would, that knew her not, lament,
 As in a deluge perishe th'innocent?
 Was't not enough to have that palace wonne, 15
 But thou must raze it too, that was undone?
 Had'st thou staide there, and look'd out at her eyes,
 All had ador'd thee that now from thee flies,
 For they let out more light, then they tooke in,
 They told not when, but did the day beginne. 20
 She was too Saphirine, and cleare for thee;
 Clay, flint, and jeat now thy fit dwellings be;
 Alas, shee was too pure, but not too weake;
 Who e'r saw Christall Ordinance but would break?
 And if wee be thy conquest, by her fall 25
 Th'haft lost thy end, for in her perishe all;
 Or if we live, we live but to rebell,
 They know her better now, that knew her well.
 If we should vapour out, and pine, and die;
 Since, shee first went, that were not miserie. 30
 Shee chang'd our world with hers; now she is gone,
 Mirth and prosperity is oppression;
 For of all morall vertues she was all,
 The Ethicks speake of vertues Cardinall.

8 desperate. *Ed:* desperate; 1633-69 10 Tyrant, 1633, 1669
 (no comma): Tyran, 1635-54 20 beginne. *Ed:* beginne; 1633-69
 21 for 1635-69: to 1633 26 for in her 1633 and all the MSS.: in
 her we' 1635-69, *Chambers* 28 They . . that . . well; 1633, *Cy*, *H40*,
HN, *L74*, *N*, *S*, *TC*: That know her better now, who knew her well.
 1635-69, *B*, *O'F*, *P*, *S* 96 29 and pine, and] or pine, or *Cy*, *H40*, *HN*,
O'F, *P*, *S*, *S* 96: or pine, and *L74*, *TCC* 30 miserie. *Ed:* miserie;
 1633-69 34 The Ethicks speake 1633, *A18*, *Cy*, *H40*, *L74*, *N*, *P*, *TC*:
 That Ethickes speake 1635-69, *B*, *O'F*, *S*: The ethenickes spake *HN*
 Cardinall. *Ed:* Cardinall; 1633-69

Her soule was Paradise; the Cherubin 35
 Set to keepe it was grace, that kept out sinne.
 Shee had no more then let in death, for wee
 All reape consumption from one fruitfull tree.
 God tooke her hence, lest some of us should love
 Her, like that plant, him and his lawes above, 40
 And when wee teares, hee mercy shed in this,
 To raise our mindes to heaven where now she is;
 Who if her vertues would have let her stay
 Wee'had had a Saint, have now a holiday.
 Her heart was that strange bush, where, sacred fire, 45
 Religion, did not consume, but'inspire
 Such piety, so chaste use of Gods day,
 That what we turne to *feast*, she turn'd to *pray*,
 And did prefigure here, in devout tast,
 The rest of her high Sabaoth, which shall last. 50
 Angels did hand her up, who next God dwell,
 (For she was of that order whence most fell)
 Her body left with us, lest some had said,
 Shee could not die, except they saw her dead;
 For from lesse vertue, and lesse beautiousnesse, 55
 The Gentiles fram'd them Gods and Goddessees.
 The ravenous earth that now wooes her to be
 Earth too, will be a *Lemnia*; and the tree
 That wraps that christall in a wooden Tombe,
 Shall be tooke up spruce, fill'd with diamond; 60
 And we her sad glad friends all beare a part
 Of grieve, for all would waste a Stoicks heart.

36 that kept out] to keep out *HN, P* sinne. *Ed:* sinne; 1633-69
 37 She had no more; then let in death for we 1669 38 tree. *Ed:*
 tree; 1633-69 41-2 And when we see his mercy shewne in this
 'Twill &c. *S* 44 holiday. *Ed:* holiday; 1633-69 *All the MSS.*
 omit have, but *O'F* inserts it later 48 That what 1633-69: That
 when *HN* turne] turn'd *Cy, HN, P, S, 96* to *feast*, *Ed:* to feast,
 1633-69 feast] feasts *L74, N, O'F, TC* to *pray*, *Ed:* to pray,
 1633-69 50 last.] last; 1633 53 Her body left 1633, *A18, HN,*
N, TC: Her bodie's left 1635-69 56 fram'd] fain'd *Cy, P:* form'd
H40, HN 57 wooes] woes 1633 be] be, 1633 58 *All the*
MSS. omit a before Lemnia, but O'F inserts 61 sad glad 1633-69:
 glad sad *B, Cy, L74, N, O'F, P, S, S96* 62 walle 1633, *A18, Cy, H40.*
HN, L74, N, P, TC: breake 1635-69, *B, O'F*

Elegie on the L. C.

Sorrow, who to this house scarce knew the way:
 Is, Oh, heire of it, our All is his prey.
 This strange chance claimes strange wonder, and to us
 Nothing can be so strange, as to weepe thus.
 'Tis well his lifes loud speaking workes deserve, 5
 And give praise too, our cold tongues could not serve:
 'Tis well, hee kept teares from our eyes before,
 That to fit this deepe ill, we might have store.
 Oh, if a sweet briar, climbe up by'a tree,
 If to a paradise that transplanted bee, 10
 Or fell'd, and burnt for holy sacrifice,
 Yet, that must wither, which by it did rise,
 As we for him dead: though no familie
 Ere rigg'd a soule for heavens discoverie
 With whom more Venturers more boldly dare 15
 Venture their states, with him in joy to share.
 Wee lose what all friends lov'd, him; he gaines now
 But life by death, which worst foes would allow,
 If hee could have foes, in whose practise grew
 All vertues, whose names subtile Schoolmen knew. 20
 What ease, can hope that wee shall see him; beget,
 When wee must die first, and cannot dye yet?
 His children are his pictures, Oh they bee
 Pictures of him dead, senselesse, cold as he.
 Here needs no marble Tombe, since hee is gone, 25
 He, and about him, his, are turn'd to stone.

Elegie &c. 1635-69, following Death be not proud (p. 422): Elegie, Funerall Elegie, or no title, B, Cy, HN, O'F, S96: Elegie VI. (being placed among the Elegies) 1633: Elegie. (being eighth among Elegies) D, H49, Lec: Elegia tercia. S: Elegie XIII^a. JC, W 1 who 1633-39: that 1650-69 2 prey. 1633: prey, 1635-54: Pay. 1669 4 thus. 1669: thus; 1633-54 13 dead: 1633-69: dead. HN, Grolier 16 Venture their states] Venter estates B share. D, H49, Lec, W: share 1633: share, 1635-69, Chambers and Grolier. See note 17 him;] him, 1633 20 names] name 1635-69 knew. Ed: knew; 1635-69 24 he. 1650-69: he, 1633-39

An

*An hymne to the Saints, and to Marquesse
Hamylton.*

To Sir Robert Carr.

S I R,

I Presume you rather try what you can doe in me, then what I can doe in verse; you know my uttermost when it was best, and even then I did best when I had least truth for my subjects. In this present case there is so much truth as it defeats all Poetry. Call therefore this paper by what name you will, and, if it bee not worthy of him, nor of you, nor of mee, smother it, and bee that the sacrifice. If you had commanded mee to have waited on his body to Scotland and preached there, I would have embraced the obligation with more alacrity; But, I thanke you that you would command me that which I was loath to doe, for, even that hath given a tincture of merit to the obedience of

Your poore friend and
servant in Christ Iesus

I. D.

WHether that foule which now comes up to you
Fill any former ranke or make a new;
Whether it take a name nam'd there before,
Or be a name it selfe, and order more

An hymne &c. 1633-69, in all of which it is classed with the Divine Poems, following Resurrection. In 1635-69 it is preceded by the letter To Sir Robert Carr.: in 1633 the letter follows, and has no heading: similarly in A18, OF, TCC. See note 2 verse; 1635-69: verse, 1633 3 best] at the best A18, TCC subjects. 1635-69: subjects, 1633: subject, A18, TCC 6-7 of him . . . sacrifice. 1635-69: of you nor of him, we will smother it, and be it your sacrifice. 1633: of him, nor of you, nor of anye; smother it, and bee that the sacrifice. A18, TCC 9 the 1635-69: your 1633, A18, TCC more] much 1633 10 loath] loather 1633 in Christ Iesus] om. A18, TCC

1 Whether] Whither 1633, and so in 3 2 new; Ed: new, 1633-69
Then

Then was in heaven till now; (for may not hee 5
 Bee so, if every severall Angell bee
 A *kind* alone?) What ever order grow
 Greater by him in heaven, wee doe not so.
 One of your orders growes by his accessse;
 But, by his losse grow all our *orders* lesse; 10
 The name of *Father*, *Master*, *Friend*, the name
 Of *Subject* and of *Prince*, in one are lame;
 Faire mirth is damp't, and conversation black,
 The *household* widdow'd, and the *garter* slack;
 The *Chappell* wants an eare, *Councell* a tongue; 15
Story, a theame; and *Musicke* lacks a song;
 Blest *order* that hath him! the losse of him
 Gangreend all *Orders* here; all lost a limbe.
 Never made body such hast to confesse
 What a soule was; All former comelineffe 20
 Fled, in a minute, when the soule was gone,
 And, having lost that beauty, would have none;
 So fell our *Monasteries*, in one instant growne
 Not to lesse houses, but, to heapes of stone;
 So sent this body that faire forme it wore, 25
 Unto the spheare of formes, and doth (before
 His soule shall fill up his sepulchrall stone,)
 Anticipate a Resurrection;
 For, as in his fame, now, his soule is here,
 So, in the forme thereof his bodie's there. 30
 And if, faire soule, not with first *Innocents*
 Thy station be, but with the *Penitents*,
 (And, who shall dare to aske then when I am
 Dy'd scarlet in the blood of that pure Lambe,

6 so,] so? 1633 7 alone?) 1635-54: alone;) 1633: alone) 1669
 8 fo. *Ed*: so; 1633-69 12 are 1633, *A18*, *TCC*: is 1635-69, *O'F*
 16 song; 1633: song. 1635-69 17 him! *Ed*: him, 1633-69 18
 Gangreend 1635-69: Gangred 1633 limbe. 1633-35: limbe: 1639-69
 22 none; *Ed*: none: 1650-69: none, 1633-39 23 one instant 1633:
 an instant 1635-69 25 this 1633, *A18*, *TCC*: his 1635-69 29
 For, as in his 1633-39: For, as it his 1650-54: For, as it is his 1669
 30 there. *Ed*: there; 1633-39: there, 1650-69

Whether that colour, which is scarlet then, 35
 Were black or white before in eyes of men ?)
 When thou rememb'rest what sins thou didst finde
 Amongst those many friends now left behinde,
 And seest such finners as they are, with thee
 Got thither by repentance, Let it bee 40
 Thy wish to wish all there, to wish them cleane ;
 With *him* a *David*, *her* a *Magdalen*.

36 in eyes] in the eyes *A18, O'F, TCC*

EPITAPHS.

EPITAPH

ON HIMSELFE.

To the Countesse of Bedford.

MADAME,

THat I might make your Cabinet my tombe,
 And for my fame which I love next my soule,
 Next to my soule provide the happiest roome,
 Admit to that place this last funerall Scrowle.
 Others by Wills give Legacies, but I
 Dying, of you doe beg a Legacie.

5

My fortune and my will this custome breake,
 When we are senselesse grown to make stones speak,
 Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
 In my graves inside see what thou art now:
 Yet th'art not yet so good; till us death lay
 To ripe and mellow there, w'are stubborne clay,
 Parents make us earth, and soules dignifie
 Vs to be glasse, here to grow gold we lie;
 Whilst in our soules sinne bred and pampered is,
 Our soules become worme-eaten Carkasses.

10

15

Epitaph. *B, D, H40, H49* On himselfe. 1635-69 To the
 Countesse of Bedford. *O'F, S96: no heading, and epistle only, A25, C*
The introductory epistle, and the first ten lines of the epitaph, the whole with
heading Elegie., is printed 1635-54 among the Funerall Elegies. The full
epitaph without epistle and with heading On himselfe. is included among
the Divine Poems, where it follows the Lamentations of Jeremy. In
his note Chambers (II. 234) reverses these facts. In 1669 On himselfe.
is transferred to the Funerall Elegies and is followed immediately by the
Elegie, i.e. the epistle and incomplete epitaph. They are here given for the
first time in a separate group 5 Others by Wills 1635-69: Others by
 testaments *A25, C, O'F (altered to wills), S96: Men by testament B:*
 Then by testament *H40: O then by testament D, H49* 10 now:
 1650-69: now, 1635-39 12 there, 1635, 1669: thee, 1639-54

Omnibus

Omnibus.

MY Fortune and my choice this custome break,
 When we are speechlesse grown, to make stones speak,
 Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
 In my graves inside seeest what thou art now:
 Yet thou'art not yet so good, till death us lay 5
 To ripe and mellow here, we are stubborne Clay.
 Parents make us earth, and soules dignifie
 Vs to be glasse; here to grow gold we lie.
 Whilst in our soules finne bred and pamper'd is,
 Our soules become wormeaten carkases; 10
 So we our selves miraculously destroy.
 Here bodies with lesse miracle enjoy
 Such priviledges, enabled here to scale
 Heaven, when the Trumpets ayre shall them exhale.
 Heare this, and mend thy selfe, and thou mendst me, 15
 By making me being dead, doe good to thee,
 And thinke me well compos'd, that I could now
 A last-ficke houre to syllables allow.

Omnibus. *D, H49*: To all. *H40, RP31*: Another on the same. (*i.e.*
M^r Boulfred) *P*: On himselfe. 1635-69: no title, *B, S96*: in *MSS.* this
 complete epitaph follows the epistle (*p.* 291); but in *B* they are separated
 by various poems and in *P* the epistle is not given 3 tell] tel 1635
 4 seeft] see *D, H49*: compare incomplete version. 5 Yet 1635-69:
 Nay *S96* thou'art *Ed*: thou art 1635-69 8 lie. *Ed*:
 lie; 1635-69 14 them] then 1669 16 to thee, *B, D, H40, H49*,
O'F, S96: for thee, 1635-69

INFINITATI SACRUM,

16. *Augusti* 1601.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

Poëma Satyricon.

EPISTLE.



Others at the Porches and entries of their Buildings set their Armes; I, my picture; if any colours can deliver a minde so plaine, and flat, and through light as mine. Naturally at a new Author, I doubt, and sticke, and doe not say quickly, good. I censure much and taxe; And this liberty costs mee more then others, by how much my owne things are worse then others. Yet I would not be so rebellious against my selfe, as not to doe it, since I love it; nor so unjust to others, to do it *sine talione*. As long as I give them as good hold upon mee, they must pardon mee my bitings. I forbid no reprehender, but him that like the Trent Councell forbids not bookes, but Authors, damning what ever such a name hath or shall write. None writes so ill, that he gives not some thing exemplary, to follow, or flie. Now when I beginne this booke, I have no purpose to come into any mans debt¹; how my stocke will hold out I know not; perchance waste, perchance increase in use; if I doe

Infinitati &c. 1633-69: (in 1633 it is the first poem; in 1635-69 it follows the Funerall Elegies, from which it is separated by some prose letters, and precedes Divine Poems as here), A18, G, N, TCC, TCD Metempsychosis. 1650-69: Metempsychosis. 1633-39 ¹ debt; Ed: debt, 1633-69 borrow

borrow any thing of Antiquitie, besides that I make account that I pay it to posterity, with as much and as good: You shall still finde mee to acknowledge it, and to thanke not him onely that hath digg'd out treasure for mee, but that hath lighted mee a candle to the place. All which I will bid you remember, (for I will have no such Readers as I can teach) is, that the Pithagorian doctrine doth not onely carry one soule from man to man, nor man to beast, but indifferently to plants also: and therefore you must not grudge to finde the same soule in an Emperour, in a Post-horse, and in a Mucheron,¹ since no unreadinesse in the soule, but an indisposition in the organs workes this. And therefore though this soule could not move when it was a Melon, yet it may remember, and now tell mee,² at what lascivious banquet it was serv'd. And though it could not speake, when it was a spider, yet it can remember, and now tell me, who used it for poyson to attaine dignitie. How ever the bodies have dull'd her other faculties, her memory hath ever been her owne, which makes me so seriously deliver you by her relation all her passages from her first making when shee was that apple³ which Eve eate,⁴ to this time when shee is hee,⁵ whose life you shall finde in the end of this booke.

¹ Mucheron, 1633, *N, TC*: Mushrome, *G*: Maceron, 1635-69, *O'F*

² and can now tell mee, 1635-69 ³ apple] aple 1633 ⁴ eate, 1633-69: ate, *O'F*: eat, *mod. editors* ⁵ shee is hee, 1633, *A18, G, N, TC*: shee is shee, 1635-69

THE P R O G R E S S E O F T H E S O U L E.

First Song.

I.

I Sing the progresse of a deathlesse foule,
Whom Fate, which God made, but doth not controule,
Plac'd in most shapes; all times before the law
Yoak'd us, and when, and since, in this I sing.
And the great world to his aged evening; 5
From infant morne, through manly noone I draw.
What the gold Chaldee, or silver Persian saw,
Greeke brasse, or Roman iron, is in this one;
A worke t'outweare *Seths* pillars, bricke and stone,
And (holy writt excepted) made to yeeld to none. 10

II.

Thee, eye of heaven, this great Soule envies not,
By thy male force, is all wee have, begot.
In the first East, thou now beginst to shine,
Suck'ft early balme, and Iland spices there,
And wilt anon in thy loose-rein'd careere 15
At Tagus, Po, Sene, Thames, and Danow dine,
And see at night thy Westerne land of Myne,
Yet hast thou not more nations seene then shee,
That before thee, one day beganne to bee,
And thy fraile light being quench'd, shall long, long out
live thee. 20

7 gold] cold 1635-54 10 writt 1635-69, G: writs 1633, A18, N,
TC: Writ's Chambers 12 begot.] begot, 1633 13 East] east
1633 some copies beginst] begins 1633 16 Danow dine,] Danon
dine. 1633 17 Myne, 1633 (but mine, in some copies): Mine, 1635-69
19 one day before thee O'F

III.

III.

Nor, holy *Ianus*, in whose foveraigne boate
 The Church, and all the Monarchies did floate;
 That swimming Colledge, and free Hospitall
 Of all mankinde, that cage and vivarie
 Of fowles, and beasts, in whose wombe, Destinie 25
 Us, and our latest nephewes did install
 (From thence are all deriv'd, that fill this All,
 Did'st thou in that great stewardship embarke
 So diverse shapes into that floating parke,
 As have beene moved, and inform'd by this heavenly
 sparke. 30

IV.

Great Destiny the Commissary of God,
 That hast mark'd out a path and period
 For every thing; who, where wee of-spring tooke,
 Our wayes and ends seest at one instant; Thou 35
 Knot of all causes, thou whose changelesse brow
 Ne'r smiles nor frownes, O vouch thou safe to looke
 And shew my story, in thy eternall booke:
 That (if my prayer be fit) I may understand
 So much my selfe, as to know with what hand,
 How scant, or liberall this my lifes race is spand. 40

V.

To my fixe lustres almost now outwore,
 Except thy booke owe mee so many more,
 Except my legend be free from the letts
 Of sleepe ambition, sleepe povertie,
 Spirit-quenching sicknesse, dull captivitie, 45

21 Nor, holy *Ianus*, *Ed*: Nor holy *Ianus* 1633-69 27 From thence]
 For, thence *G* All,)] All) 1633-69 31 Commissary] commissary 1633
 some copies 33 every thing; *Ed*: every thing, 1633-69 34 instant;
 1633: instant. 1635-69 36 vouch thou safe *A18, G, N, O'F, TC*: vouch
 safe thou 1633-69 37 booke: *Ed*: booke. 1633-69 45 Spirit-
 quenching] Spright-quenching *G*

Distracting businesse, and from beauties nets,
 And all that calls from this, and to others whets,
 O let me not launch out, but let mee save
 Th'expense of braine and spirit; that my grave
 His right and due, a whole unwasted man may have. 50

VI.

But if my dayes be long, and good enough,
 In vaine this sea shall enlarge, or enrough
 It selfe; for I will through the wave, and fome,
 And shall, in sad lone wayes a lively spright,
 Make my darke heavy Poëm light, and light. 55
 For though through many streights, and lands I roame,
 I launch at paradise, and I saile towards home;
 The course I there began, shall here be staid,
 Sailes hoised there, stroke here, and anchors laid
 In Thames, which were at Tigris, and Euphrates
 waide. 60

VII.

For the great soule which here amongst us now
 Doth dwell, and moves that hand, and tongue, and brow,
 Which, as the Moone the sea, moves us; to heare
 Whose story, with long patience you will long;
 (For 'tis the crowne, and last straine of my song) 65
 This soule to whom *Luther*, and *Mahomet* were
 Prisons of flesh; this soule which oft did teare,
 And mend the wracks of th'Empire, and late Rome,
 And liv'd when every great change did come,
 Had first in paradise, a low, but fatall roome. 70

54 shall, *Ed:* shall 1633: hold 1635-69 lone 1635-69: love 1633,
A18, G, N, TC wayes *Ed:* wayes, 1633-69 spright, *Ed:* spright
 1633-69 59 hoised] hoisted *G* 61 For the] For this *G, N, TCD:*
 For that *O'F* 63 Which, *Ed:* Which 1633-69 us; *Ed:* us,
 1633-69 69 when] where *A18, G, N, O'F, TC*

VIII.

Yet no low roome, nor then the greateſt, leſſe,
 If (as devout and ſharpe men fitly gueſſe)
 That Croſſe, our joy, and griefe, where nailes did tye
 That All, which alwayes was all, every where;
 Which could not finne, and yet all finnes did beare; 75
 Which could not die, yet could not chuſe but die;
 Stood in the ſelfe ſame roome in Calvarie,
 Where firſt grew the forbidden learned tree,
 For on that tree hung in ſecurity
 This Soule, made by the Makers will from pulling
 free. 80

IX.

Prince of the orchard, faire as dawning morne,
 Fenc'd with the law, and ripe as ſoone as borne
 That apple grew, which this Soule did enlive,
 Till the then climbing ſerpent, that now creeps
 For that offence, for which all mankind weepes, 85
 Tooke it, and t'her whom the firſt man did wive
 (Whom and her race, only forbiddings drive)
 He gave it, ſhe, t'her huſband, both did eate;
 So perished the eaters, and the meate:
 And wee (for treaſon taints the blood) thence die and
 ſweat. 90

X.

Man all at once was there by woman ſlaine,
 And one by one we're here ſlaine o'er againe
 By them. The mother poiſon'd the well-head,
 The daughters here corrupt us, Rivolets;
 No ſmalneſſe ſcapes, no greatneſſe breaks their nets; 95

71 no low] nor low *Chambers* 74 every where; *Ed*: every where
 1633: every where, 1635-69 83 enlive, *G*: enlive 1633-69: om. 1633
 some copies, and *A18, N, TC* 93 poyſon'd 1669: poiſoned 1633-54
 94 corrupt us, 1635-69: corrupts us, 1633: corrupt as *G* Rivolets;
Ed: Rivolets, 1635-69: om. 1633, *A18, N, TC* 95 breaks] breake
 1633 some copies nets; *Ed*: nets, 1633-69

She thrust us out, and by them we are led
 Astray, from turning, to whence we are fled.
 Were prisoners Judges, 'twould seeme rigorous,
 Shee sinn'd, we beare; part of our paine is, thus
 To love them, whose fault to this painfull love yoa'k'd
 us. 100

XI.

So fast in us doth this corruption grow,
 That now wee dare aske why wee should be so.
 Would God (disputes the curious Rebbl) make
 A law, and would not have it kept? Or can
 His creatures will, crosse his? Of every man 105
 For one, will God (and be just) vengeance take?
 Who sinn'd? t'was not forbidden to the snake
 Nor her, who was not then made; nor is't writ
 That Adam crompt, or knew the apple; yet
 The worme and she, and he, and wee endure for it. 110

XII.

But snatch mee heavenly Spirit from this vaine
 Reckoning their vanities, lesse is their gaine
 Then hazard still, to meditate on ill,
 Though with good minde; their reasons, like those toys
 Of glasse bubbles, which the gamefome boyes 115
 Stretch to so nice a thinnes through a quill
 That they themselves breake, doe themselves spill:
 Arguing is heretiques game, and Exercise
 As wraflers, perfects them; Not liberties
 Of speech, but silence; hands, not tongues, end
 herefies. 120

96 thrust] thrusts 1633 (thrust in some copies) 97 fled.] fled, 1633
 99 beare; 1635-69, G: here, 1633: heare, A18, N, TC 108 is't] i't 1633
 112 vanities, 1633, G: vanitie, 1635-69 114 minde; Ed: minde, 1633-69
 reasons, Ed: reasons 1633: reason's 1635-69, Chambers and Grolier 115
 which] with 1633 some copies 117 breake, doe 1633, A18, G, N, TC:
 breake, and doe 1635-69, Chambers spill: Ed: spill, 1633-69 119
 perfects] perfect 1633 some copies

XIII.

XIII.

Just in that instant when the serpents gripe,
 Broke the flight veines, and tender conduit-pipe,
 Through which this soule from the trees root did draw
 Life, and growth to this apple, fled away
 This loofe soule, old, one and another day. 125
 As lightning, which one scarce dares say, he saw,
 'Tis so soone gone, (and better prooffe the law
 Of sense, then faith requires) swiftly she flew
 To a darke and foggie Plot; Her, her fates threw
 There through th'earths pores, and in a Plant hous'd
 her anew. 130

XIV.

The plant thus abled, to it selfe did force
 A place, where no place was; by natures course
 As aire from water, water fleets away
 From thicker bodies, by this root thronged so
 His spungie confines gave him place to grow: 135
 Just as in our streets, when the people stay
 To see the Prince, and have so fill'd the way
 That weefels scarce could passe, when she comes nere
 They throng and cleave up, and a passage cleare,
 As if, for that time, their round bodies flatned were. 140

XV.

His right arme he thrust out towards the East,
 West-ward his left; th'ends did themselves digest
 Into ten lesser strings, these fingers were:
 And as a slumberer stretching on his bed,
 This way he this, and that way scattered 145

125 day. 1635-69: day, 1633 (*corrected in some copies*) 126 dares]
 dare 1669 127 prooffe] proofes O'F 130 earths pores, 1669,
 A18, G, N: earths-pores, 1633: earth-pores, 1633 (*some copies*), 1635-54
 anew] a new 1633 135 grow: 1650-69: grow, 1633-39 137 the
 Prince, and have so fill'd G: the Princeffe, and so fill'd 1633 (*but some copies*
read the Prince, and so fill'd): the Prince, and so fill up 1635-69: the Prince,
 and so fill'd A18, N, TC 144 bed, Ed: bed; 1633-69

His

His other legge, which feet with toes upbeare.
 Grew on his middle parts, the first day, haire,
 To show, that in loves bufineffe hee should still
 A dealer bee, and be us'd well, or ill:
 His apples kindle, his leaves, force of conception kill. 150

XVI.

A mouth, but dumbe, he hath; blinde eyes, deafe eares,
 And to his shoulders dangle subtile haire;
 A young *Colossus* there hee stands upright,
 And as that ground by him were conquered
 A leafie garland weares he on his head 155
 Enchas'd with little fruits, so red and bright
 That for them you would call your Loves lips white;
 So, of a lone unhaunted place posselt,
 Did this foules second Inne, built by the gueft,
 This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, rest. 160

XVII.

No lustfull woman came this plant to grieve,
 But 'twas because there was none yet but Eve:
 And she (with other purpose) kill'd it quite;
 Her sinne had now brought in infirmitie;
 And so her cradled child, the moist red eyes 165
 Had never shut, nor slept since it saw light;
 Poppie she knew, she knew the mandrakes might,
 And tore up both, and so coold her childs blood;
 Unvirtuous weeds might long unwev'd have stood;
 But hee's short liv'd, that with his death can doe most
 good. 170

146 upbeare. *Ed*: upbeare; 1633: up beare; 1635-69 147 middle
 parts 1633, *G*: O'F: middle part 1635-69: mid-parts *Ar8*, *N*, *TC* 150
 kindle, *G*: kinde, 1633, *Ar8*, *N*, O'F, *TC*: kindle; 1635-69 157 white;
 1633: white, 1635-69 159 gueft, *Ed*: gueft 1633-69. See note
 165 moist red 1633-35: moist-red 1639-69 166 slept] sleept 1633-35
 light; *Ed*: light, 1633-69 167 mandrakes might, *Ed*: mandrakes
 might; 1633-54: mandrakes-might; 1669

XVIII.

XVIII.

To an unfetterd soules quick nimble haft
 Are falling stars, and hearts thoughts, but flow pac'd:
 Thinner then burnt aire flies this soule, and she
 Whom foure new comming, and foure parting Suns
 Had found, and left the Mandrakes tenant, runnes 175
 Thoughtlesse of change, when her firme destiny
 Confin'd, and enjayld her, that seem'd so free,
 Into a small blew shell, the which a poore
 Warne bird orespread, and sat still evermore,
 Till her inclos'd child kickt, and pick'd it felse a
 dore. 180

XIX.

Outcrept a sparrow, this soules moving Inne,
 On whose raw armes stiffe feathers now begin,
 As childrens teeth through gummes, to breake with paine,
 His flesh is jelly yet, and his bones threds,
 All a new downy mantle overspreads, 185
 A mouth he opes, which would as much containe
 As his late house, and the first houre speaks plaine,
 And chirps alowd for meat. Meat fit for men
 His father steales for him, and so feeds then
 One, that within a moneth, will beate him from his
 hen. 190

XX.

In this worlds youth wise nature did make haft,
 Things ripened sooner, and did longer last;
 Already this hot cocke, in bush and tree,
 In field and tent, oresflutters his next hen;
 He asks her not, who did so tast, nor when, 195

180 inclos'd 1635-69, G: encloth'd A18, N, TC: encloth'd altered to
 unclothed then to enclosed O'F: uncloath'd 1633 pick'd] peck'd A18,
 G, TC 181 Outcrept 1633-35: Out crept 1639-69 185
 a new downy 1635-69, A18, G, TC: downy a new 1633 overspreads,
 1633-39: overspreads 1650-69 193 cocke, Ed: cocke 1633-69
 tree,] tree 1633 194 tent, Ed: tent 1633-69 hen; Ed: hen,
 1633-69

Nor

Nor if his sifter, or his neece shee be;
 Nor doth she pule for his inconstancie
 If in her fight he change, nor doth refuse
 The next that calls; both liberty doe use;
 Where store is of both kindes, both kindes may freely
 chuse. 200

XXI.

Men, till they tooke laws which made freedome lesse,
 Their daughters, and their sisters did ingresse;
 Till now unlawfull, therefore ill, 'twas not.
 So jolly, that it can move, this soule is,
 The body so free of his kindnesse, 205
 That selfe-preserving it hath now forgot,
 And slackneth so the soules, and bodies knot,
 Which temperance streightens; freely on his she friends
 He blood, and spirit, pith, and marrow spends,
 Ill steward of himself, himselfe in three yeares ends. 210

XXII.

Else might he long have liv'd; man did not know
 Of gummie blood, which doth in holly grow,
 How to make bird-lime, nor how to deceive
 With faind calls, hid nets, or enwrapping snare,
 The free inhabitants of the Plyant aire. 215

196 be; *Ed:* be, 1633-69 202 ingresse; *Ed:* ingresse, 1633-69
 203-5 Till now unlawfull, therefore ill; 'twas not
 So jolly, that it can move this soule; Is
 The body so free of his kindnesse, 1633, and 1669 (Till now,):
 Till now, unlawfull, therefore ill 'twas not
 So jolly, that it can move this soule. Is
 The body, so free of his kindnesse, 1635-54
 Till now, unlawful, therefore ill 'twas not.
 So jolly, that it can move this soul, is
 The body, so free of his kindnesses, *Chambers, and Grolier but*
 203 not; and no commas in 204. See note 206 selfe-preserving]
no hyphen 1633-39 207 soules,] souls 1669 208 temperance]
têperance 1633-39 212 grow,] grow 1633-39 214 hid *G:* his
 1633-69, *A18, N, TC* snare,] snare 1633-69

Man

Man to beget, and woman to conceive
 Askt not of rootes, nor of cock-sparrowes, leave:
 Yet chufeth hee, though none of these he feares,
 Pleasantly three, then streightned twenty yeares
 To live, and to encrease his race, himselfe outweares. 220

XXIII.

This cole with overblowing quench'd and dead,
 The Soule from her too active organs fled
 T'a brooke. A female fishes fandie Roe
 With the males jelly, newly lev'ned was,
 For they had intertouch'd as they did passe, 225
 And one of those small bodies, fitted so,
 This soule inform'd, and abled it to rowe
 It selfe with finnie oares, which she did fit:
 Her scales seem'd yet of parchment, and as yet
 Perchance a fish, but by no name you could call it. 230

XXIV.

When goodly, like a ship in her full trim,
 A swan, so white that you may unto him
 Compare all whitenesse, but himselfe to none,
 Glided along, and as he glided watch'd,
 And with his arched necke this poore fish catch'd. 235
 It mov'd with state, as if to looke upon
 Low things it scorn'd, and yet before that one
 Could thinke he sought it, he had swallowed cleare
 This, and much such, and unblam'd devour'd there
 All, but who too swift, too great, or well armed were. 240

220 encrease his race,] encrease, 1633 223 brooke. A *Ed*: brooke;
 a 1633-69 225 they had intertouch'd 1635-69, G, O'F: they intertouched
 1633: they intertouched A18, N, TC 227 abled] able 1669 rowe] roe
 1633 228 fit: *Ed*: fit, 1633-69 240 armed were.] arm'd were 1633

XXV.

Now fwome a prifon in a prifon put,
And now this Soule in double walls was fhut,
Till melted with the Swans digeftive fire,
She left her houle the fh, and vapour'd forth;
Fate not affording bodies of more worth 245
For her as yet, bids her againe retire
T'another fh, to any new defire
Made a new prey; For, he that can to none
Refiftance make, nor complaint, fure is gone.
Weakneffe invites, but filence feasts oppreffion. 250

XXVI.

Pace with her native ftream, this fh doth keepe,
And journeyes with her, towards the glaffie deepe,
But oft retarded, once with a hidden net
Though with greate windowes, for when Need firft taught
Thefe tricks to catch food, then they were not wrought 255
As now, with curious greedineffe to let
None fcape, but few, and fit for ufe, to get,
As, in this trap a ravenous pike was tane,
Who, though himfelfe diftreft, would faine have flain
This wretch; So hardly are ill habits left again. 260

XXVII.

Here by her fmallneffe fhee two deaths orepaft,
Once innocence fcap'd, and left the oppreffor faft.
The net through-fwome, fhe keeps the liquid path,
And whether fhe leape up fometimes to breath
And fuck in aire, or finde it underneath, 265

249 fure is gone. 1633-39: is fure gone. 1650-54: is fure gone, 1669
251 her *Al8, G, N, O'F, TC*: the 1633-69 254-7 for when . . . ufe,
to get,] in brackets 1635-69 254 Need *G*: need 1633-69 255 then]
thê 1633 257 ufe, *Ed*: ufe 1633-69 262 faft. *Ed*: faft; 1633-69
Or

Or working parts like mills or limbecks hath
 To make the water thinne, and airelike faith
 Cares not; but safe the Place she's come unto
 Where fresh, with salt waves meet, and what to doe
 She knowes not, but betweene both makes a boord or
 two. 270

XXVIII.

So farre from hiding her guefts, water is,
 That she shoves them in bigger quantities
 Then they are. Thus doubtfull of her way,
 For game and not for hunger a sea Pie
 Spied through this traiterous spectacle, from high, 275
 The feely fish where it disputing lay,
 And t'end her doubts and her, beares her away:
 Exalted she'is, but to the exalters good,
 As are by great ones, men which lowly stood.
 It's rais'd, to be the Raisers instrument and food. 280

XXIX.

Is any kinde subject to rape like fish?
 Ill unto man, they neither doe, nor wish:
 Fishers they kill not, nor with noise awake,
 They doe not hunt, nor strive to make a prey
 Of beasts, nor their yong sonnes to beare away; 285
 Foules they pursue not, nor do undertake
 To spoile the nests industrious birds do make;
 Yet them all these unkinde kinds feed upon,
 To kill them is an occupation, 289
 And lawes make Fafts, and Lents for their destruction.

266 mills *Ed*: mills, 1633-69 267 water 1635-69, *G*: wether 1633,
A18, TC airelike 1633-35: ayre like 1639-69 and *Chambers* faith
 1633-69: faith, *Chambers*. See note 268 not; *Ed*: not, 1633-69
 270 two.] two 1633 271 is,] is 1633 273 Thus doubtfull
 1633, *A18, G, N, TC*: Thus her doubtfull 1635-69 277 away: *Ed*:
 away, 1633-69 279 in brackets 1635-69 flood. 1633-39: flood,
 1650-69 280 It's rais'd 1633-69: It rais'd some copies of 1633, *A18*,
G, N, TC 287 industrious] industruous 1633 290 Fafts, and Lents
 1635-69: fafts, and lents 1633

XXX.

A sudden stiffe land-winde in that selfe houre
 To sea-ward forc'd this bird, that did devour
 The fish; he cares not, for with ease he flies,
 Fat gluttonies best orator: at last
 So long hee hath flowen, and hath flowen so fast 295
 That many leagues at sea, now tir'd hee lyes,
 And with his prey, that till then languisht, dies:
 The soules no longer foes, two wayes did erre,
 The fish I follow, and keepe no calender
 Of the other; he lives yet in some great officer. 300

XXXI.

Into an embrion fish, our Soule is throwne,
 And in due time throwne out againe, and growne
 To such vastnesse as, if unmanacled
 From Greece, Morea were, and that by some
 Earthquake unrooted, loofe Morea swome, 305
 Or seas from Africks body had severed
 And torne the hopefull Promontories head,
 This fish would seeme these, and, when all hopes faile,
 A great ship overfet, or without faile
 Hulling, might (when this was a whelp) be like this
 whale. 310

XXXII.

At every stroake his brazen finnes do take,
 More circles in the broken sea they make
 Then cannons voices, when the aire they teare:
 His ribs are pillars, and his high arch'd roofe
 Of barke that blunts best Steele, is thunder-proofe: 315

296 That many leagues at sea, *G*: That leagues o'er-past at sea, 1633-69:
 That leagues at sea, 118, *N*, *O*' *F* (*which inserts o'r past*), *TC*. See note
 297 dies:] dies, 1633 301 throwne,] throwne 1633 303 vast-
 nesse as, if *Grolier*: vastnesse, as if 1633-69, *Chambers* 307 head,
 1633: head; 1635-69: head. *Chambers*. See note 311 take,] take 1633
 315 thunder-proofe: *Ed*: thunder-proofe, 1633-69

Swimme

Swimme in him fwallow'd Dolphins, without feare,
 And feele no fides, as if his vaft wombe were
 Some Inland fea, and ever as hee went
 Hee fpouted rivers up, as if he ment
 To joyne our feas, with feas above the firmament. 320

XXXIII.

He hunts not fish, but as an officer,
 Stayes in his court, at his owne net, and there
 All fuitors of all sorts themselves enthrall;
 So on his backe lyes this whale wantoning,
 And in his gulfe-like throat, fucks every thing 325
 That paffeth neare. Fish chafeth fish, and all,
 Flyer and follower, in this whirlepoole fall;
 O might not states of more equality
 Conftit? and is it of neceffity
 That thousand guiltlefse fmals, to make one great, muft
 die? 330

XXXIV.

Now drinkes he up feas, and he eates up flocks,
 He iuftles Ilands, and he shakes firme rockes.
 Now in a roomefull houle this Soule doth float,
 And like a Prince ſhe ſends her faculties
 To all her limbes, diſtant as Provinces. 335
 The Sunne hath twenty times both crab and goate
 Parched, ſince firſt lanch'd forth this living boate;
 'Tis greateſt now, and to deſtruction
 Neareſt; There's no pauſe at perfection;
 Greatneſſe a period hath, but hath no ſtation. 340

316 fwallow'd] swallowed 1633 322 at] as A18, G, TCC 337
 this 1633: his 1635-69 boate; Ed: boate, 1635-69: boate. 1633
 339 perfection; Ed: perfection. 1633-35: perfection, 1639-69

XXXV.

Two little fishes whom hee never harm'd,
Nor fed on their kinde, two not throughly arm'd
With hope that they could kill him, nor could doe
Good to themselves by his death (they did not eate
His flesh, nor suck those oyles, which thence outtreat) 345
Conspir'd against him, and it might undoe
The plot of all, that the plotters were two,
But that they fishes were, and could not speake.
How shall a Tyran wise strong projects breake,
If wrechcs can on them the common anger wreake? 350

XXXVI.

The flaile-finn'd Thresher, and steel-beak'd Sword-fish
Onely attempt to doe, what all doe wish.
The Thresher backs him, and to beate begins;
The sluggard Whale yeelds to oppression,
And t'hide himselfe from shame and danger, downe 355
Begins to sinke; the Swordfish upward spins,
And gores him with his beake; his staffe-like finnes,
So well the one, his sword the other plyes,
That now a scoffe, and prey, this tyran dyes, 359
And (his owne dole) feeds with himselfe all companies.

XXXVII.

Who will revenge his death? or who will call
Those to account, that thought, and wrought his fall?
The heires of flaine kings, wee see are often so
Transported with the joy of what they get,
That they, revenge and obsequies forget, 365

344-5 brackets, 1719: death: . . . outtreat, 1633-69 did not eate]
doe not eate G 349 Tyran] Tyrant 1669 351 flaile-finn'd] flaile-
find 1633: flaile-finnd 1635-39 358 well] were 1633 359 tyran]
tyrant 1669 365 they, revenge 1635-69: they revenge, 1633: they,
revenge, 1633 some copies

Nor will against such men the people goe,
 Because h'is now dead, to whom they should show
 Love in that act; Some kings by vice being growne
 So needy of subjects love, that of their own
 They thinke they lose, if love be to the dead Prince
 shown. 370

XXXVIII.

This Soule, now free from prison, and passion,
 Hath yet a little indignation
 That so small hammers should so soone downe beat
 So great a castle. And having for her house
 Got the streight cloyster of a wretched mouse 375
 (As basest men that have not what to eate,
 Nor enjoy ought, doe farre more hate the great
 Then they, who good repos'd estates possesse)
 This Soule, late taught that great things might by lesse
 Be slain, to gallant mischiefes doth herselfe addresse. 380

XXXIX.

Natures great master-peece, an Elephant,
 The onely harmlesse great thing; the giant
 Of beasts; who thought, no more had gone, to make one
 wife
 But to be just, and thankfull, loth to offend,
 (Yet nature hath given him no knees to bend) 385
 Himselfe he up-props, on himselfe relies,
 And foe to none, suspects no enemies,
 Still sleeping stodd; vex't not his fantasie
 Blacke dreames; like an unbent bow, carelesly
 His sinewy Proboscis did remisly lie: 390

367 h'is 1633: he's 1635-69 368 act; Ed: act. 1633-69 383
 who thought, no more had gone, to make one wife 1633, G, A18, N, TC (the
 last four MSS. all drop more, N and TCD leaving a space): who thought
 none had, to make him wife, 1635-69 386 relies,] relies 1633 389
 dreames; Ed: dreames, 1633-69 390 lie: 1635: lie. 1633, 1639-69

XL.

In which as in a gallery this moufe
 Walk'd, and surveid the roomes of this vaft house,
 And to the braine, the foules bedchamber, went,
 And gnaw'd the life cords there; Like a whole towne
 Cleane undermin'd, the flaine beaft tumbled downe; 395
 With him the murtherer dies, whom envy fent
 To kill, not scape, (for, only hee that ment
 To die, did ever kill a man of better roome,)
 And thus he made his foe, his prey, and tombe:
 Who cares not to turn back, may any whither come. 400

XLI.

Next, hous'd this Soule a Wolves yet unborne whelp,
 Till the best midwife, Nature, gave it helpe,
 To iffue. It could kill, as foone as goe.
 Abel, as white, and milde as his sheepe were,
 (Who, in that trade, of Church, and kingdomes, there 405
 Was the first type) was ftill infested foe,
 With this wolfe, that it bred his losse and woe;
 And yet his bitch, his fentinell attends
 The flocke fo neere, fo well warnes and defends,
 That the wolfe, (hopelefse elfe) to corrupt her, intends. 410

XLII.

Hee tooke a courfe, which fince, fuccefffully,
 Great men have often taken, to efpie
 The counfels, or to breake the plots of foes.
 To Abels tent he ftealeth in the darke,
 On whose skirts the bitch fleep; ere fhe could barke, 415

395 downe; *Ed:* downe, 1633-69 396 dies,] dies 1633 397-8
brackets, Ed: scape, . . . roome, 1633: scape; . . . roome, 1635-69
 ment] went *A18, N, TC* 403 goe. *Ed:* goe, 1633: goe: 1635-69
 405 Who,] Who 1633 trade, 1635-69: trade 1633 413 foes. *Ed:*
 foes, 1633-69

Attach'd her with streight gripes, yet hee call'd those,
Embracements of love; to loves worke he goes,
Where deeds move more then words; nor doth she show,
Nor <make> resist, nor needs hee streighten fo
His prey, for, were shee loose, she would nor barke, nor
goe. 420

XLIII.

Hee hath engag'd her; his, she wholly bides;
Who not her owne, none others secrets hides.
If to the flocke he come, and Abell there,
She faines hoarse barkings, but she biteth not,
Her faith is quite, but not her love forgot. 425
At last a trap, of which some every where
Abell had plac'd, ends all his losse, and feare,
By the Wolves death; and now just time it was
That a quicke soule should give life to that masse
Of blood in Abels bitch, and thither this did passe. 430

XLIV.

Some have their wives, their sisters some begot,
But in the lives of Emperours you shall not
Reade of a lust the which may equall this;
This wolfe begot himselfe, and finished
What he began alive, when hee was dead; 435
Sonne to himselfe, and father too, hee is
A ridling lust, for which Schoolemen would misse
A proper name. The whelpe of both these lay
In Abels tent, and with soft Moaba,
His sister, being yong, it us'd to sport and play. 440

419 Nor <make> resist, *Ed*: Nor much resist, 1633-69: Nowe must resist
N: Nowe much resist *A18, G, TC*: Resistance much *O'F* needs] need
O'F 420 nor barke, 1633-39: not barke 1650-69, *A18, N, TC* 422
hides.] hides, 1633 427 plac'd, ends] plac'd end 1633 some copies
435 dead; *Ed*: dead, 1633-39: dead. 1650-69

XLV.

Hee foone for her too harsh, and churlish grew,
And Abell (the dam dead) would use this new
For the field. Being of two kindes thus made,
He, as his dam, from sheepe drove wolves away,
And as his Sire, he made them his owne prey. 445
Five yeares he liv'd, and cosened with his trade,
Then hopelesse that his faults were hid, betraid
Himselfe by flight, and by all followed,
From dogges, a wolfe; from wolves, a dogge he fled;
And, like a spie to both sides false, he perished. 450

XLVI.

It quickned next a toyfull Ape, and so
Gamesome it was, that it might freely goe
From tent to tent, and with the children play.
His organs now so like theirs hee doth finde,
That why he cannot laugh, and speake his minde, 455
He wonders. Much with all, most he doth stay
With Adams fift daughter *Siphatecia*,
Doth gaze on her, and, where she passeth, passe,
Gathers her fruits, and tumbles on the grasse,
And wisest of that kinde, the first true lover was. 460

XLVII.

He was the first that more desir'd to have
One then another; first that ere did crave
Love by mute signes, and had no power to speake;
First that could make love faces, or could doe
The valters somberfalts, or us'd to wooe 465

443 field. Being *Ed*: field, being 1633-69 thus] *om.* 1633 453
play. *Ed*: play, 1633-69

With hoiting gambolls, his owne bones to breake
 To make his mistresse merry; or to wreake
 Her anger on himselfe. Sinnes against kinde
 They easly doe, that can let feed their minde
 With outward beauty; beauty they in boyes and beafts
 do find. 470

XLVIII.

By this misfed, too low things men have prov'd,
 And too high; beafts and angels have beene lov'd.
 This Ape, though else through-vaine, in this was wise,
 He reach'd at things too high, but open way
 There was, and he knew not she would say nay; 475
 His toyes prevaile not, likelier meanes he tries,
 He gazeth on her face with teare-shot eyes,
 And up lifts subtly with his ruffet pawe
 Her kidskinne apron without feare or awe
 Of nature; nature hath no gaole, though shee hath
 law. 480

XLIX.

First she was filly and knew not what he ment.
 That vertue, by his touches, chaft and spent,
 Succeeds an itchie warmth, that melts her quite;
 She knew not first, nowe cares not what he doth,
 And willing halfe and more, more then halfe (loth), 485
 She neither puls nor pushes, but outright
 Now cries, and now repents; when *Tethlemite*
 Her brother, entred, and a great stone threw
 After the Ape, who, thus prevented, flew. 489
 This house thus batter'd downe, the Soule posselt a new.

470 beauty; *Ed*: beauty, 1633-69 472 lov'd. *Ed*: lov'd; 1633-69
 479 or] of 1669 480 shee hath] shee have *A18, N, TC* 481
 ment. *Ed*: ment, 1633-69 483 quite; *Ed*: quite, 1633-69 484
 nowe 1633, *G*: nor 1635-69, *Chambers*: then *A18, TC* 485 (loth),
Ed: Tooth 1633, *G*: *A18, N, TC* leave a blank space: in *TCC* a later hand
 has inserted loath: wroth, 1635-69 487 *Tethlemite* *A18, G, N, O'F*,
TC: *Tethlemite* 1633: *Thelemite* 1635-69 489 flew. 1635-69:
 flew, 1633

L.

And whether by this change she lose or win,
 She comes out next, where the Ape would have gone in.
Adam and *Eve* had mingled bloods, and now
 Like Chimiques equall fires, her temperate wombe
 Had stew'd and form'd it: and part did become 495
 A spungie liver, that did richly allow,
 Like a free conduit, on a high hils brow,
 Life-keeping moisture unto every part;
 Part hardned it selfe to a thicker heart,
 Whose busie furnaces lifes spirits do impart. 500

LI.

Another part became the well of sense,
 The tender well-arm'd feeling braine, from whence,
 Those sinowie strings which do our bodies tie,
 Are raveld out; and fast there by one end,
 Did this Soule limbes, these limbes a soule attend; 505
 And now they joyn'd: keeping some quality
 Of every past shape, she knew treachery,
 Rapine, deceit, and lust, and ills enow
 To be a woman. *Themech* she is now,
 Sister and wife to *Caine*, *Caine* that first did plow. 510

LII.

Who ere thou beest that read'st this fullen Writ,
 Which just so much courts thee, as thou dost it,
 Let me arrest thy thoughts; wonder with mee,
 Why plowing, building, ruling and the rest,
 Or most of those arts, whence our lives are blest, 515

492 in. 1650-69: in, 1633-39 498 Life-keeping] Life keeping
 1633 part; *Ed*: part, 1633-69 502 well-arm'd 1669: well arm'd
 1633-54 503 sinowie] finewy 1639-54: finew 1669 504 out; *Ed*:
 out, 1633-69 505 this Soule] a Soule *A18, N, TC* attend; *Ed*:
 attend, 1633-69 506-7 joyn'd: . . . past shape, 1633: joyn'd, . . .
 past shape; 1635-69, *Chambers, Grolier*. See note 513 thoughts; 1650-69:
 thoughts, 1633-39

By

By curfed *Cains* race invented be,
 And blest *Seth* vext us with *Aftronomie*.
 Ther's nothing simply good, nor ill alone,
 Of every quality comparifon,
 The onely meafure is, and judge, opinion.

520

The end of the Progresse of the Soule.

517 *Aftronomie*.] *Aftronomie*, 1633 519 comparifon, 1633, 1669
 (no comma): Comparifon, 1635-54 520 opinion. 1633: Opinion. 1635-69
 The end &c. 1635-69: om. 1633

DIVINE POEMS.

To *E.* of *D.* with six holy Sonnets.

SEe Sir, how as the Suns hot Masculine flame
 Begets strange creatures on Niles durty slime,
 In me, your fatherly yet lusty Ryme
 (For, these songs are their fruits) have wrought the fame;
 But though the ingendring force from whence they came 5
 Bee strong enough, and nature doe admit
 Seaven to be borne at once, I send as yet
 But six; they say, the seaventh hath still some maim.
 I choose your judgement, which the same degree
 Doth with her sifter, your invention, hold, 10
 As fire these droffie Rymes to purifie,
 Or as Elixar, to change them to gold;
 You are that Alchimist which alwaies had
 Wit, whose one spark could make good things of bad.

*To the Lady Magdalen Herbert: of St. Mary
 Magdalen.*

HEr of your name, whose fair inheritance
 Bethina was, and jointure Magdalo:
 An active faith so highly did advance,
 That she once knew, more than the Church did know,

Divine Poems. *Ar8, N, TC:* In 1635-69 this is the title at head of each page, but the new section is headed Holy Sonnets. To *E.* of *D.* &c. so headed 1633-69 but placed among Letters &c., and so in *O'F* and (but *L.* of *D.*) *W:* removed hither by Grosart. 4 their fruits] the fruit *W* 6 doe 1633: doth 1635-69 8 six;] six, 1633 maim. *W:* maim; 1633-69 11 droffie] droffe 1650-54

To the Lady Magdalen Herbert: &c. *Ed:* To the Lady Magdalen Herbert, of &c. *Walton's* The Life of M^r George Herbert. (1670, pp. 25-6.), See note 4 know, 1675: know 1670

The

The Resurrection; so much good there is 5
 Deliver'd of her, that some Fathers be
 Loth to believe one Woman could do this;
 But, think these Magdalens were two or three.
 Increase their number, Lady, and their fame:
 To their Devotion, add your Innocence; 10
 Take so much of th'example, as of the name;
 The latter half; and in some recompence
 That they did harbour Christ himself, a Guest,
 Harbour these Hymns, to his dear name address. J.D.

HOLY SONNETS.

La Corona.

1. **D***Eigne at my hands this crown of prayer and praise,*
 Weav'd in my low devout melancholie,
 Thou which of good, hast, yea art treasury,
 All changing unchang'd Antient of dayes;
 But doe not, with a vile crowne of fraile bayes, 5
 Reward my muses white sincerity,
 But what thy thorny crowne gain'd, that give mee,
 A crowne of Glory, which doth flower alwayes;
 The ends crowne our workes, but thou crown'st our ends,
 For, at our end begins our endlesse rest; 10
 The first last end, now zealously possiest,
 With a strong sober thirst, my soule attends.
 'Tis time that heart and voice be lifted high,
Salvation to all that will is nigh.

HOLY SONNETS. 1633-69, being general title to the two groups: Holy Sonnets written 20 years since. *H49.*

La Corona. 1633-69, *A18, D, H49, N, S, TCC, TCD, W:* The Crowne. *B, O'F, S96* 2 low 1633, *A18, D, H49, N, TC, W* (*spelt lowe in MSS.*): lone 1635-69, *B, O'F, S:* loves *S96* 3 treasury, 1633-69: a Treasurie, *B, O'F, S, S96* 4 dayes; *Ed:* dayes, 1633-69 10 For] So *W* end 1633, *A18, B, D, H49, N, O'F, TC, W:* ends 1635-69, *S96* rest; *Ed:* rest, 1633-69 11 The] This *B, S, S96, W* zealously] soberly *B, S96, W:* *O'F* corrects 13 heart and voice] voice and heart *B, O'F, S, S96, W* 14 nigh.] nigh, 1633

ANNUNCIATION,

ANNUNCIATION.

2. *Salvation to all that will is nigh;*

That All, which alwayes is All every where,
Which cannot sinne, and yet all sinnes must beare,
Which cannot die, yet cannot chuse but die,
Loe, faithfull Virgin, yeelds himselfe to lye 5
In prision, in thy wombe; and though he there
Can take no sinne, nor thou give, yet he'll weare
Taken from thence, flesh, which deaths force may trie.
Ere by the spheares time was created, thou
Wast in his minde, who is thy Sonne, and Brother; 10
Whom thou conceiv'st, conceiv'd; yea thou art now
Thy Makers maker, and thy Fathers mother;
Thou' hast light in darke; and shutst in little roome,
Immensitie cloysterd in thy deare wombe.

NATIVITIE.

3. *Immensitie cloysterd in thy deare wombe,*

Now leaves his welbelov'd imprisonment,
There he hath made himselfe to his intent
Weake enough, now into our world to come;
But Oh, for thee, for him, hath th'Inne no roome? 5
Yet lay him in this stall, and from the Orient,
Starres, and wifemen will travell to prevent
Th'effect of *Herods* jealous generall doome.
Seest thou, my Soule, with thy faiths eyes, how he
Which fills all place, yet none holds him, doth lye? 10
Was not his pity towards thee wondrous high,
That would have need to be pittied by thee?
Kisse him, and with him into Egypt goe,
With his kinde mother, who partakes thy woe.

Annunciation. 1 *nigh*; 1669: *nigh*, 1633-54 9 created,] begotten,
B, S, S96, W: O'F corrects 10 Brother; *Ed*: Brother, 1633-69 11
conceiv'st, 1633: conceiv'st 1635-69: conceiv'dst, O'F, S, W, and *Groler*
conceiv'd;] conceived; 1635-69 12 mother; *Ed*: mother, 1633-69

Nativitie. 6 this] his 1669 7 will] shall *B, O'F, S, S96, W*
8 effect 1669, *A18, B, N, O'F, S, S96, TC, W*: effects 1633-54, *D, H49*
jealous] dire and *B, O'F, S, S96, W*: zealous *A18, N, TC* doome.]
doome; 1633 9 eyes, 1633, *B, D, H49, O'F, S, S96, W*: eye, 1635-69,
A18, N, TC

TEMPLE.

4. *With his kinde mother who partakes thy woe,*
Ioseph turne backe; see where your child doth fit,
 Blowing, yea blowing out those sparks of wit,
 Which himselfe on the Doctors did bestow;
 The Word but lately could not speake, and loe, 5
 It sodenly speakes wonders, whence comes it,
 That all which was, and all which should be writ,
 A shallow seeming child, should deeply know?
 His Godhead was not soule to his manhood,
 Nor had time mellowed him to this ripenessse, 10
 But as for one which hath a long taske, 'tis good,
 With the Sunne to beginne his businesse,
 He in his ages morning thus began
By miracles exceeding power of man.

CRUCIFYING.

5. *By miracles exceeding power of man,*
 Hee faith in some, envie in some begat,
 For, what weake spirits admire, ambitious, hate;
 In both affections many to him ran,
 But Oh! the worst are most, they will and can, 5
 Alas, and do, unto the immaculate,
 Whose creature Fate is, now prescribe a Fate,
 Measuring selfe-lives infinity to'a span,
 Nay to an inch. Loe, where condemned hee
 Beares his owne crosse, with paine, yet by and by 10
 When it beares him, he must beare more and die.
 Now thou art lifted up, draw mee to thee,
 And at thy death giving such liberall dole,
Moyst, with one drop of thy blood, my dry soule.

Temple. 5 loe, *Ed*: loe 1633-69 6 wonders, 1633-39: wonders:
 1650-69 11 for] to *W* a long taske, 1633-69, *D, H49*: long
 tasks *B, N, O'F, S, S96, TCD, W*: longe taske *A18, TCC* 'tis] 'Tis
 1633: thinks *W*

Crucifying. 3 weake] meeke *B, O'F, S, S96, W* 8 to'a span, *B, N,*
O'F, S, S96, TC, W: to span, 1633-69, *A18, D, H49* 9 inch. Loe,
 1635-69: inch, loe, 1633 11 die. 1635-69: die; 1633

RESVRRECTION.

RESVRRECTION.

6. *Moyst with one drop of thy blood, my dry soule*
 Shall (though she now be in extreme degree
 Too stony hard, and yet too fleshly,) bee
 Freed by that drop, from being starv'd, hard, or foule,
 And life, by this death abled, shall controule 5
 Death, whom thy death slue; nor shall to mee
 Feare of first or last death, bring miserie,
 If in thy little booke my name thou enroule,
 Flesh in that long sleep is not putrified,
 But made that there, of which, and for which 'twas; 10
 Nor can by other meanes be glorified.
 May then sinnes sleep, and deaths soone from me passe,
 That wak't from both, I againe risen may
Salute the last, and everlasting day.

ASCENTION.

7 *Salute the last and everlasting day,*
 Joy at the uprising of this Sunne, and Sonne,
 Yee whose iust teares, or tribulation
 Have purely washt, or burnt your droffie clay;
 Behold the Highest, parting hence away, 5
 Lightens the darke clouds, which hee treads upon,
 Nor doth hee by ascending, shew alone,
 But first hee, and hee first enters the way.
 O strong Ramme, which hast batter'd heaven for mee,
 Mild Lambe, which with thy blood, hast mark'd the path; 10
 Bright Torch, which shin'st, that I the way may see,
 Oh, with thy owne blood quench thy owne iust wrath,
 And if thy holy Spirit, my Muse did raise,
Deigne at my hands this crowne of prayer and praise.

Refurrection. 1 *soule* 1635: *soule*, 1633, 1639-69 5 this] thy
B, O'F, S, S96, W 6 shall to] shall nowe to *A18, N, O'F, TC* 8
little 1633, *A18, D, H49, TC*: *life* 1635-69, *B, O'F, S, S96, W* 9 that
long] that last long *O'F, S, S96, W*: that *D, H49* 11 glorified]
purified *S, S96, W*, and *O'F* (*which corrects to glorified*) 12 deaths
A18, N, S96, TC, W: death 1633-69, *D, H49*

Ascension. 3 iust 1633, *A18, D, H49, N, TC*: true 1635-69, *B, S,*
S96, W, 8 way.] way, 1633 10 Lambe, *D, W*: lambe 1633-69
11 Torch, *D, W*: torch, 1633-69 the way] thy wayes *B, S, S96, W*:
thee *A18, TCC*

Holy

Holy Sonnets.

I.

THou hast made me, And shall thy worke decay?
 Repaire me now, for now mine end doth haste,
 I runne to death, and death meets me as fast,
 And all my pleasures are like yesterday;
 I dare not move my dimme eyes any way, 5
 Despaire behind, and death before doth cast
 Such terrour, and my feeble flesh doth waste
 By sinne in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh;
 Onely thou art above, and when towards thee
 By thy leave I can looke, I rise againe; 10
 But our old subtile foe so tempteth me,
 That not one houre my selfe I can sustaine;
 Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art,
 And thou like Adamant draw mine iron heart.

II.

AS due by many titles I resigne
 My selfe to thee, O God, first I was made
 By thee, and for thee, and when I was decay'd
 Thy blood bought that, the which before was thine;
 I am thy sonne, made with thy selfe to shine, 5
 Thy servant, whose paines thou hast still repaid,
 Thy sheepe, thine Image, and, till I betray'd
 My selfe, a temple of thy Spirit divine;
 Why doth the devill then usurpe on mee?
 Why doth he steale, nay ravish that's thy right? 10
 Except thou rise and for thine owne worke fight,
 Oh I shall soone despaire, when I doe see
 That thou lov'st mankind well, yet wilt not chuse me,
 And Satan hates mee, yet is loth to lose mee.

Holy Sonnets. 1633-69 (following La Corona as second group under the same general title), *W*: Devine Meditations. *B*, *O'F*, *S96*: no title, *A18*, *D*, *H49*, *N*, *TCC*, *TCD*. See note

I. 1635-69, *B*, *O'F*, *S96*, *W*: omitted
 1633, *A18*, *D*, *H49*, *N*, *TCC*, *TCD* 4 yesterday; *Ed*: yesterday,
 1635-69 7 feeble 1635-69: febled *B*, *O'F*, *S96*, *W* 12 my selfe
 I can 1635-69: I can myself *B*, *S96*, *W* sustaine; 1669: sustaine, 1635-54

II. 1635-69, *B*, *O'F*, *S96*, *W*: I. 1633, *A18*, *D*, *H49*, *N*, *TCC*, *TCD*
 2 God, first 1633: God. First 1635-69 4 thine; 1650-69: thine,

III.

III.

O Might those sighes and teares returne againe
 Into my breast and eyes, which I have spent,
 That I might in this holy discontent
 Mourne with some fruit, as I have mourn'd in vaine;
 In mine Idolatry what showres of raine 5
 Mine eyes did waste? what griefs my heart did rent?
 That sufferance was my sinne; now I repent;
 'Cause I did suffer I must suffer paine.
 Th'hydroptique drunkard, and night-scouting thiefe,
 The itchy Lecher, and selfe tickling proud 10
 Have the remembrance of past joyes, for reliefe
 Of comming ills. To (poore) me is allow'd
 No ease; for, long, yet vehement grieve hath beene
 Th'effect and cause, the punishment and sinne.

IV.

O H my blacke Soule! now thou art summoned
 By sicknesse, deaths herald, and champion;
 Thou art like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
 Treason, and durst not turne to whence hee is fled,
 Or like a thiefe, which till deaths doome be read, 5
 Wisbeth himselfe delivered from prison;
 But damn'd and hal'd to execution,
 Wisbeth that still he might be imprisoned.
 Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lacke;
 But who shall give thee that grace to beginne? 10
 Oh make thy selfe with holy mourning blacke,
 And red with blushing, as thou art with sinne;
 Or wash thee in Christs blood, which hath this might
 That being red, it dyes red soules to white.

1633-39: thine. *W* 7 and, *Ed*: and 1633-69 9 on 1633-69, *D*,
*H*49: in *A*18, *B*, *N*, *S*96, *TC*, *W* 10 steale,] steale 1633-39 that's]
 what's *A*18, *TCC* 12 doe 1633 and most *MSS*.: shall 1635-69, *O'F*, *S*96
 13 me,] me. 1633

III. 1635-69, *B*, *O'F*, *S*96, *W*: omitted 1633, *A*18, *D*, &c. 7 sinne;
 now I *Ed*: sinne, now I *B*, *W*: sinne I now 1635-69 repent; *Ed*:
 repent, 1633-69

IV. 1635-69: II. 1633, *A*18, *D*, &c.: V. *B*, *O'F*, *S*96, *W* 1 Soule!
 1633: Soule 1635-69 8 imprisoned. *W*: imprisoned; 1633-69

V.

V.

I Am a little world made cunningly
 Of Elements, and an Angelike spright,
 But black sinne hath betraid to endlesse night
 My worlds both parts, and (oh) both parts must die.
 You which beyond that heaven which was most high 5
 Have found new sphears, and of new lands can write,
 Powre new seas in mine eyes, that so I might
 Drowne my world with my weeping earnestly,
 Or wash it, if it must be drown'd no more:
 But oh it must be burnt! alas the fire 10
 Of lust and envie have burnt it heretofore,
 And made it fouler; Let their flames retire,
 And burne me ô Lord, with a fiery zeale
 Of thee and thy house, which doth in eating heale.

VI.

THIS is my playes last scene, here heavens appoint
 My pilgrimages last mile; and my race
 Idly, yet quickly runne, hath this last pace,
 My spans last inch, my minutes latest point,
 And gluttonous death, will instantly unjoynt 5
 My body, and soule, and I shall sleepe a space,
 But my'ever-waking part shall see that face,
 Whose feare already shakes my every joynt:
 Then, as my soule, to'heaven her first seate, takes flight,
 And earth-borne body, in the earth shall dwell, 10
 So, fall my sinnes, that all may have their right,
 To where they're bred, and would presse me, to hell.
 Impute me righteous, thus purg'd of evill,
 For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devill.

V. 1635-69: omitted 1633, A18, D, &c.: VII. B, O'F, S96, W 6 lands
 B, S96, W: land 1635-69, O'F 7 I 1635-54: he 1669 9 it,
 Ed: it: W: it 1635-69 10 burnt! Ed: burnt, 1635-69 11
 have B, S96, W: hath O'F: om. 1635-69 12 fouler; W: fouler,
 1635-69 their] those W 13 Lord] God W

VI. 1635-69, B, O'F, S96, W: III. 1633, A18, D, &c. 6 and foule,
 1635-69: and my soule, 1633 7 Or presently, I know not, see that
 Face, B, D, H49, O'F, S, S96, W 10 earth-borne 1635-69: earth borne
 1633 14 flesh,] flesh 1633 the devill.] and devill. A18, B, D, H49,
 N, O'F, S96, TC, W

VII.

VII.

AT the round earths imagin'd corners, blow
 Your trumpets, Angells, and arise, arise
 From death, you numberlesse infinities
 Of foules, and to your scattred bodies goe,
 All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow, 5
 All whom warre, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,
 Despaire, law, chance, hath flaine, and you whose eyes,
 Shall behold God, and never tast deaths woe.
 But let them sleepe, Lord, and mee mourne a space,
 For, if above all these, my finnes abound, 10
 'Tis late to aske abundance of thy grace,
 When wee are there; here on this lowly ground,
 Teach mee how to repent; for that's as good
 As if thou'hadst seal'd my pardon, with thy blood.

VIII.

IF faithfull foules be alike glorifi'd
 As Angels, then my fathers soule doth see,
 And adds this even to full felicitie,
 That valiantly I hels wide mouth o'rstride:
 But if our mindes to these foules be descry'd 5
 By circumstances, and by signes that be
 Apparent in us, not immediately,
 How shall my mindes white truth by them be try'd?
 They see idolatrous lovers weepe and mourne,
 And vile blasphemous Conjurers to call 10
 On Iesus name, and Pharisaicall
 Dissemblers feigne devotion. Then turne
 O pensive soule, to God, for he knowes best
 Thy true griefe, for he put it in my breast.

VII. 1635-69: IV. 1633, A18, D, &c.: VIII. B, O'F, S96, W 5
 o'erthrow] overthrow 1669 6 dearth, W: death, 1633-69, A18, B,
 D, H49, N, O'F, S96, TC 8 woe. W: woe, 1633-54: owe; 1669
 12 lowly] holy 1669 14 thy] my 1669
 VIII. 1635-69: omitted 1633, A18, D, &c.: X. B, O'F, S96, W 7
 in us, W: in us 1635-69. See note 8 by] to B, S96, W 10 vile W:
 vilde B, O'F, S96: stile 1635-69 14 true W: om. 1635-69, B, S96
 in W: into 1635-69, B, O'F, S96 my] thy B, S96

IX.

IX.

IF poysonous mineralls, and if that tree,
 Whose fruit threw death on else immortall us,
 If lecherous goats, if serpents envious
 Cannot be damn'd; Alas; why should I bee?
 Why should intent or reason, borne in mee, 5
 Make sinnes, else equall, in mee more heinous?
 And mercy being easie, and glorious
 To God; in his sterne wrath, why threatens hee?
 But who am I, that dare dispute with thee
 O God? Oh! of thine onely worthy blood, 10
 And my teares, make a heavenly Lethean flood,
 And drowne in it my sinnes blacke memorie;
 That thou remember them, some claime as debt,
 I thinke it mercy, if thou wilt forget.

X.

DEath be not proud, though some have called thee
 Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not foe,
 For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,
 Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill mee.
 From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee, 5
 Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,
 And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,
 Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie.
 Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,
 And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell, 10
 And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well,
 And better then thy stroake; why swell'st thou then?
 One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,
 And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.

IX. 1635-69, B, O'F, S96, W: V. 1633, A18, D, &c. 1 poysonous]
 poysons 1639-54 and if that] or if the B, O'F, S96 2 (else
 immortal) 1635-69 5 or] and B, O'F, S96 6 mee] mee, 1633
 8 God;] God, 1633 9-10 thee O God? W: thee? O God, 1633-69
 12 memorie;] memorie, 1633 14 forget.] forget, 1633

X. 1635-69: VI. 1633, A18, D, &c.: XI. B, O'F, S96, W 4 mee.]
 mee; 1633 5 pictures 1633 and MSS.: picture 1635-69 8 deliverie.]
 deliverie 1633-69 9 Chance, W: chance, 1633-69 10 dost] doth
 1633 dwell,] dwell. 1633 12 better] easier B, O'F, S96, W 13
 wake] live B, S96, W 14 more; death, Ed: more, death 1633-69

XI.

XI.

SPit in my face you Jewes, and pierce my side,
 Buffet, and scoffe, scourge, and crucifie mee,
 For I have sinn'd, and sinn'd, and onely hee,
 Who could do no iniquitie, hath dyed:
 But by my death can not be satisfied 5
 My finnes, which passe the Jewes impiety:
 They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I
 Crucifie him daily, being now glorified.
 Oh let mee then, his strange love still admire:
 Kings pardon, but he bore our punishment. 10
 And *Iacob* came cloth'd in vile harsh attire
 But to supplant, and with gainfull intent:
 God cloth'd himselfe in vile mans flesh, that so
 Hee might be weake enough to suffer woe.

XII.

WHy are wee by all creatures waited on?
 Why doe the prodigall elements supply
 Life and food to mee, being more pure then I,
 Simple, and further from corruption?
 Why brook'st thou, ignorant horse, subjection? 5
 Why dost thou bull, and bore so feelily
 Dissemble weaknesse, and by'one mans stroke die,
 Whose whole kinde, you might swallow and feed upon?
 Weaker I am, woe is mee, and worse then you,
 You have not sinn'd, nor need be timorous. 10
 But wonder at a greater wonder, for to us
 Created nature doth these things subdue,
 But their Creator, whom sin, nor nature tyed,
 For us, his Creatures, and his foes, hath dyed.

XI. 1635-69: VII. 1633, A18, D, &c.: omitted B, S96: added among
 Other Meditations. O'F: XIII. W 3 onely] humbly W 6
 impiety] iniquitye D, H49 8 glorified.] glorified; 1633 12 intent:]
 intent 1633

XII. 1635-69: VIII. 1633, A18, D, &c.: omitted B, S96: among Other
 Meditations. O'F: XIV. W 1 are wee] ame I W 4 Simple,
 1633, D, H49, W: Simpler 1635-69, A18, N, O'F, TC, Chambers 9
 Weaker I am,] Alas I am weaker, W 10 timorous. W: timorous,
 1633-69 11 a greater wonder, 1633, D, H49, N, O'F (greate), TC, W:
 a greater, 1635-69

XIII.

XIII.

WHat if this present were the worlds last night?
 Marke in my heart, O Soule, where thou dost dwell,
 The picture of Christ crucified, and tell
 Whether that countenance can thee affright,
 Teares in his eyes quench the amasing light, 5
 Blood fills his frownes, which from his pierc'd head fell.
 And can that tongue adudge thee unto hell,
 Which pray'd forgivenessse for his foes fierce spight?
 No, no; but as in my idolatrie
 I said to all my profane mistresses, 10
 Beauty, of pittie, foulnessse onely is
 A signe of rigour: so I say to thee,
 To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd,
 This beauteous forme assures a pitious minde.

XIV.

Batter my heart, three person'd God; for, you
 As yet but knocke, breathe, shine, and seeke to mend;
 That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow mee, and bend
 Your force, to breake, blowe, burn and make me new.
 I, like an usurpt towne, to'another due, 5
 Labour to'admit you, but Oh, to no end,
 Reason your viceroy in mee, mee should defend,
 But is captiv'd, and proves weake or untrue.
 Yet dearely I love you, and would be loved faine,
 But am betroth'd unto your enemye: 10
 Divorce mee, untie, or breake that knot againe,
 Take mee to you, imprison mee, for I
 Except you'enthrall mee, never shall be free,
 Nor ever chaste, except you ravish mee.

XIII. 1635-69: IX. 1633, A18, D, &c.: om. B, S96: among Other
 Meditations. O'F: XV. W 2 Marke] Looke W 4 that A18, N,
 O'F, TC, W: his 1633-69, D, H49 6 fell. 1639-69: fell 1633-35
 8 fierce] ranck W 14 assures A18, D, H49, N, O'F, TC, W: assumes
 1633-69

XIV. 1635-69: X. 1633, A18, D, &c.: om. B, O'F, S96: XVI. W
 7 mee should] wee should 1669 8 untrue. W: untrue, 1633-69
 9 loved MSS.: lov'd 1633-69 10 enemye: W: enemye, 1633-69

XV.

XV.

Wilt thou love God, as he thee! then digest,
 My Soule, this wholsome meditation,
 How God the Spirit, by Angels waited on
 In heaven, doth make his Temple in thy breast.
 The Father having begot a Sonne most blest, 5
 And still begetting, (for he ne'r begonne)
 Hath deign'd to chuse thee by adoption,
 Coheire to'his glory,'and Sabbaths endlesse rest.
 And as a robb'd man, which by search doth finde
 His stolne stufte sold, must lose or buy't againe: 10
 The Sonne of glory came downe, and was slaine,
 Us whom he'had made, and Satan stolne, to unbinde.
 'Twas much, that man was made like God before,
 But, that God should be made like man, much more.

XVI.

Father, part of his double interest
 Unto thy kingdome, thy Sonne gives to mee,
 His joynture in the knottie Trinitie
 Hee keepes, and gives to me his deaths conquest.
 This Lambe, whose death, with life the world hath blest, 5
 Was from the worlds beginning slaine, and he
 Hath made two Wills, which with the Legacie
 Of his and thy kingdome, doe thy Sonnes invest.
 Yet such are thy laws, that men argue yet
 Whether a man those statutes can fulfill; 10
 None doth; but all-healing grace and spirit
 Revive againe what law and letter kill.
 Thy lawes abridgement, and thy last command
 Is all but love; Oh let this last Will stand!

XV. 1635-69: XI. 1633, A18 D, &c.: XII. B, O'F, S96, W 4 brest.
 W: brest, 1633-69 8 rest.] rest; 1633 11 Sonne 1633: Sunne 1635-69
 12 stolne, 1633, A18, D, H49, N, TC: stole, 1635-69, B, O'F, S96, W, Chambers

XVI. 1635-69: XII. 1633, A18, D, &c.: IV. B, O'F, S96, W 3 Trinitie]
 Trinitie, 1633 8 doe 1633: om. 1635-69: doth A18, B, D, H49, N, O'F,
 S96, TC, W invest. W: invest, 1633-39: invest: 1650-69 9 thy O'F,
 S96, W: these 1633-69: those A18, D, H49, N, TC 11 doth;] doth, 1633
 but all-healing A18, D, H49, N, TC, W: but thy all-healing 1633-69. See note
 spirit] Spirit, 1633-69 12 Revive againe] Revive and quicken B, O'F,
 S96, W kill. 1635-69: kill, 1633 14 this 1633-69: that A18, D,
 H49, N, TC, W: thy B, O'F, S96

XVII.

Since she whom I lov'd hath payd her last debt
 To Nature, and to hers, and my good is dead,
 And her Soule early into heaven ravished,
 Wholly on heavenly things my mind is sett.
 Here the admyring her my mind did whett 5
 To seeke thee God; so streames do shew their head;
 But though I have found thee, and thou my thirst hast fed,
 A holy thirsty droppe melts mee yett.
 But why should I begg more Love, when as thou
 Dost wooe my soule for hers; offering all thine: 10
 And dost not only feare least I allow
 My Love to Saints and Angels things divine,
 But in thy tender jealousy dost doubt
 Least the World, Fleshe, yea Devill putt thee out.

XVIII.

How me deare Christ, thy spouse, so bright and clear.
 What! is it She, which on the other shore
 Goes richly painted? or which rob'd and tore
 Laments and mournes in Germany and here?
 Sleepes she a thousand, then peepes up one yeare? 5
 Is she selfe truth and errs? now new, now outwore?
 Doth she, and did she, and shall she evermore
 On one, on seaven, or on no hill appeare?
 Dwells she with us, or like adventuring knights
 First travaile we to seeke and then make Love? 10
 Betray kind husband thy spouse to our sights,
 And let myne amorous soule court thy mild Dove,
 Who is most trew, and pleasing to thee, then
 When she's embrac'd and open to most men.

XVII. *W*: first printed in Gosse's Life and Letters of John Donne,
 1899 2 dead,] dead *W* 6 their] y^r *W* head;] head, *W*
 10 wooe] spelt woe *W* 12 divine,] divine *W*

XVIII. *W*: first printed in Gosse's Life &c. 2 What!] What *W*
 3 tore] so I read *W*: lore Gosse

XIX.

XIX.

OH, to vex me, contraries meet in one:
 Inconstancy unnaturally hath begott
 A constant habit; that when I would not
 I change in vowes, and in devotione.
 As humorous is my contritione 5
 As my prophane Love, and as soone forgott:
 As ridlingly distemper'd, cold and hott,
 As praying, as mute; as infinite, as none.
 I durst not view heaven yesterday; and to day
 In prayers, and flattering speeches I court God: 10
 To morrow I quake with true feare of his rod.
 So my devout fitts come and go away
 Like a fantastique Ague: save that here
 Those are my best dayes, when I shake with feare.

The Crosse.

SInce Christ embrac'd the Crosse it selfe, dare I
 His image, th' image of his Crosse deny?
 Would I have profit by the sacrifice,
 And dare the chosen Altar to despise?
 It bore all other sinnes, but is it fit 5
 That it should beare the sinne of scorning it?
 Who from the picture would avert his eye,
 How would he flye his paines, who there did dye?
 From mee, no Pulpit, nor misgrounded law,
 Nor scandall taken, shall this Crosse withdraw, 10
 It shall not, for it cannot; for, the losse
 Of this Crosse, were to mee another Crosse;
 Better were worse, for, no affliction,
 No Crosse is so extreme, as to have none.

XIX. *W*: first printed in Gosse's Life &c. 3 that] y^t *W*, so always
 4 and] & *W*, so always
 The Crosse. 1633-69 (following, 1635-69, In that, ô Queene &c.
 p. 427): similarly, A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, TCC, TCD
 8 paines] pangs JC 12 Crosse; 1635-69: Crosse. 1633 13 affliction,
 Ed: affliction 1633-69 14 none. Ed: none; 1633-54: none: 1669
 Who

Who can blot out the Crosse, which th'instrument 15
 Of God, dew'd on mee in the Sacrament?
 Who can deny mee power, and liberty
 To stretch mine armes, and mine owne Crosse to be?
 Swimme, and at every stroake, thou art thy Crosse;
 The Mast and yard make one, where seas do tosse; 20
 Looke downe, thou spiest out Crossees in small things;
 Looke up, thou seest birds rais'd on crossed wings;
 All the Globes frame, and spheares, is nothing else
 But the Meridians crossing Parallels.
 Materiall Crossees then, good physicke bee, 25
 But yet spirituall have chiefe dignity.
 These for extracted chimique medicine serve,
 And cure much better, and as well preserve;
 Then are you your own physicke, or need none,
 When Still'd, or purg'd by tribulation. 30
 For when that Crosse ungrudg'd, unto you stickes,
 Then are you to your selfe, a Crucifixe.
 As perchance, Carvers do not faces make,
 But that away, which hid them there, do take;
 Let Crossees, foe, take what hid Christ in thee, 35
 And be his image, or not his, but hee.
 But, as oft Alchimists doe coyners prove,
 So may a selfe-dispising, get selfe-love,
 And then as worst furssets, of best meates bee,
 Soe is pride, issued from humility, 40
 For, 'tis no child, but monster; therefore Crosse
 Your joy in crossees, else, 'tis double losse.
 And crosse thy senses, else, both they, and thou
 Must perish soone, and to destruction bowe.
 For if the'eye seeke good objects, and will take 45

19 Crosse; *Ed*: Crosse, 1633: Crosse. 1635-69 20 make] makes
B, D, H49, Lev, S where] when *O'F* tosse; 1635-69: tosse. 1633
 21 out] our 1669 23 is] are *A25, B* 26 But yet] And yet
A18, D, JC, N, TC 27 medicine] medicines *A25, B, JC* 33 make,
 1635-69: make: 1633 34 take; *Ed*: take. 1633: take: 1635-69
 37 oft *Ed*: oft, 1633-69 38 selfe-love, *D*: selfe-love. 1633-69 42
 losse. *Ed*: losse, 1633-69 44 destruction] corruption *O'F* 45
 seeke] see 1650-69

No crosse from bad, wee cannot scape a snake.
 So with harsh, hard, fowre, stinking, crosse the rest,
 Make them indifferent all; call nothing best.
 But most the eye needs crossing, that can rome,
 And move; To th'other th'objects must come home. 50
 And crosse thy heart: for that in man alone
 Points downwards, and hath palpitation.
 Crosse those dejections, when it downward tends,
 And when it to forbidden heights pretends.
 And as the braine through bony walls doth vent 55
 By futures, which a Crosses forme present,
 So when thy braine workes, ere thou utter it,
 Crosse and correct concupiscence of witt.
 Be covetous of Crosses, let none fall.
 Crosse no man else, but crosse thy selfe in all. 60
 Then doth the Crosse of Christ worke fruitfully
 Within our hearts, when wee love harmlesly
 That Crosses pictures much, and with more care
 That Crosses children, which our Crosses are.

Resurrection, imperfect.

Sleep sleep old Sun, thou canst not have repast
 As yet, the wound thou took'st on friday last;
 Sleepe then, and rest; The world may beare thy stay,
 A better Sun rose before thee to day,
 Who, not content to enlighten all that dwell 5
 On the earths face, as thou, enlightned hell,
 And made the darke fires languish in that vale,

48 all; call nothing best. *Ed*: indifferent; call nothing best. 1633
and MSS: indifferent; all, nothing best. 1635-69 50 To th'other
 th'objects 1633: To th'others objects 1635-69 52 Points *A18*,
A25, N, P, S, TC: Pants 1633-69, *B, D, H49, JC, Lec, O'F* 53 dejections
 1633: detorsons 1635-69, *O'F* 55 the | thy *A18, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F*,
P, TC 61 fruitfully *A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, TC*:
 faithfully 1633-69 63 That *A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P*,
S, TC: The 1633-69

Resurrection, imperfect. 1633-69 (*following* By Euphrates &c. p. 424),
A18, N, O'F, TCC, TCD

As,

As, at thy prefence here, our fires grow pale.
 Whose body having walk'd on earth, and now
 Hasting to Heaven, would, that he might allow 10
 Himfelfe unto all ftations, and fill all,
 For thefe three daies become a minerall;
 Hee was all gold when he lay downe, but rofe
 All tincture, and doth not alone difpofe
 Leadn and iron wills to good, but is 15
 Of power to make even finfull flefh like his.
 Had one of thofe, whofe credulous pietie
 Thought, that a Soule one might difcerne and fee
 Goe from a body, 'at this fepulcher been,
 And, iffuing from the fheet, this body feen, 20
 He would have juftly thought this body a foule,
 If not of any man, yet of the whole.

Defunt cetera.

The Annuntiation and Pafion.

TAmely, fraile body, 'abftaine to day; to day
 My foule eates twice, Chrift hither and away.
 She fees him man, fo like God made in this,
 That of them both a circle embleme is,
 Whose firft and laft concurre; this doubtfull day 5
 Of feaft or faft, Chrift came, and went away.
 Shee fees him nothing twice at once, who's all;
 Shee fees a Cedar plant it felfe, and fall,
 Her Maker put to making, and the head
 Of life, at once, not yet alive, yet dead. 10

15 good, 1633-69 and MSS.: *Chambers queries* gold 22 If] If,
 1633-69

The Annuntiation and Pafion. 1633-69: Upon the Annuntiation and
 Pafion falling upon one day. Anno Dñi 1608. B, O'F, S, S96: *similarly*,
 N, TCD: The Annuntiation. D, H49, Lec: *no title*, P 1 Tamely,
 fraile body, Ed: Tamely fraile body 1633: Tamely fraile flefh, 1635-69,
 O'F, S96 (1650-69 *accidentally drop second* to day) 6 away. | away;
 1633: away, 1635-39 10 yet dead. Ed: yet dead; 1633, B, P, S:
 and dead; 1635-69, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, TCD (*full stop*, MSS.)

She

She fees at once the virgin mother stay
 Reclus'd at home, Publique at Golgotha;
 Sad and rejoyc'd shee's seen at once, and seen
 At almost fiftie, and at scarce fiftene.
 At once a Sonne is promis'd her, and gone, 15
 Gabriell gives Christ to her, He her to John;
 Not fully a mother, Shee's in Orbitie,
 At once receiver and the legacie.
 All this, and all betweene, this day hath showne,
 Th'Abridgement of Christs story, which makes one 20
 (As in plaine Maps, the furthest West is East)
 Of the'Angels *Ave*, and *Consummatum est*.
 How well the Church, Gods Court of faculties
 Deales, in some times, and seldome joyning these!
 As by the selfe-fix'd Pole wee never doe 25
 Direct our course, but the next starre thereto,
 Which showes where the'other is, and which we say
 (Because it strays not farre) doth never stray;
 So God by his Church, neereest to him, wee know,
 And stand firme, if wee by her motion goe; 30
 His Spirit, as his fiery Pillar doth
 Leade, and his Church, as cloud; to one end both.
 This Church, by letting these daies joyne, hath shown
 Death and conception in mankinde is one;
 Or'twas in him the same humility, 35
 That he would be a man, and leave to be:
 Or as creation he hath made, as God,
 With the last judgement, but one period,
 His imitating Spouse would joyne in one
 Manhoods extremes: He shall come, he is gone: 40
 Or as though one blood drop, which thence did fall,
 Accepted, would have serv'd, he yet shed all;

12 at Golgotha; *Ed*: at Golgotha. 1633-69 13 Sad and rejoyc'd]
 Rejoyc'd and sad *B, O'F, P, S, S96* 18 legacie. *Ed*: legacie; 1633-69
 24 these! *Ed*: these? *D, TCD*: these; 1633: these. 1635-69 31
 as 1633: and 1635-69 32 both. 1635-69: both: 1633 33 these
B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TCD: those 1633-69 daies 1633, *D, H49,*
Lec, N, TCD: feasts 1635-69, *O'F, P, S, S96* 34 one; *Ed*: one. 1633:
 are one. 1635-69 (one 1669) 37 bath] had *B, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCD*
 So

So though the leaft of his paines, deeds, or words,
 Would bufie a life, ſhe all this day affords;
 This treafure then, in groſſe, my Soule uplay, 45
 And in my life retaile it every day.

Goodfriday, 1613. Riding Weſtward.

L Et mans Soule be a Spheare, and then, in this,
 The intelligence that moves, devotion is,
 And as the other Spheares, by being growne
 Subject to forraigne motions, loſe their owne,
 And being by others hurried every day, 5
 Scarce in a yeare their naturall forme obey:
 Pleaſure or buſineſſe, ſo, our Soules admit
 For their firſt mover, and are whirld by it.
 Hence is't, that I am carryed towards the Weſt
 This day, when my Soules forme bends toward the Eaſt. 10
 There I ſhould ſee a Sunne, by riſing ſet,
 And by that ſetting endleſſe day beget;
 But that Chriſt on this Croſſe, did riſe and fall,
 Sinne had eternally benighted all.
 Yet dare I' almoſt be glad, I do not ſee 15
 That ſpectacle of too much weight for mee.
 Who ſees Gods face, that is ſelfe life, muſt dye;
 What a death were it then to ſee God dye?
 It made his owne Lieutenant Nature ſhrinke,
 It made his footſtoole crack, and the Sunne winke. 20
 Could I behold thoſe hands which ſpan the Poles,
 And turne all ſpheares at once, peirc'd with thoſe holes?

Goodfriday, &c. 1633-69: Good Friday (with or without date and Riding &c.) *A18, B, Cy, N, S, S96, TCC, TCD*: Good Friday. 1613. Riding towards Wales. *D, Lec, O'F*: Good Friday. 1613. Riding to S' Edward Harbert in Wales. *H49*: M^r J. Duñ goeing from Sir H. G. on good friday ſent him back this meditation on the way. *A25* 4 motions *A18, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC*: motion, 1633-69 8 and] bis 1650-54 10 toward 1633: do. or towards *MSS.*: to 1635-69, *O'F* 12 beget; 1633: beget. 1635-69, *Chambers* 13 this Croſſe, 1633. *A18, D, H49, Lec, O'F, S, S96, TCC*: his Croſſe, 1635-69, *B, Cy, N, TCD* 16 too] two 1639-69 22 turne *A18, B, Cy, N, S, TC*: tune 1633-69, *D, H49, Lec, O'F, S96* once,] once 1633

Could

Could I behold that endlesse height which is
 Zenith to us, and our Antipodes,
 Humbled below us? or that blood which is 25
 The feat of all our Soules, if not of his,
 Made durt of dust, or that flesh which was worne
 By God, for his apparell, rag'd, and torne?
 If on these things I durst not looke, durst I
 Upon his miserable mother cast mine eye, 30
 Who was Gods partner here, and furnish'd thus
 Halfe of that Sacrifice, which ransom'd us?
 Though these things, as I ride, be from mine eye,
 They're present yet unto my memory,
 For that looks towards them; and thou look'ft towards mee,
 O Saviour, as thou hang'ft upon the tree; 36
 I turne my backe to thee, but to receive
 Corrections, till thy mercies bid thee leave.
 O thinke mee worth thine anger, punish mee,
 Burne off my rusts, and my deformity, 40
 Restore thine Image, so much, by thy grace,
 That thou may'ft know mee, and I'll turne my face.

30 Upon his miserable 1633, A18, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC:
 On his distressed 1635-69 40 rusts, 1633, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec. N, O'F,
 S96, TCD: rust, 1635-69, A18, S, TCC

THE LITANIE.

I.

The FATHER.

FATHER of Heaven, and him, by whom
 It, and us for it, and all else, for us
 Thou madest, and govern'st ever, come
 And re-create mee, now growne ruinous:
 My heart is by dejection, clay, 5
 And by selfe-murder, red.
 From this red earth, O Father, purge away
 All vicious tinctures, that new fashioned
 I may rise up from death, before I'am dead.

II.

The SONNE.

O Sonne of God, who seeing two things, 10
 Sinne, and death crept in, which were never made,
 By bearing one, tryed't with what stings
 The other could thine heritage invade;
 O be thou nail'd unto my heart,
 And crucified againe, 15
 Part not from it, though it from thee would part,
 But let it be, by applying so thy paine,
 Drown'd in thy blood, and in thy passion flaine.

III.

The HOLY GHOST.

O Holy Ghost, whose temple I
 Am, but of mudde walls, and condensed dust, 20
 And being sacrilegiously
 Halfe wasted with youths fires, of pride and lust,

The Litanie. 1633-69: A Lctanie. A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S,
 S96, TCC, TCD 17 be, D: be 1633-69

Must

Must with new stormes be weatherbeat;
 Double in my heart thy flame,
 Which let devout sad teares intend; and let 25
 (Though this glasse lanthorne, flesh, do suffer maim)
 Fire, Sacrifice, Priest, Altar be the same.

IV.

The TRINITY.

O Blessed glorious Trinity,
 Bones to Philosophy, but milke to faith,
 Which, as wise serpents, diversly 30
 Most slipperinesse, yet most entanglings hath,
 As you distinguish'd undistinct
 By power, love, knowledge bee,
 Give mee a such selfe different instinct
 Of these; let all mee elemented bee, 35
 Of power, to love, to know, you unnumbered three.

V.

The Virgin MARY.

For that faire blessed Mother-maid,
 Whose flesh redeem'd us; That she-Cherubin,
 Which unlock'd Paradise, and made
 One claime for innocence, and disseiz'd sinne, 40
 Whose wombe was a strange heav'n, for there
 God cloath'd himselfe, and grew,
 Our zealous thanks wee poure. As her deeds were
 Our helpes, so are her prayers; nor can she sue
 In vaine, who hath such titles unto you. 45

30 serpents, *Ed*: serpents 1633-69 34 a such 1633: such 1635-69,
JC: such a *A18, D, H49, Lec, N, S, TC* instinct 1633: instinct, 1635-69
 35 these; *Ed*: these, *D, H49, Lec*: these 1633-69: thee *A18, N, TC*

VI.

The Angels.

And since this life our nonage is,
 And wee in Wardship to thine Angels be,
 Native in heavens faire Palaces,
 Where we shall be but denizen'd by thee,
 As th'earth conceiving by the Sunne, 50
 Yields faire diversitie,
 Yet never knowes which course that light doth run,
 So let mee study, that mine actions bee
 Worthy their fight, though blinde in how they see.

VII.

The Patriarches.

And let thy Patriarches Desire 55
 (Those great Grandfathers of thy Church, which saw
 More in the cloud, then wee in fire,
 Whom Nature clear'd more, then us Grace and Law,
 And now in Heaven still pray, that wee
 May use our new helpes right,) 60
 Be satisfi'd, and fructifie in mee;
 Let not my minde be blinder by more light
 Nor Faith, by Reason added, lose her fight.

VIII.

The Prophets.

Thy Eagle-fighted Prophets too,
 Which were thy Churches Organs, and did found 65
 That harmony, which made of two
 One law, and did unite, but not confound ;

48 Native] Natives *B, JC, S* in heavens faire Palaces, *D*: in heavens
 faire Palaces 1633-39: in heavens Palaces, 1650-69 52 which 1633:
 what 1635-69 56 Grandfathers] Grandfathers, 1633 58 then] that
 1635-39 58 Grace and Law, *D*: grace and law, 1633-69 61
 satisfy'd, 1635-69, *A18, D, H49, JC, N, S96, TC*: sanctified, 1633 fructifie]
 fructified *A18, JC* 63 Faith, *D*: Faith 1633-69

Those heavenly Poëts which did see
 Thy will, and it expresse
 In rythmique feet, in common pray for mee, 70
 That I by them excuse not my excesse
 In seeking secrets, or Poëtiqueneffe.

IX.

The Apostles.

And thy illustrious Zodiacke
 Of twelve Apostles, which ingirt this All,
 (From whom whosoever do not take 75
 Their light, to darke deep pits, throw downe, and fall,)
 As through their prayers, thou'haſt let mee know
 That their bookes are divine;
 May they pray ſtill, and be heard, that I goe
 Th'old broad way in applying; O decline 80
 Mee, when my comment would make thy word mine.

X.

The Martyrs.

And ſince thou ſo deſirouſly
 Did'ſt long to die, that long before thou could'ſt,
 And long ſince thou no more couldſt dye,
 Thou in thy ſcatter'd myſtique body wouldſt 85
 In Abel dye, and ever ſince
 In thine; let their blood come
 To begge for us, a diſcreet patience
 Of death, or of worſe life: for Oh, to ſome
 Not to be Martyrs, is a martyrdom. 90

75-6 no brackets 1633 75 whoſoever] whoever *moſt MSS.* 76 throw
 downe, and fall, 1633, *Ar8, D, H49, Lec, N, TC:* thrown down do fall)
 1635-69 78 bookes] works *B, O'F, S96* 87 thine;] thine, 1633

XI.

The Confessors.

Therefore with thee triumpheth there
 A Virgin Squadron of white Confessors,
 Whose bloods betroth'd, not marryed were,
 Tender'd, not taken by those Ravishers:
 They know, and pray, that wee may know, 95
 In every Christian
 Hourly tempestuous persecutions grow;
 Tentations martyr us alive; A man
 Is to himfelfe a Dioclesian.

XII.

The Virgins.

The cold white snowie Nunnery, 100
 Which, as thy mother, their high Abbess, sent
 Their bodies backe againe to thee,
 As thou hadst lent them, cleane and innocent,
 Though they have not obtain'd of thee,
 That or thy Church, or I, 105
 Should keep, as they, our first integrity;
 Divorce thou sinne in us, or bid it die,
 And call chaste widowhead Virginitie.

XIII.

The Doctors.

Thy sacred Academie above
 Of Doctors, whose paines have unclasp'd, and taught 110
 Both bookes of life to us (for love
 To know thy Scriptures tells us, we are wrote

93 were, *Ed:* were; 1633-69 97 grow; *Ed:* grow, 1633-69
 100 The] Thy *B, D, H49, O'F, S, S96* 109 Thy] The 1635-69
 Academie 1633, *D, H49, Lec:* Academ 1635-69: Academe *N, O'F, S96,*
TC 112 thy] the 1650-69 Scriptures] Scripture 1669 wrote]
spelt wrought 1633 and MSS.

In thy other booke) pray for us there
 That what they have misdōne
 Or mis-faid, wee to that may not adhere; 115
 Their zeale may be our sinne. Lord let us runne
 Meane waies, and call them stars, but not the Sunne.

XIV.

And whil't this univerfall Quire,
 That Church in triumph, this in warfare here,
 Warm'd with one all-partaking fire 120
 Of love, that none be lost, which cost thee deare,
 Prayes ceaselesly, and thou hearken too,
 (Since to be gracious
 Our taske is treble, to pray, beare, and doe)
 Heare this prayer Lord: O Lord deliver us 125
 From trusting in those prayers, though powr'd out thus.

XV.

From being anxious, or secure,
 Dead clods of sadnesse, or light squibs of mirth,
 From thinking, that great courts immure
 All, or no happinesse, or that this earth 130
 Is only for our prision fram'd,
 Or that thou art covetous
 To them whom thou lovest, or that they are maim'd
 From reaching this worlds sweet, who seek thee thus,
 With all their might, Good Lord deliver us. 135

115 adhere; *Ed*: adhere, 1633-69 122 too, *D*: too 1633-69
 125 Lord: *Ed*: Lord, 1633-69 128 clods 1633: clouds 1635-69,
B, O'F (which corrects), 896 133 whom] *om. D, H49, Lec* them]
om. A18, N, TC 134 sweet, 1633, *D, H49, JC, Lec*, 896: sweets, 1635-
 69, *A18, N, O'F, S, TC*

XVI.

XVI.

From needing danger, to bee good,
 From owing thee yesterdaies teares to day,
 From trusting so much to thy blood,
 That in that hope, wee wound our soule away,
 From bribing thee with Almes, to excuse 140
 Some sinne more burdenous,
 From light affecting, in religion, newes,
 From thinking us all soule, neglecting thus
 Our mutuall duties, Lord deliver us.

XVII.

From tempting Satan to tempt us, 145
 By our connivence, or slack companie,
 From meafuring ill by vitious,
 Neglecting to choake sins spawn, Vanitie,
 From indiscreet humilitie,
 Which might be scandalous, 150
 And cast reproach on Christianitie,
 From being spies, or to spies pervious,
 From thirst, or scorne of fame, deliver us.

XVIII.

Deliver us for thy descent
 Into the Virgin, whose wombe was a place 155
 Of middle kind; and thou being sent
 To'ungratious us, staid'st at her full of grace;
 And through thy poore birth, where first thou
 Glorifiedst Povertie,
 And yet soone after riches didst allow, 160
 By accepting Kings gifts in the Epiphanie,
 Deliver, and make us, to both waies free.

137 owing] owning 1669 139 soule] souls 1669, *JC, O'F, S* 153
 fame,] flame, 1633 154 for 1633, *D, H49, N, S, TC*: through 1635-69,
JC, O'F, S96, Chambers 156 middle] midle 1633, *D* 157 grace;]
 grace, 1633 159 Glorifiedst] Glorifiest 1633 some copies, *D, H49*
 162 Deliver, and] Deliver us, and *Chambers*

XIX.

XIX.

And through that bitter agonie,
Which is still the agonie of pious wits,
Disputing what distorted thee, 165
And interrupted evennesse, with fits;
And through thy free confession
Though thereby they were then
Made blind, so that thou might'st from them have gone,
Good Lord deliver us, and teach us when 170
Wee may not, and we may blinde unjust men.

XX.

Through thy submitting all, to blowes
Thy face, thy clothes to spoile; thy fame to scorne,
All waies, which rage, or Justice knowes,
And by which thou could'st shew, that thou wast born; 175
And through thy gallant humbleness
Which thou in death did'st shew,
Dying before thy foule they could expresse,
Deliver us from death, by dying so,
To this world, ere this world doe bid us goe. 180

XXI.

When senses, which thy souldiers are,
Wee arme against thee, and they fight for sinne,
When want, sent but to tame, doth warre
And worke despaire a breach to enter in,
When plenty, Gods image, and seale 185
Makes us Idolatrous,
And love it, not him, whom it should reveale,
When wee are mov'd to seeme religious
Only to vent wit, Lord deliver us.

163 through] though 1633 that] thy *B, JC, O'F, S96* 164 is still]
still is 1633 some copies, 1635-69 166 fits;] fits, 1633 173 clothes
1633, 418, D, H49, Lec, N, S, TC: robes 1635-69, B(robe), JC, O'F, S96
175 born; Ed: born, 1633-69

XXII.

XXII.

In Churches, when the' infirmitie
Of him which speakes, diminishes the Word,
When Magistrates doe mis-apply
To us, as we judge, lay or ghostly sword,
When plague, which is thine Angell, raignes,
Or wars, thy Champions, swaie,
When Heresie, thy second deluge, gaines;
In th'houre of death, the'Eve of last judgement day,
Deliver us from the sinister way.

XXIII.

Hearre us, O heare us Lord; to thee
 A sinner is more musique, when he prayes,
 Then spheares, or Angels praises bee,
 In Panegyrique Allelujaes;
 Heare us, for till thou heare us, Lord
 We know not what to say;
 Thine eare to'our sighes, teares, thoughts gives voice and
 word.
 O Thou who Satan heard'ft in Jobs sicke day,
 Heare thy selfe now, for thou in us dost pray.

XXIV.

That wee may change to evenesse
This intermitting aguish Pietie;
That snatching cramps of wickednesse
And Apoplexies of fast sin, may die;
That musique of thy promises,
Not threats in Thunder may
Awaken us to our just offices;
What in thy booke, thou dost, or creatures say,
That we may heare, Lord heare us, when wee pray.

196 When] Where <i>many</i> MSS.	197 last judgement] the last <i>JC, S:</i>
Gods judgement <i>B</i>	202 Allelujaes; 1635-69: Allelujaes, 1635
lay; <i>D:</i> lay. 1633-69	209 Pietie; <i>Ed:</i> Pietie, 1633-69
offices;] offices, 1633	

XXV.

That our eares sicknesse wee may cure,
 And rectifie those Labyrinths aright,
 That wee, by harkning, not procure
 Our praise, nor others dispraise so invite, 220
 That wee get not a slipperinesse
 And senslesly decline,
 From hearing bold wits jeast at Kings excesse,
 To'admit the like of majestie divine,
 That we may locke our eares, Lord open thine. 225

XXVI.

That living law, the Magistrate,
 Which to give us, and make us physicke, doth
 Our vices often aggravate,
 That Preachers taxing sinne, before her growth,
 That Satan, and invenom'd men 230
 Which well, if we starve, dine,
 When they doe most accuse us, may see then
 Us, to amendment, heare them; thee decline:
 That we may open our eares, Lord lock thine.

XXVII.

That learning, thine Ambassador, 235
 From thine allegiance wee never tempt,
 That beauty, paradises flower
 For physicke made, from poyson be exempt,
 That wit, borne apt high good to doe,
 By dwelling lazily 240
 On Natures nothing, be not nothing too,
 That our affections kill us not, nor dye,
 Heare us, weake ecchoes, O thou eare, and cry.

217 wee 1633: me 1635-69 219 wee, *Ed*: wee 1633-69 harkning,
 not 1633-69: heark'ning not *Chambers* 231 well, 1633 (*but altered to*
will, in some copies), *A18*, *B*, *D*, *H49*, *N*, *S*, *TC*: will, 1635-69, *Lec*, *Chambers*,
Grolier 233 decline: *Ed*: decline; 1633-69 239 apt . . . doe,]
 apt, . . . doe 1633 243 weake ecchoes, O thou eare, and cry. 1633-69,
A18, *D*, *H49*, *Lec*, *N*, *TC*: weake wretches, O thou eare and eye. *B*, *S*, *S96*:
Chambers adopts Eye from *S*, *O'F* reads eye, and *TCC* alters cry to eye,
 all retaining ecchoes. See note

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

Sonne of God heare us, and since thou
 By taking our blood, owest it us againe, 245
 Gaine to thy self, or us allow;
 And let not both us and thy selfe be slaine;
 O Lambe of God, which took'st our sinne
 Which could not stick to thee,
 O let it not returne to us againe, 250
 But Patient and Physition being free,
 As sinne is nothing, let it no where be.

Vpon the translation of the Psalmes by Sir Philip Sydney, and the Countesse of Pembroke his Sister.

ETernall God, (for whom who ever dare
 Seeke new expressions, doe the Circle square,
 And thrust into strait corners of poore wit
 Thee, who art cornerlesse and infinite)
 I would but blesse thy Name, not name thee now; 5
 (And thy gifts are as infinite as thou:)
 Fixe we our prayes therefore on this one,
 That, as thy blessed Spirit fell upon
 These Psalmes first Author in a cloven tongue;
 (For 'twas a double power by which he sung 10
 The highest matter in the noblest forme;)
 So thou hast cleft that spirit, to performe
 That worke againe, and shed it, here, upon
 Two, by their bloods, and by thy Spirit one;
 A Brother and a Sister, made by thee 15
 The Organ, where thou art the Harmony.

245 againe,] againe 1633 246 or us 1633, A18, D, H49, Lec, JC, N,
 S, TC: and us 1635-69, O'F, S96, Chambers 248 O Lambe] O lambe
 1633

Vpon the &c. 1635-69: no extant MSS.

Two that make one *Iohn Baptists* holy voyce,
 And who that *Pfalme*, *Now let the Iles rejoyce*,
 Have both translated, and apply'd it too,
 Both told us what, and taught us how to doe. 20
 They shew us *Ilanders* our joy, our King,
 They tell us *why*, and teach us *how* to sing;
 Make all this All, three Quires, heaven, earth, and sphears;
 The first, Heaven, hath a song, but no man heares,
 The Spheares have Musick, but they have no tongue, 25
 Their harmony is rather danc'd than sung;
 But our third Quire, to which the first gives eare,
 (For, Angels learne by what the Church does here)
 This Quire hath all. The Organist is hee
 Who hath tun'd God and Man, the Organ we: 30
 The songs are these, which heavens high holy Muse
 Whisper'd to *David*, *David* to the Iewes:
 And *David's* Successors, in holy zeale,
 In formes of joy and art doe re-reveale
 To us so sweetly and sincerely too, 35
 That I must not rejoyce as I would doe
 When I behold that these *Psalmes* are become
 So well attyr'd abroad, so ill at home,
 So well in Chambers, in thy Church so ill,
 As I can scarce call that reform'd untill 40
 This be reform'd; Would a whole State present
 A lesser gift than some one man hath sent?
 And shall our Church, unto our Spouse and King
 More hoarse, more harsh than any other, sing?
 For *that* we pray, we praise thy name for *this*, 45
 Which, by this *Moses* and this *Miriam*, is
 Already done; and as those *Psalmes* we call
 (Though some have other Authors) *David's* all:
 So though some have, some may some *Psalmes* translate,
 We thy *Sydnean* *Psalmes* shall celebrate, 50

17 voyce, 1635-39: voyce; 1650-69 22 sing;] sing. 1635-69
 23 three Quires, 1669: 3 Quires, 1635-54 28 here 1669: heare
 1635-54 (the same word, not hear as in Chambers' note) 46 this Moses
 Grosart: thy *Moses* 1635-69

And,

And, till we come th'Extemporall song to sing,
 (Learn'd the first hower, that we see the King,
 Who hath translated those translators) may
 These their sweet learned labours, all the way
 Be as our tuning; that, when hence we part,
 We may fall in with them, and sing our part. 55

Ode : Of our Sense of Sinne.

1. **V**engeance will fit above our faults; but till
 She there doth fit,
 We see *her* not, nor *them*. Thus, blinde, yet still
 We leade her way; and thus, whil't we doe ill,
 We suffer it. 5
2. Vnhappy he, whom youth makes not beware
 Of doing ill.
 Enough we labour under age, and care;
 In number, th'errours of the last place, are
 The greatest still. 10
3. Yet we, that should the ill we now begin
 As soone repent,
 (Strange thing!) perceive not; our faults are not seen,
 But past us; neither felt, but onely in
 The punishment. 15
4. But we know our selves least; Mere outward shews
 Our mindes so store,
 That our soules, no more than our eyes disclose
 But forme and colour. Onely he who knowes
 Himselfe, knowes more. 20

I. D.

55 tuning; 1719: tuning, 1635-69 part, 1719: part 1635-69
 Ode. 1635-69, O'F: Of our Sense of Sinne. H40, RP31 (in margin,
 S' Edw. Herbert): no title, B, Cy, P, S 2 doth 1635-39: do 1650-69
 11 now] new B 15 The 1635-69, Cy, P: Our B, H40, O'F

To Mr Tilman after he had taken orders.

THou, whose diviner soule hath caus'd thee now
 To put thy hand unto the holy Plough,
 Making Lay-scornings of the Ministry,
 Not an impediment, but victory;
 What bringst thou home with thee? how is thy mind 5
 Affected since the vintage? Dost thou finde
 New thoughts and stirrings in thee? and as Steele
 Toucht with a Loadstone, dost new motions feele?
 Or, as a Ship after much paine and care,
 For Iron and Cloth brings home rich Indian ware, 10
 Hast thou thus traffiqu'd, but with farre more gaine
 Of noble goods, and with lesse time and paine?
 Thou art the same materials, as before,
 Onely the stampe is changed; but no more.
 And as new crowned Kings alter the face, 15
 But not the monies substance; so hath grace
 Chang'd onely Gods old Image by Creation,
 To Christs new stampe, at this thy Coronation;
 Or, as we paint Angels with wings, because
 They beare Gods message, and proclaime his lawes, 20
 Since thou must doe the like, and so must move,
 Art thou new feather'd with cœlestiall love?
 Deare, tell me where thy purchase lies, and shew
 What thy advantage is above, below.
 But if thy gainings doe surmount expression, 25
 Why doth the foolish world scorne that profession,
 Whose joyes passe speech? Why do they think unfit
 That Gentry should joyne families with it?
 As if their day were onely to be spent
 In dressing, Mistressing and complement; 30
 Alas poore joyes, but poorer men, whose trust
 Seemes richly placed in sublimed dust;
 (For, such are cloathes and beauty, which though gay,
 Are, at the best, but of sublimed clay.)

To Mr Tilman &c. 1635-69: no extant MSS. 18 Christs] Chists
 1635 34 clay.) Ed: clay) 1635-69

Let

Let then the world thy calling disrespe^ct,
 But goe thou on, and pittie their neglect. 35
 What function is so noble, as to bee
 Embassadour to God and destinie?
 To open life, to give kingdomes to more
 Than Kings give dignities; to keepe heavens doore? 40
Maries prerogative was to beare Christ, so
 'Tis preachers to convey him, for they doe
 As Angels out of clouds, from Pulpits speake;
 And blesse the poore beneath, the lame, the weake.
 If then th'Astronomers, whereas they spie 45
 A new-found Starre, their Opticks magnifie,
 How brave are those, who with their Engine, can
 Bring man to heaven, and heaven againe to man?
 These are thy titles and preheminen^cces,
 In whom must meet Gods graces, mens offences, 50
 And so the heavens which beget all things here,
 And the earth our mother, which these things doth beare,
 Both these in thee, are in thy Calling knit,
 And make thee now a blest Hermaphrodite.

*A Hymne to Christ, at the Authors last
 going into Germany.*

IN what torne ship soever I embarke,
 That ship shall be my embleme of thy Arke;
 What sea soever swallow mee, that flood
 Shall be to mee an embleme of thy blood;
 Though thou with clouds of anger do disguise 5
 Thy face; yet through that maske I know those eyes,
 Which, though they turne away sometimes,
 They never will despise.

52 beare, 1650-69: beare 1635-39

A Hymne &c. 1633-69: A Hymne to Christ. A18, N, TCC, TCD:
 At his going with my Lord of Doncaster 1619. B, and similarly, O'F, P,
 S96: in MSS. last two lines of each stanza given as one 2 my . . .
 thy] an . . . the P 3 soever swallow mee, that] foe'er swallows me up,
 that O'F

I sacrifice

I sacrifice this Iland unto thee,
 And all whom I lov'd there, and who lov'd mee; 10
 When I have put our seas twixt them and mee,
 Put thou thy sea betwixt my finnes and thee.
 As the trees sap doth seeke the root below
 In winter, in my winter now I goe,
 Where none but thee, th'Eternall root 15
 Of true Love I may know.

Nor thou nor thy religion dost controule,
 The amorousnesse of an harmonious Soule,
 But thou would'st have that love thy selfe: As thou
 Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now, 20
 Thou lov'st not, till from loving more, thou free
 My soule: Who ever gives, takes libertie:
 O, if thou car'st not whom I love
 Alas, thou lov'st not mee.

Seale then this bill of my Divorce to All, 25
 On whom those fainter beames of love did fall;
 Marry those loves, which in youth scattered bee
 On Fame, Wit, Hopes (false mistresses) to thee.
 Churches are best for Prayer, that have least light:
 To see God only, I goe out of sight: 30
 And to scape stormy dayes, I chuse
 An Everlasting night.

10 I lov'd there, 1633, A18, N, TCC: I love here, 1635-69: I love there P who lov'd mee; 1633, A18, N, TC: who love mee; 1635-69, B, O'F, P, S96 11 our seas 1633, A18, N, TC: this flood 1635-69: these (or those) seas B, O'F, P, S96 12 sea A18, B, N, O'F, S96, TC: seas 1633, P: blood 1635-69 15 thee, th'Eternall root] thy eternall work B, O'F (where it is altered to reading of text), P (externall workes), S96 28 Fame, 1633, A18, N, TC: Face, 1635-69, B, O'F, P, S96

*The Lamentations of Ieremy, for the most
part according to Tremelius.*

CHAP. I.

- 1 **H**OW fits this citie, late most populous,
Thus solitary, and like a widdow thus!
Amplest of Nations, Queene of Provinces
She was, who now thus tributary is!
- 2 Still in the night shee weepes, and her teares fall 5
Downe by her cheekes along, and none of all
Her lovers comfort her; Perfidiously
Her friends have dealt, and now are enemie.
- 3 Unto great bondage, and afflictions
Juda is captive led; Those nations 10
With whom shee dwells, no place of rest afford,
In streights shee meets her Persecutors sword.
- 4 Emptie are the gates of Sion, and her waies
Mourne, because none come to her solemne dayes.
Her Priests doe groane, her maides are comfortlesse, 15
And shee's unto her selfe a bitternesse.
- 5 Her foes are growne her head, and live at Peace,
Because when her transgressions did increase,
The Lord strooke her with sadnesse: Th'enemie
Doth drive her children to captivitie. 20
- 6 From Sions daughter is all beauty gone,
Like Harts, which seeke for Pasture, and find none,
Her Princes are, and now before the foe
Which still pursues them, without strength they go.

The Lamentations &c. 1633-69 (Tremellius 1639-69), *B, N, O' F, TCD*:
Tr in the notes stands for Tremellius, *Vulg* for Vulgate. See note: full-stops
 after verse-numbers 1635-69 2-4 thus! . . . is!] thus? . . . is?
 1633-69 22 Harts] hearts 1669

- 7 Now in her daies of Teares, Jerufalem 25
 (Her men flaine by the foe, none succouring them)
 Remembers what of old, thee esteemed moſt,
 Whileſt her foes laugh at her, for what ſhe hath loſt.
- 8 Jerufalem hath ſinn'd, therefore is ſhee 30
 Remov'd, as women in uncleanneſſe bee;
 Who honor'd, ſcorne her, for her foulneſſe they
 Have ſeene; her ſelfe doth groane, and turne away.
- 9 Her foulneſſe in her ſkirts was ſeene, yet ſhe 35
 Remembred not her end; Miraculoſly
 Therefore ſhee fell, none comforting: Behold
 O Lord my affliction, for the Foe growes bold.
- 10 Upon all things where her delight hath beene, 40
 The foe hath ſtretch'd his hand, for ſhee hath ſeene
 Heathen, whom thou command'ſt, ſhould not doe ſo,
 Into her holy Sanctuary goe.
- 11 And all her people groane, and ſeeke for bread;
 And they have given, only to be fed,
 All precious things, wherein their pleaſure lay:
 How cheape I'am growne, O Lord, behold, and weigh.
- 12 All this concernes not you, who paſſe by mee, 45
 O ſee, and marke if any ſorrow bee
 Like to my ſorrow, which Jehova hath
 Done to mee in the day of his fierce wrath?
- 13 That fire, which by himſelfe is governed 50
 He hath caſt from heaven on my bones, and ſpred
 A net before my feet, and mee o'rthrowne,
 And made me languish all the day alone.

25 her O'F: their 1633-69, N, TCD: the B: diebus afflictionis ſuae
 et ploratum ſuorum Tr 28 Whileſt B, O'F: Whiles 1633-69
 32 ſeene;] ſeene, 1633 43 pleaſure] pleaſures N

- 14 His hand hath of my finnes framed a yoake
Which wreath'd, and cast upon my neck, hath broke
My strength. The Lord unto those enemies 55
Hath given mee, from whom I cannot rise.
- 15 He under foot hath troden in my fight
My strong men; He did company invite
To breake my young men; he the winepresse hath 60
Trode upon Juda's daughter in his wrath.
- 16 For these things doe I weepe, mine eye, mine eye
Casts water out; For he which should be nigh
To comfort mee, is now departed farre;
The foe prevailes, forlorne my children are.
- 17 There's none, though *Sion* do stretch out her hand, 65
To comfort her, it is the Lords command
That *Iacobs* foes girt him. *Ierusalem*
Is as an uncleane woman amongst them.
- 18 But yet the Lord is just, and righteous still,
I have rebell'd against his holy will; 70
O heare all people, and my sorrow see,
My maides, my young men in captivitie.
- 19 I called for my *lovers* then, but they
Deceiv'd mee, and my Priests, and Elders lay
Dead in the citie; for they fought for meat 75
Which should refresh their soules, they could not get.
- 20 Because I am in streights, *Iehova* see
My heart o'rturn'd, my bowells muddy bee,
Because I have rebell'd so much, as fast
The sword without, as death within, doth waft. 80

53 hand] hands 1650-69: manu ejus Tr 56 from whom 1635-69,
B, N, O'F, TCD: from whence 1633 58 invite 1633, N, TCD: accite
1635-69, B, O'F 59 men; Ed: men, 1633-69 63 farre;] farre
1633 65 hand.] hand 1633-35 76 they could not get. 1633: and
none could get. 1635-69 Norton conjectures that in 75 we should read
the sought-for meat: but see note 78 o'rturn'd,] return'd, 1633

- 21 Of all which heare I mourne, none comforts mee,
 My foes have heard my griefe, and glad they be,
 That thou hast done it; But thy promis'd day
 Will come, when, as I suffer, so shall they.
- 22 Let all their wickednesse appeare to thee, 85
 Doe unto them, as thou hast done to mee,
 For all my sinnes: The sighs which I have had
 Are very many, and my heart is sad.

CHAP. II.

- 1 **H**OW over Sions daughter hath God hung
 His wraths thicke cloud! and from heaven hath
 flung 90
 To earth the beauty of *Israel*, and hath
 Forgot his foot-stoole in the day of wrath!
- 2 The Lord unsparingly hath swallowed
 All Jacobs dwellings, and demolished
 To ground the strengths of *Iuda*, and prophan'd 95
 The Princes of the Kingdome, and the land.
- 3 In heat of wrath, the horne of *Israel* hee
 Hath cleane cut off, and left the enemy
 Be hindred, his right hand he doth retire,
 But is towards *Iacob*, All-devouring fire. 100
- 4 Like to an enemy he bent his bow,
 His right hand was in posture of a foe,
 To kill what *Sions* daughter did desire,
 'Gainst whom his wrath, he poured forth, like fire.
- 5 For like an enemy *Iehova* is, 105
 Devouring *Israel*, and his Palaces,
 Destroying holds, giving additions
 To *Iuda's* daughters lamentations.

81 heare I mourne, 1633-35, B, O'F, TCD: heare me mourn, N: here
 I mourn, 1639-69, and mod. edd.: Audientium me in gemitu esse nemo
 consolatur me. Tr 87 sighs] sighs 1669 90 cloud! Ed: cloud?
 1633-69 flung] flung. 1633 92 wrath! Ed: wrath? 1633-69 95
 strengths 1633, N, TCD: strength 1635-69, B, O'F: munitiones Tr and Vulg
 6 Like

- 6 Like to a garden hedge he hath cast downe
 The place where was his congregation, 110
 And *Sions* feasts and sabbaths are forgot;
 Her King, her Priest, his wrath regardeth not.
- 7 The Lord forsakes his Altar, and detests
 His Sanctuary, and in the foes hand rests
 His Palace, and the walls, in which their cries 115
 Are heard, as in the true solemnities.
- 8 The Lord hath cast a line, so to confound
 And leuell *Sions* walls unto the ground;
 He drawes not back his hand, which doth oreturne
 The wall, and Rampart, which together mourne. 120
- 9 Their gates are funke into the ground, and hee
 Hath broke the barres; their King and Princes bee
 Amongst the heathen, without law, nor there
 Unto their Prophets doth the Lord appeare.
- 10 There *Sions Elders* on the ground are plac'd, 125
 And silence keepe; Dust on their heads they cast,
 In sackcloth have they girt themselves, and low
 The Virgins towards ground, their heads do throw.
- 11 My bowells are growne muddy, and mine eyes
 Are faint with weeping: and my liver lies 130
 Pour'd out upon the ground, for miserie
 That sucking children in the streets doe die.
- 12 When they had cryed unto their Mothers, where
 Shall we have bread, and drinke? they fainted there,
 And in the streets like wounded persons lay 135
 Till 'twixt their mothers breasts they went away.

110 where] which *B, O'F*: locum conventus sui *Tr*. 112 regardeth]
 regarded 1669 114 hand *B, N, O'F, TCD*: hands 1633-69: tradit in manum
 inimici muros, palatia illius *Tr* 118-9 ground; . . . hand,] ground,
 . . . hand; 1633 121 Their 1633: The 1635-69 122 barres; *B*,
O'F: barre; 1633-69, *N, TCD*: vestes ejus *Tr* 124 their] the 1669
 134 there,] there 1633-39 135 streets *B, O'F*: street 1633-69, *N*,
TCD: in plateis civitatis *Tr*

- 13 *Daughter Ierusalem*, Oh what may bee
 A witnesse, or comparifon for thee?
 Sion, to ease thee, what shall I name like thee?
 Thy breach is like the sea, what help can bee? 140
- 14 For thee vaine foolish things thy Prophets sought,
 Thee, thine iniquities they have not taught,
 Which might disturne thy bondage: but for thee
 False burthens, and false causes they would see.
- 15 The passengers doe clap their hands, and hisse, 145
 And wag their head at thee, and say, Is this
 That citie, which so many men did call
 Joy of the earth, and perfectest of all?
- 16 Thy foes doe gape upon thee, and they hisse,
 And gnash their teeth, and say, Devoure wee this, 150
 For this is certainly the day which wee
 Expected, and which now we finde, and see.
- 17 The Lord hath done that which he purposed,
 Fulfill'd his word of old determin'd;
 He hath throwne downe, and not spar'd, and thy foe 155
 Made glad above thee, and advanc'd him so.
- 18 But now, their hearts against the Lord do call,
 Therefore, O walls of *Sion*, let teares fall
 Downe like a river, day and night; take thee
 No rest, but let thine eye incessant be. 160
- 19 Arise, cry in the night, poure, for thy sinnes,
 Thy heart, like water, when the watch begins;
 Lift up thy hands to God, lest children dye,
 Which, faint for hunger, in the streets doe lye.

141 For thee 1635-54: For, the 1633: For the 1669 143 disturne
 1633-54 and MSS.: dis-urn 1669: disturb *Chambers*: ad avertendum
 captivitatem tuam *Tr* 145 hisse, *Ed*: hisse 1633-39 157 against
 1633: unto 1635-69, and MSS.: clamat cor istorum contra Dominum *Tr*:
 ad Dominum *Vulg* 161 poure, for 1633 and MSS.: poure out
 1635-69, *Chambers*

20 Behold

- 20 Behold O Lord, confider unto whom 165
 Thou haft done this; what, fhall the women come
 To eate their children of a fpanne? fhall thy
 Prophet and Prielt be flaine in Sanctuary?
- 21 On ground in ftreets, the yong and old do lye,
 My virgins and yong men by fword do dye; 170
 Them in the day of thy wrath thou haft flaine,
 Nothing did thee from killing them containe.
- 22 As to a folemne feaft, all whom I fear'd
 Thou call'ft about mee; when his wrath appear'd,
 None did remaine or fcape, for thofe which I 175
 Brought up, did perifh by mineemie.

CHAP. III.

- 1 I Am the man which have affliction feene,
 Under the rod of Gods wrath having beene,
 2 He hath led mee to darkneffe, not to light,
 3 And againft mee all day, his hand doth fight. 180
- 4 Hee hath broke my bones, worne out my flefh and skinne,
 5 Built up againft mee; and hath girt mee in
 With hemlocke, and with labour; 6 and fet mee
 In darke, as they who dead for ever bee.
- 7 Hee hath hedg'd me left I fcape, and added more 185
 To my fteele fetters, heavier then before.
- 8 When I crie out, he out fhuts my prayer: 9 And hath
 Stop'd with hewn ftone my way, and turn'd my path.
- 10 And like a Lion hid in fecrecie,
 Or Beare which lyes in wait, he was to mee. 190
- 11 He ftops my way, teares me, made defolate,
 12 And hee makes mee the marke he fhooteth at.

174 his 1633: thy 1635-69 CHAP.] *ital.* 1633 182 girt]
 hemde B, O'F 186 before. 1650-69: before, 1633-39 187 8 Ed:
 8. 1635-69; om. 1633 190 mee.] mee, 1633

- 13 Hee made the children of his quiver passe
 Into my reines, 14 I with my people was
 All the day long, a song and mockery. 195
 15 Hee hath fill'd mee with bitterneffe, and he
 Hath made me drunke with wormewood. 16 He hath burft
 My teeth with stones, and covered mee with dust;
 17 And thus my Soule farre off from peace was set,
 And my prosperity I did forget. 200
 18 My strength, my hope (unto my selfe I said)
 Which from the Lord should come, is perished.
 19 But when my mournings I do thinke upon,
 My wormwood, hemlocke, and affliction,
 20 My Soule is humbled in remembring this; 205
 21 My heart confiders, therefore, hope there is.
 22 'Tis Gods great mercy we're not utterly
 Consum'd, for his compassions do not die;
 23 For every morning they renewed bee,
 For great, O Lord, is thy fidelity. 210
 24 The Lord is, faith my Soule, my portion,
 And therefore in him will I hope alone.
 25 The Lord is good to them, who on him relie,
 And to the Soule that seeks him earnestly.
 26 It is both good to trust, and to attend 215
 (The Lords salvation) unto the end:
 27 'Tis good for one his yoake in youth to beare;
 28 He sits alone, and doth all speech forbeare,
 Because he hath borne it. 29 And his mouth he layes
 Deepe in the dust, yet then in hope he staves. 220
 30 He gives his cheekes to whosoever will
 Strike him, and so he is reproched still.
 31 For, not for ever doth the Lord forsake,
 32 But when he hath strucke with fadnes, hee doth take
 202 perished. 1633: perished, 1635-69 203 mournings 1633-69,
 N, O'F, TCD: mourning B 216 (The Lords salvation) 1633: no
 brackets, 1635-69

- Compassion, as his mercy's infinite; 225
 33 Nor is it with his heart, that he doth smite;
 34 That underfoot the prisoners stamped bee,
 35 That a mans right the Judge himselfe doth see
 To be wrung from him, 36 That he subverted is
 In his just cause; the Lord allowes not this. 230
 37 Who then will say, that ought doth come to passe,
 But that which by the Lord commanded was?
 38 Both good and evill from his mouth proceeds;
 39 Why then grieves any man for his misdeeds?
 40 Turne wee to God, by trying out our wayes; 235
 41 To him in heaven, our hands with hearts upraise.
 42 Wee have rebell'd, and falne away from thee,
 Thou pardon'ft not; 43 Ufeste no clemencie;
 Pursuest us, kill'ft us, coverest us with wrath,
 44 Cover'ft thy selfe with clouds, that our prayer hath
 No power to passe. 45 And thou hast made us fall 241
 As refuse, and off-scouring to them all.
 46 All our foes gape at us. 47 Feare and a snare
 With ruine, and with waste, upon us are.
 48 With watry rivers doth mine eye oreflow 245
 For ruine of my peoples daughter so;
 49 Mine eye doth drop downe teares incessantly,
 50 Untill the Lord looke downe from heaven to see.
 51 And for my citys daughters sake, mine eye
 Doth breake mine heart. 52 Causles mine enemy, 250
 Like a bird chac'd me. 53 In a dungeon
 They have shut my life, and cast on me a stone.

226 smite; *Ed*: smite, 1633-69 229 wrung] wrong 1633 him,
Ed: him. 1633-69 230 this.] this: 1633 231 doth] will *B, O'F*
 238 not; 1650-69: not. 1633-35: not 1639 239 coverest us with
 wrath] coverest with thy wrath *B, O'F* 243 47 *Ed*: 47, 1633:
 47. 1635-69 245 watry] water 1633 246 daughter *B, N, O'F*,
TCD: daughters 1633-69: propter contritionem filiae populi mei *Tr* 249
 citys *O'F*: city 1633-69: propter omnes filias civitatis meae *Tr* 252 on
 me *B, N, TCD*: me on 1633-69: projiciunt lapides in me. *Tr*: posuerunt
 lapidem super me. *Vulg*

- 54 Waters flow'd o'r my head, then thought I, I am
 Destroy'd; 55 I called Lord, upon thy name
 Out of the pit. 56 And thou my voice didst heare; 255
 Oh from my sigh, and crye, stop not thine eare.
- 57 Then when I call'd upon thee, thou drew'st nere
 Unto mee, and said'st unto mee, do not feare.
- 58 Thou Lord my Soules cause handled hast, and thou
 Rescud'st my life. 59 O Lord do thou judge now, 260
 Thou heardst my wrong. 60 Their vengeance all they
 have wrought;
- 61 How they reproach'd, thou hast heard, and what they
 thought,
- 62 What their lips uttered, which against me rose,
 And what was ever whisper'd by my foes.
- 63 I am their song, whether they rise or sit, 265
 64 Give them rewards Lord, for their working fit,
- 65 Sorrow of heart, thy curse. 66 And with thy might
 Follow, and from under heaven destroy them quite.

CHAP. I V.

- 1 **H**OW is the gold become so dimme? How is
 Purest and finest gold thus chang'd to this? 270
 The stones which were stones of the Sanctuary,
 Scattered in corners of each street do lye.
- 2 The pretious sonnes of Sion, which should bee
 Valued at purest gold, how do wee see
 Low rated now, as earthen Pitchers, stand, 275
 Which are the worke of a poore Potters hand.
- 3 Even the Sea-calves draw their breasts, and give
 Sucke to their young; my peoples daughters live,
 By reason of the foes great crueltie,
 As do the Owles in the vast Wildernesse. 280
- 256 sigh,] sight, 1650-69 260 Rescud'st B, O'F: Rescuest 1633-69,
 N, TCD: vindicabas Tr now, 1633-39: now. 1650-69, Chambers
 CHAP.] CAP. 1633 270 Purest] P dropped 1650-54 274 at
 1633-39: as 1650-69, B, N, O'F, TCD: qui taxandi erant auro purgatissimo
 Tr 278 live,] live 1633

- 4 And when the sucking child doth strive to draw,
His tongue for thirst cleaves to his upper jaw.
And when for bread the little children crye,
There is no man that doth them satisfie.
- 5 They which before were delicately fed, 285
Now in the streets forlorne have perished,
And they which ever were in scarlet cloath'd,
Sit and embrace the dunghills which they loath'd.
- 6 The daughters of my people have sinned more,
Then did the towne of *Sodome* sinne before; 290
Which being at once destroy'd, there did remaine
No hands amongst them, to vexe them againe.
- 7 But heretofore purer her Nazarite
Was then the snow, and milke was not so white;
As carbuncles did their pure bodies shine, 295
And all their polish'dnesse was Saphirine.
- 8 They are darker now then blacknes, none can know
Them by the face, as through the streets they goe,
For now their skin doth cleave unto the bone,
And withered, is like to dry wood growne. 300
- 9 Better by sword then famine 'tis to dye;
And better through pierc'd, then through penury.
- 10 Women by nature pitifull, have eate
Their children drest with their owne hands for meat.
- 11 *Iehova* here fully accomplish'd hath 305
His indignation, and powr'd forth his wrath,
Kindled a fire in *Sion*, which hath power
To eate, and her foundations to devour.

283 little children] little *om. Chambers* 296 Saphirine. 1635-69:
Seraphine. 1633: Sapphirina polities eorum *Tr* 298 streets *B, O'F*:
street 1633-69, *N, TCD*: in vicis *Tr*: in plateis *Vulg* 299 the
B, O'F: their 1633-69 302 through penury.] by penury, 1633, *N*,
TCD: confossi gladio quam confossi fame. *Tr*. See note 304 hands
B, O'F: hand 1633-69

12 Nor would the Kings of the earth, nor all which live
In the inhabitable world beleeve,
That any adverbary, any foe
Into *Ierusalem* should enter so. 310

13 For the Priests sins, and Prophets, which have shed
Blood in the streets, and the just murdered:
14 Which when those men, whom they made blinde, did
stray
Thorough the streets, defiled by the way 315

With blood, the which impossible it was
Their garments should scape touching, as they passe,
15 Would cry aloud, depart defiled men,
Depart, depart, and touch us not; and then 320

They fled, and strayed, and with the *Gentiles* were,
Yet told their friends, they should not long dwell there;
16 For this they are scattered by Jehovahs face
Who never will regard them more; No grace

Unto their old men shall the foe afford, 325
Nor, that they are Priests, redeeme them from the sword.
17 And wee as yet, for all these miseries
Desiring our vaine helpe, consume our eyes:

And such a nation as cannot save,
We in desire and speculation have. 330
18 They hunt our steps, that in the streets wee feare
To goe: our end is now approached neere,

Our dayes accomplish'd are, this the last day.
19 Eagles of heaven are not so swift as they
Which follow us, o'r mountaine tops they flye 335
At us, and for us in the desert lye.

312 so.] so; 1633 316 Thorough] Through 1669 318 garments 1633: garment 1635-69: quem non possunt quin tangant vestimentis suis Tr 320 not; O'F,N,TCD: not, 1633-69 322 dwell there; Ed: dwell; there. 1633: dwell there. 1635-39: dwell there 1650-54: dwell there: 1669 325 their... the 1633-39: the... their 1650-69 333-4 day. 19 Eagles Ed: The old editions place a comma after day, and 19 at the beginning of 335, wrongly. 335 mountaine tops 1633-39: mountaines tops 1650-69, B

- 20 The annoited Lord, breath of our nostrils, hee
 Of whom we said, under his shadow, wee
 Shall with more ease under the Heathen dwell,
 Into the pit which these men digged, fell. 340
- 21 Rejoyce O *Edoms daughter*, joyfull bee
 Thou which inhabitst *Huz*, for unto thee
 This cup shall passe, and thou with drunkenesse
 Shalt fill thy selfe, and shew thy nakednesse.
- 22 And then thy finnes O *Sion*, shall be spent, 345
 The Lord will not leave thee in banishment.
 Thy finnes O *Edoms daughter*, hee will see,
 And for them, pay thee with captivitie.

CHAP. V.

- 1 Remember, O Lord, what is fallen on us;
 See, and marke how we are reproached thus, 350
- 2 For unto strangers our possession
 Is turn'd, our houses unto Aliens gone,
- 3 Our mothers are become as widowes, wee
 As Orphans all, and without father be;
- 4 Waters which are our owne, wee drunke, and pay, 355
 And upon our owne wood a price they lay.
- 5 Our persecutors on our necks do sit,
 They make us travaile, and not intermit,
- 6 We stretch our hands unto th'*Egyptians*
 To get us bread; and to the *Affyrians*. 360

340 fell.] fell 1633 342 which 1633: that 1635-69 Huz B:
 Hus N, TCD: her, 1633: Uz, 1635-69: in terra Hutzi Tr 345
 And then] And om. Chambers CHAP.] CAP. 1633 349 us;]
 us, 1633-35 354 father B, O'F: fathers 1633-69: Pupilli fumus ac
 nullo patre Tr: absque patre Vulg 355 drunke, 1633, N, TCD: drinke
 1635-69, B, O'F 356 lay. 1650-69: lay, 1633-39

- 7 Our Fathers did these finnes, and are no more,
But wee do beare the finnes they did before.
- 8 They are but fervants, which do rule us thus,
Yet from their hands none would deliver us.
- 9 With danger of our life our bread wee gat; 365
For in the wildernesse, the sword did wait.
- 10 The tempests of this famine wee liv'd in,
Black as an Oven colour'd had our skinne:
- 11 In *Iudaes* cities they the maids abus'd
By force, and so women in *Sion* us'd. 370
- 12 The Princes with their hands they hung; no grace
Nor honour gave they to the Elders face.
- 13 Unto the mill our yong men carried are,
And children fell under the wood they bare.
- 14 Elders, the gates; youth did their songs forbear, 375
15 Gone was our joy; our dancings, mournings were.
- 16 Now is the crowne falne from our head; and woe
Be unto us, because we've sinned so.
- 17 For this our hearts do languish, and for this
Over our eyes a cloudy dimnesse is. 380
- 18 Because mount *Sion* defolate doth lye,
And foxes there do goe at libertie:
- 19 But thou O Lord art ever, and thy throne
From generation, to generation.
- 20 Why should'st thou forget us eternally? 385
Or leave us thus long in this misery?
- 21 Restore us Lord to thee, that so we may
Returne, and as of old, renew our day.
- 22 For oughtest thou, O Lord, despise us thus,
And to be utterly enrag'd at us? 390

368 Oven 1635-69: Ocean 1633: Pelles nostrae ut furnus atratae sunt
Tr 374 fell . . . bare. 1633-69: fall . . . beare. B, O'F 376 15
Gone &c.] Old edd. transfer 15 to next line, wrongly. In consequence, the
remaining verses are all a number short, but the complete number of 22 is
made up by breaking the last verse, 'For oughtest thou &c.' into two. I have
corrected throughout. 389 thus,] thus 1633

Hymne

Hymne to God my God, in my sicknesse.

Since I am comming to that Holy roome,
 Where, with thy Quire of Saints for evermore,
 I shall be made thy Musique; As I come
 I tune the Instrument here at the dore,
 And what I must doe then, thinke here before. 5

Whilst my Physitians by their lore are growne
 Cosmographers, and I their Mapp, who lie
 Flat on this bed, that by them may be showne
 That this is my South-west discoverie
Per fretum febris, by these streights to die, 10

I joy, that in these straits, I see my West;
 For, though their currants yeeld returne to none,
 What shall my West hurt me? As West and East
 In all flatt Maps (and I am one) are one,
 So death doth touch the Resurrection. 15

Is the Pacific Sea my home? Or are
 The Easterne riches? Is *Ierusalem*?
Anyan, and *Magellan*, and *Gibaltare*,
 All streights, and none but streights, are wayes to them,
 Whether where *Iaphet* dwelt, or *Cham*, or *Sem*. 20

We thinke that *Paradise* and *Calvarie*,
Christs Crosse, and *Adams* tree, stood in one place;
 Looke Lord, and finde both *Adams* met in me;
 As the first *Adams* sweat surrounds my face,
 May the last *Adams* blood my soule embrace. 25

Hymn to God &c. 1635-69, S96, and in part Walton (Life of
 Dr John Donne. 1670), who adds March 23, 1630 2 thy 1635
 and Walton (1670): the 1639-69 4 the Instrument 1635-69: my
 instrument Walton 6 Whilst . . . lore Addl. MS. 34324: Whilst . . .
 love 1635-69: Since . . . loves Walton 10 to die, 1635: to die. 1639-
 54: to dy. 1669 12 their S96: those 1635-69 18 *Gibaltare*,
 1635-54: *Gabaltare*, 1669: *Gibraltar*? 1719, Chambers: *Gibraltar* are
 Grosart. See note 19 but streights, Ed: but streights 1635-69
 24 first] list 1669 So,



*Corporis hæc Animæ sit Syndon. Syndon Jesu
Amen.*

Martin B. sculp. And are to be sould by R.R. and Ben. ffisher

JOHN DONNE

From the frontispiece to *Death's Duel*, 1632

So, in his purple wrapp'd receive mee Lord,
 By these his thornes give me his other Crowne ;
 And as to others soules I preach'd thy word,
 Be this my Text, my Sermon to mine owne,
 Therefore that he may raise the Lord throws down. 30

A Hymne to God the Father :

I.

Wilt thou forgive that sinne where I begunne,
 Which was my sin, though it were done before?
 Wilt thou forgive that sinne; through which I runne,
 And do run still: though still I do deplore?
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done, 5
 For, I have more.

II.

Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I have wonne
 Others to sinne? and, made my sinne their doore?
 Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I did shunne
 A yeare, or two: but wallowed in, a score? 10
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
 For I have more.

III.

I have a sinne of feare, that when I have spunne
 My last thred, I shall perishe on the shore;
 But sweare by thy selfe, that at my death thy sonne 15
 Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;
 And, having done that, Thou haste done,
 I feare no more.

28 others souls] other souls *Walton and S96* 30 That, he may raise;
 therefore, *Walton*

A Hymne &c. 1633-69: To Christ. *A18, N, TCC, TCD*: Christo
 Salvatori. *O'F, S96*: for the text of the MSS. see next page 2 Which]
 which 1633 8 my sin] my sins 1639-69 10 two: 1633: two, 1635-69
 70

To Christ.

Wilt thou forgive that fin, where I begunn,
 W^{ch} is my fin, though it were done before?
 Wilt thou forgive those sinns through w^{ch} I runn
 And doe them still, though still I doe deplore?
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done, 5
 for I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that fin, by w^{ch} I have wonne
 Others to fin, & made my fin their dore?
 Wilt thou forgive that fin w^{ch} I did shunne
 A yeare or twoe, but wallowed in a score? 10
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
 for I have more.

I have a fin of feare y^t when I have spunn
 My last thred, I shall perishe on the shore;
 Swear by thy self that at my Death, thy Sunn 15
 Shall shine as it shines nowe, & heretofore;
 And having done that, thou hast done,
 I have noe more.

To Christ. *A18, N, TCC, TCD*: Christo Salvatori. *O'F, S96*: text from
TCD 1 begunn, *E1*: begunn *TCD* 2 were *A18, N, TC*: was *O'F, S*
 before? *Ed*: before *TCD* 4 them *A18, N, TC*: runne *O'F, S96*
 5 done, *Ed*: done *TCD*: *an.l so 11 and 17* 14 shore; *Ed*: shore
TCD 15 thy Sunne *O'F, S*: this Sann *A18, N, TC* 16 heretofore;
E1: heretofore *TCD*

ELEGIES UPON THE AUTHOR

TO THE MEMORIE OF MY EVER DESIRED FRIEND

Dr. DONNE.

TO have liv'd eminent, in a degree
Beyond our lofty't flights, that is, like Thee,
Or t'have had too much merit, is not safe;
For, such excesses finde no Epitaph.
At common graves we have Poetique eyes 5
Can melt themselves in easie Elegies,
Each quill can drop his tributary verse,
And pin it, like the Hatchments, to the Hearse:
But at Thine, Poeme, or Inscription
(Rich soule of wit, and language) we have none. 10
Indeed a silence does that tombe besit,
Where is no Herald left to blazon it.
Widow'd invention justly doth forbear
To come abroad, knowing Thou art not here,
Late her great Patron; Whose Prerogative 15
Maintain'd, and cloth'd her so, as none alive
Must now presume, to keepe her at thy rate,
Though he the Indies for her dowre estate.
Or else that awfull fire, which once did burne
In thy cleare Braine, now false into thy Urne 20
Lives there, to fright rude Empiricks from thence,
Which might prophane thee by their Ignorance.
Who ever writes of Thee, and in a stile
Unworthy such a Theme, does but revile
Thy precious Dust, and wake a learned Spirit 25
Which may revenge his Rapes upon thy Merit.
For, all a low pitch't phansie can devise,
Will prove, at best, but Hallow'd Injuries.
Thou, like the dying Swanne, didst lately sing
Thy Mournfull Dirge, in audience of the King; 30
When pale lookes, and faint accents of thy breath,
Presented so, to life, that peece of death,
That it was fear'd, and prophes'd by all,
Thou thither cam'st to preach thy Funerall.

To the &c. Also in Deaths Duell. 1632, Walton's Lives 1670, King's
Poems. 1657, 1664, 1700 14 here] there 1632 31 faint]
weak 1632

O! had't

O! had'st Thou in an Elegiacke Knell 35
 Rung out unto the world thine owne farewell,
 And in thy High Victorious Numbers beate
 The solemne measure of thy griev'd Retreat;
 Thou might'st the Poets service now have mist
 As well, as then thou did'st prevent the Priest; 40
 And never to the world beholding bee
 So much, as for an Epitaph for thee.

I doe not like the office. Nor is 't fit
 Thou, who did'st lend our Age such summes of wit,
 Should'st now re-borrow from her bankrupt Mine, 45
 That Ore to Bury Thee, which once was Thine,
 Rather still leave us in thy debt; And know
 (Exalted Soule) more glory 't is to owe
 Unto thy Hearse, what we can never pay,
 Then, with embased Coine those Rites defray. 50

Commit we then Thee to Thy selfe: Nor blame
 Our drooping loves, which thus to thy owne Fame
 Leave Thee Executour. Since, but thine owne,
 No pen could doe Thee Justice, nor Bayes Crowne
 Thy vast desert; Save that, wee nothing can 55
 Depute, to be thy Ashes Guardian.

So Jewellers no Art, or Metall trust
 To forme the Diamond, but the Diamonds dust.

H. K.

To the deceased Author,

Upon the *Promiscuous* printing of his Poems, the
Looser sort, with the *Religious*.

W Hen thy *Loose* raptures, *Donne*, shall meet with Those
 That doe confine
 Tuning, unto the Duller line,
 And sing not, but in *Sanctified Prose*;
 How will they, with sharper eyes, 5
 The *Fore-skinne* of thy phansie circumsise?
 And feare, thy *wantonnesse* should now, begin
Example, that hath ceased to be *Sin*?

And that *Feare* fannes their *Heat* ; whilst knowing eyes
 Will not admire 10
 At this *Strange Fire*,
 That here is *mingled with thy Sacrifice* :
 But dare reade even thy *Wanton Story*,
 As thy *Confession*, not thy *Glory*.
 And will so envie *Both* to future times, 15
 That they would buy thy *Goodnesse*, with thy *Crimes*.

Tho: Browne.

On the death of D^r DONNE.

I Cannot blame those men, that knew thee well,
 Yet dare not helpe the world, to ring thy knell
 In tunefull *Elegies* ; there's not language knowne
 Fit for thy mention, but 'twas first thy owne ;
 The *Epitaphs* thou writst, have so bereft 5
 Our tongue of wit, there is not phansie left
 Enough to weepe thee ; what henceforth we see
 Of Art or Nature, must result from thee.
 There may perchance some busie gathering friend
 Steale from thy owne workes, and that, varied, lend, 10
 Which thou bestow'st on others, to thy Hearse,
 And so thou shalt live still in thine owne verse ;
 Hee that shall venture farther, may commit
 A pitied error, shew his zeale, not wit.
 Fate hath done mankinde wrong ; vertue may aime 15
 Reward of conscience, never can, of fame,
 Since her great trumpet's broke, could onely give
 Faith to the world, command it to beleeve ;
 Hee then must write, that would define thy parts :
Here lyes the best Divinitie, All the Arts. 20

Edw. Hyde.

On the &c. Also in Deaths Duell. 1632
 6 tongue] pens 1632

4 thy] thine 1632

On

*On Doctor Donne,**By D' C. B. of O.*

HEe that would write an Epitaph for thee,
 And do it well, must first beginne to be
 Such as thou wert; for, none can truly know
 Thy worth, thy life, but he that hath liv'd so;
 He must have wit to spare and to hurle downe: 5
 Enough, to keepe the gallants of the towne.
 He must have learning plenty; both the Lawes,
 Civill, and Common, to judge any cause;
 Divinity great store, above the rest;
 Not of the last Edition, but the best. 10
 Hee must have language, travaile, all the Arts;
 Judgement to use; or else he wants thy parts.
 He must have friends the higheft, able to do;
 Such as *Mecenas*, and *Augustus* too.
 He must have such a sicknesse, such a death; 15
 Or else his vaine descriptions come beneath;
 Who then shall write an Epitaph for thee,
 He must be dead first, let't alone for mee.

*An Elegie upon the incomparable**D^r DONNE.*

ALL is not well when such a one as I
 Dare peepe abroad, and write an *Elegie*;
 When smaller *Starres* appeare, and give their light,
Phæbus is gone to bed: Were it not night,
 And the world witleffe now that *DONNE* is dead, 5
 You sooner should have broke, then seene my head.
 Dead did I say? Forgive this *Injury*
 I doe him, and his worthes *Infinity*,
 To say he is but dead; I dare averre
 It better may be term'd a *Massacre*, 10
 Then *Sleepe* or *Death*; See how the *Muses* mourne
 Upon their oaten *Reeds*, and from his *Vrne*
 Threaten the World with this *Calamity*,
 They shall have *Ballads*, but no *Poetry*.

*On &c. Also in Corbet's Poems 1647**Language*

Language lyes speechlesse; and Divinity,
 Loft such a *Trump* as even to *Extasie* 15
 Could charme the Soule, and had an *Influence*
 To teach best *judgements*, and please dullest *Sense*.
 The *Court*, the *Church*, the *Vniversitie*,
 Loft *Chaplain*, *Deane*, and *Doctor*, All these, Three. 20
 It was his *Merit*, that his *Funerall*
 Could cause a losse so great and generall.

If there be any Spirit can answer give
 Of such as hence depart, to such as live :
 Speake, Doth his body there vermiculate, 25
 Crumble to dust, and feele the lawes of Fate ?
 Me thinkes, *Corruption*, *Wormes*, what else is foule
 Should spare the *Temple* of so faire a Soule.
 I could beleeeve they doe ; but that I know
 What inconvenience might hereafter grow : 30
 Succeeding ages would *Idolatrize*,
 And as his *Numbers*, so his *Reliques* prize.

If that Philosopher, which did avow
 The world to be but Motes, was living now :
 He would affirme that th'*Atomes* of his mould 35
 Were they in severall bodies blended, would
 Produce new worlds of *Travellers*, *Divines*,
 Of *Linguists*, *Poets*: sith these severall *lines*
 In him concentred were, and flowing thence
 Might fill againe the worlds *Circumference*. 40
 I could beleeeve this too ; and yet my faith
 Not want a *President*: The *Phœnix* hath
 (And such was He) a power to animate
 Her ashes, and herselfe perpetuate.
 But, busie Soule, thou dost not well to pry 45
 Into these Secrets ; *Griefe*, and *Iealousie*,
 The more they know, the further still advance,
 And finde no way so fase as *Ignorance*.
 Let this suffice thee, that his Soule which flew
 A pitch of all admir'd, known but of few, 50
 (Save those of purer mould) is now translated
 From Earth to Heavên, and there *Constellated*.
 For, if each *Priest* of God shine as a *Starre*,
 His *Glory* is as his *Gifts*, 'bove others farre.

HEN, VALENTINE.

An Elegie upon Dr Donne.

IS *Donne*, great *Donne* deceas'd? then England say
 Thou'haft lost a man where language chose to stay
 And shew it's gracefull power. I would not praise
 That and his vast wit (which in these vaine dayes
 Make many proud) but as they serv'd to unlock
 That Cabinet, his minde: where such a stock
 Of knowledge was repos'd, as all lament
 (Or should) this generall cause of discontent.

And I rejoyce I am not so severe,
 But (as I write a line) to weepe a teare
 For his decease; Such sad extremities
 May make such men as I write *Elegies*.

And wonder not; for, when a generall losse
 Falls on a nation, and they slight the crosse,
 God hath rais'd *Prophets* to awaken them
 From stupifaction; witnesse my milde pen,
 Not us'd to upbraid the world, though now it must
 Freely and boldly, for, the cause is just.

Dull age, Oh I would spare thee, but th'art worse,
 Thou art not onely dull, but hast a curse
 Of black ingratitude; if not, couldst thou
 Part with *miraculous Donne*, and make no vow
 For thee and thine, successively to pay
 A sad remembrance to his dying day?

Did his youth scatter *Poetrie*, wherein
 Was all Philosophie? Was every sinne,
 Character'd in his *Satyres*? made so foule
 That some have fear'd their shapes, and kept their foule
 Freer by reading verse? Did he give *dayes*
 Past marble monuments, to those, whose praise
 He would perpetuate? Did hee (I feare
 The dull will doubt :) these at his twentieth yeare?

But, more matur'd: Did his full foule conceive,
 And in harmonious-holy-numbers weave
 A *Crowne of sacred sonets*, fit to adorne
 A dying Martyrs brow: or, to be worne
 On that blest head of *Mary Magdalen*:
 After she wip'd Christs feet, but not till then?

An Elegie &c. See note

1-3 Our *Donne* is dead; England should mourne, may say
 We had a man where language chose to stay
 And shew her gracefull power 1635-69

35 *Crowne*] Crowme 1633

Did hee (fit for such penitents as hee
And hee to use) leave us a *Litany*? 40

Which all devout men love, and sure, it shall,
As times grow better, grow more classically.

Did he write *Hymnes*, for piety and wit
Equall to those great grave *Prudentius* writ? 45

Spake he all *Languages*? knew he all *Larves*?
The grounds and use of *Physicke*; but because

'Twas mercenary way'd it? Went to see
That blessed place of *Christs nativity*? 50

Did he returne and preach him? preach him so
As none but hee did, or could do? They know

(Such as were blest to heare him know) 'tis truth.
Did he confirme thy age? convert thy youth?

Did he these wonders? And is this deare losse
Mourn'd by so few? (few for so great a crosse.) 55

But sure the silent are ambitious all
To be *Closet Mourners* at his Funerall;

If not; In common pittie they forbare
By repetitions to renew our care;

Or, knowing, griefe conceiv'd, conceal'd, consumes
Man irreparably, (as poyson'd fumes) 60

Do waste the braine) make silence a safe way
To'nlarge the Soule from these walls, mud and clay,

(Materialls of this body) to remaine
With *Donne* in heaven, where no promiscuous paine

Lessens the joy wee have, for, with *him*, all
Are satisfyed with *joyes essentiall*. 65

My thoughts, Dwell on this *Ioy*, and do not call
Griefe backe, by thinking of his Funerall;

Forget he lov'd mee; Waste not my sad yeares;
(Which haste to *David's* seventy, fill'd with feares) 70

And sorrow for his death;) Forget his parts,
Which finde a living grave in good mens hearts;

And, (for, my first is daily paid for sinne)
Forget to pay my second sigh for him:

Forget his powerfull preaching; and forget
I am his *Convert*. Oh my frailtie! let 75

My flesh be no more heard, it will obtrude
This lethargie: so should my gratitude,

My vov'es of gratitude should so be broke;
Which can no more be, then *Donnes* vertues spoke 80

By any but himsele; for which cause, I
Write no *Encomium*, but an *Elegie*.

IZ. WA.

An Elegie upon the death of the
Deane of Pauls, Dr. Iohn Donne :
By *M^r. Tho: Carie.*

CAN we not force from widdowed Poetry,
 Now thou art dead (Great *DONNE*) one Elegie
 To crowne thy Hearse? Why yet dare we not trust
 Though with unkneaded dowe-bak't profe thy dust,
 Such as the uncis'd Churchman from the flower 5
 Of fading Rhetorique, short liv'd as his houre,
 Dry as the sand that measures it, should lay
 Upon thy Ashes, on the funerall day?
 Have we no voice, no tune? Did'st thou dispense
 Through all our language, both the words and sense? 10
 'Tis a sad truth; The Pulpit may her plaine,
 And sober Christian precepts still retaine,
 Doctrines it may, and wholesome Uses frame,
 Grave Homilies, and Lectures, But the flame
 Of thy brave Soule, that shot such heat and light, 15
 As burnt our earth, and made our darknesse bright,
 Committed holy Rapes upon our Will,
 Did through the eye the melting heart distill;
 And the deepe knowledge of darke truths so teach,
 As sense might judge, what phansie could not reach; 20
 Must be desir'd for ever. So the fire,
 That fills with spirit and heat the Delphique quire,
 Which kindled first by thy Promethean breath,
 Glow'd here a while, lies quench't now in thy death;
 The Muses garden with Pedantique weedes 25
 O'rspred, was purg'd by thee; The lazie seeds
 Of servile imitation throwne away;
 And fresh invention planted, Thou didst pay
 The debts of our penurious bankrupt age;
 Licentious thefts, that make poëtique rage 30
 A Mimique fury, when our foules must bee
 Possess'd, or with Anacreons Extasie,
 Or Pindars, not their owne; The subtle cheat
 Of flie Exchanges, and the jugling feat
 Of two-edg'd words, or whatsoever wrong 35
 By ours was done the Greeke, or Latine tongue.
 Thou hast redeem'd, and open'd Us a Mine
 Of rich and pregnant phansie, drawne a line

An Elegie &c. *Also in Carew's Poems 1640. See note*

Of masculine expression, which had good
Old Orpheus seene, Or all the ancient Brood 40
Our superstitious fooles admire, and hold
Their lead more precious, then thy burnish't Gold,
Thou hadst beene their Exchequer, and no more
They each in others dust, had rak'd for Ore.
Thou shalt yield no precedence, but of time, 45
And the blinde fate of language, whose tun'd chime
More charmes the outward sense; Yet thou maist claime
From so great disadvantage greater fame,
Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
Our stubborne language bends, made only fit 50
With her tough-thick-rib'd hoopes to gird about
Thy Giant phansie, which had prov'd too stout
For their soft melting Phrases. As in time
They had the start, so did they cull the prime
Buds of invention many a hundred yeare, 55
And left the rifled fields, besides the feare
To touch their Harvest, yet from those bare lands
Of what is purely thine, thy only hands
(And that thy smallest worke) have gleaned more
Then all those times, and tongues could reape before; 60
But thou art gone, and thy strict lawes will be
Too hard for Libertines in Poetrie.
They will repeale the goodly exil'd traine
Of gods and goddesse, which in thy just raigne
Were banish'd nobler Poems, now, with these 65
The silenc'd tales o'th' Metamorphoses
Shall stuffe their lines, and swell the windy Page,
Till Verse refin'd by thee, in this last Age,
Turne ballad rime, Or those old Idolls bee
Ador'd againe, with new apostasie; 70
Oh, pardon mee, that breake with untun'd verse
The reverend silence that attends thy herse,
Whose awfull solemne murmures were to thee
More then these faint lines, A loud Elegie,
That did proclaime in a dumbe eloquence 75
The death of all the Arts, whose influence
Growne feeble, in these panting numbers lies
Gasping short winded Accents, and so dies:
So doth the swiftly turning wheele not stand
In th' instant we withdraw the moving hand, 80
But some small time maintaine a faint weake course
By vertue of the first impulsive force:

And

And so whil't I cast on thy funerall pile
 Thy crowne of Bayes, Oh, let it crack a while,
 And spit disdaine, till the devouring flashes 85
 Suck all the moysture up, then turne to ashes.
 I will not draw the envy to engrosse
 All thy perfections, or weepe all our losse;
 Those are too numerous for an Elegie,
 And this too great, to be expres'd by mee. 90
 Though every pen should share a distinct part,
 Yet art thou Theme enough to tyre all Art;
 Let others carve the rest, it shall suffice
 I on thy Tombe this Epitaph incise.

Here lies a King, that rul'd as hee thought fit 95
The universall Monarchy of wit;
Here lie two Flamens, and both those, the best,
Apollo's first, at last, the true Gods Priest.

An Elegie on Dr. DONNE: By Sir Lucius Carie.

POets attend, the Elegie I sing
 Both of a doubly-named Priest, and King:
 In stead of Coates, and Pennons, bring your Verse,
 For you must bee chiefe mourners at his Hearse,
 A Tombe your Muse must to his Fame supply, 5
 No other Monuments can never die;
 And as he was a two-fold Priest; in youth,
 Apollo's; afterwards, the voice of Truth,
 Gods Conduit-pipe for grace, who chose him for
 His extraordinary Embassador, 10
 So let his Liegiers with the Poets joyne,
 Both having shares, both must in grieve combine:
 Whil't Johnson forceth with his Elegie
 Teares from a grieve-unknowing Scythians eye,
 (Like Moses at whose stroke the waters gusht 15
 From forth the Rock, and like a Torrent rusht.)
 Let Lawd his funerall Sermon preach, and shew
 Those vertues, dull eyes were not apt to know,
 Nor leave that Piercing Theme, till it appears
 To be goodfriday, by the Churches Teares; 20
 Yet

Yet make not grieve too long oppresse our Powers,
Least that his funerall Sermon should prove ours.
Nor yet forget that heavenly Eloquence,
With which he did the bread of life dispenſe,
Preacher and Orator diſcharg'd both parts 25
With pleaſure for our ſenſe, health for our hearts,
And the firſt ſuch (Though a long ſtudied Art
Tell us our ſoule is all in every part,)
None was ſo marble, but whil'ſt him he heares,
His Soule ſo long dwelt only in his eares. 30
And from thence (with the fierceneſſe of a flood
Bearing downe vice) victual'd with that bleſt food
Their hearts; His ſeed in none could faile to grow,
Fertile he found them all, or made them ſo:
No Druggiſt of the Soule beſtow'd on all 35
So Catholiquely a curing Cordiall.
Nor only in the Pulpit dwelt his ſtore,
His words work'd much, but his example more,
That preach't on worky dayes, His Poetrie
It ſelfe was oftentimes divinity, 40
Thoſe Anthemes (almoſt ſecond Pfalmes) he writ
To make us know the Croſſe, and value it,
(Although we owe that reverence to that name
Wee ſhould not need warmth from an under flame.)
Creates a fire in us, ſo neare extreme 45
That we would die, for, and upon this theme.
Next, his ſo pious Litany, which none can
But count Divine, except a Puritan,
And that but for the name, nor this, nor thoſe
Want any thing of Sermons, but the proſe. 50
Experience makes us ſee, that many a one
Owes to his Countrey his Religion;
And in another, would as ſtrongly grow,
Had but his Nurſe and Mother taught him ſo,
Not hee the ballaſt on his Judgement hung; 55
Nor did his preconceit doe either wrong;
He labour'd to exclude what ever ſinne
By time or careleſſeneſſe had entred in;
Winnow'd the chaffe from wheat, but yet was loath
A too hot zeale ſhould force him, burne them both; 60
Nor would allow of that ſo ignorant gall,
Which to ſave blotting often would blot all;
Nor did thoſe barbarous opinions owne,
To thinke the Organs ſinne; and faction, none;

Nor

Nor was there expectation to gaine grace 65
 From forth his Sermons only, but his face;
 So Primitive a looke, such gravitie
 With humbleness, and both with Pietie;
 So milde was Moses countenance, when he prai'd
 For them whose Satanisme his power gainfai'd; 70
 And such his gravitie, when all Gods band
 Receiv'd his word (through him) at second hand,
 Which joyn'd, did flames of more devotion move
 Then ever Argive Hellens could of love.
 Now to conclude, I must my reason bring, 75
 Wherefore I call'd him in his title King,
 That Kingdome the Philosophers beleev'd
 To excell Alexanders, nor were griev'd
 By feare of losse (that being such a Prey
 No stronger then ones selfe can force away) 80
 The Kingdome of ones selfe, this he enjoy'd,
 And his authoritie so well employ'd,
 That never any could before become
 So Great a Monarch, in so small a roome;
 He conquer'd rebell passions, rul'd them so, 85
 As under-spheares by the first Mover goe,
 Banish't so farre their working, that we can
 But know he had some, for we knew him man.
 Then let his last excuse his first extremes,
 His age saw visions, though his youth dream'd dreams. 90

On D. D O N N E S death:

By M^r. Mayne of Christ-Church in Oxford.

WHo shall presume to mourn thee, *Donne*, unlesse
 He could his teares in thy expressions dresse,
 And teach his griefe that reverence of thy Hearse,
 To weepe lines, learned, as thy Anniverse,
 A Poëme of that worth, whose every teare 5
 Deserves the title of a severall yeare.
 Indeed so farre above its Reader, good,
 That wee are thought wits, when 'tis understood,
 There that blest maid to die, who now should grieve?
 After thy sorrow, 'twere her losse to live; 10

72 Receiv'd] Receiv' 1633

And

And her faire vertues in anothers line,
 Would faintly dawn, which are made Saints in thine.
 Hadst thou beene shallower, and not writ so high,
 Or left some new way for our pennes, or eye,
 To shed a funerall teare, perchance thy Tombe 15
 Had not beene speechlesse, or our Muses dumbe;
 But now wee dare not write, but must conceale
 Thy Epitaph, lest we be thought to steale,
 For, who hath read thee, and discernes thy worth,
 That will not say, thy carelesse houres brought forth 20
 Fancies beyond our studies, and thy play
 Was happier, then our serious time of day?
 So learned was thy chance; thy haste had wit,
 And matter from thy pen flow'd rashly fit,
 What was thy recreation turnes our braine, 25
 Our rack and palenesse, is thy weakest straine.
 And when we most come neere thee, 'tis our blisse
 To imitate thee, where thou dost amissè.
 Here light your muse, you that do onely thinke,
 And write, and are just Poëts, as you drinke, 30
 In whose weake fancies wit doth ebbe and flow,
 Just as your recknings rise, that wee may know
 In your whole carriage of your worke, that here
 This flash you wrote in Wine, and this in Beere,
 This is to tap your Muse, which running long 35
 Writes flat, and takes our eare not halfe so strong;
 Poore Suburbe wits, who, if you want your cup,
 Or if a Lord recover, are blowne up.
 Could you but reach this height, you should not need
 To make, each meale, a project ere you feed, 40
 Nor walke in reliques, clothes so old and bare,
 As if left off to you from *Ennius* were,
 Nor should your love, in verse, call Mistresse, those,
 Who are mine hostesse, or your whores in prose;
 From this Muse learne to Court, whose power could move 45
 A Cloystred coldnesse, or a Vestall love,
 And would convey such errands to their eare,
 That Ladies knew no oddes to grant and heare;
 But I do wrong thee, *Donne*, and this low praise
 Is written onely for thy yonger dayes. 50
 I am not growne up, for thy riper parts,
 Then should I praise thee, through the Tongues, and Arts,
 And have that deepe Divinity, to know,
 What mysteries did from thy preaching flow,

Who

Who with thy words could charme thy audience, 55
 That at thy sermons, eare was all our sense;
 Yet have I seene thee in the pulpit stand,
 Where wee might take notes, from thy looke, and hand;
 And from thy speaking action beare away
 More Sermon, then some teachers use to say. 60
 Such was thy carriage, and thy gesture such,
 As could divide the heart, and conscience touch.
 Thy motion did confute, and wee might see
 An error vanquish'd by delivery.
 Not like our Sonnes of Zeale, who to reforme 65
 Their hearers, fiercely at the Pulpit storme,
 And beate the cushion into worse estate,
 Then if they did conclude it reprobate,
 Who can out pray the glasse, then lay about
 Till all Predestination be runne out. 70
 And from the point such tedious uses draw,
 Their repetitions would make Gospell, Law.
 No, In such temper would thy Sermons flow,
 So well did Doctrine, and thy language flow,
 And had that holy feare, as, hearing thee, 75
 The Court would mend, and a good Christian bee.
 And Ladies though unhanfome, out of grace,
 Would heare thee, in their unbought lookes, and face.
 More I could write, but let this crowne thine Urne,
 Wee cannot hope the like, till thou returne. 80

Upon Mr J. Donne, and his Poems.

Who dares say thou art dead, when he doth see
 (Unburied yet) this living part of thee?
 This part that to thy beeing gives fresh flame,
 And though th'art *Donne*, yet will preserve thy name.
 Thy flesh (whose channels left their crimsen hew, 5
 And whey-like ranne at last in a pale blew)
 May shew thee mortall, a dead pallie may
 Seife on't, and quickly turne it into clay;
 Which like the Indian earth, shall rise refin'd:
 But this great Spirit thou hast left behinde, 10
 This Soule of Verse (in it's first pure estate)
 Shall live, for all the World to imitate,

But

But not come neer, for in thy Fancies flight
 Thou dost not stoope unto the vulgar sight,
 But, hovering highly in the aire of Wit, 15
 Hold'st such a pitch, that few can follow it ;
 Admire they may. Each object that the Spring
 (Or a more piercing influence) doth bring
 T'adorne Earths face, thou sweetly did'st contrive
 To beauties elements, and thence derive 20
 Unspotted Lillies white ; which thou did'st set
 Hand in hand, with the veine-like Violet,
 Making them soft, and warme, and by thy power,
 Could'st give both life, and sence, unto a flower.
 The Cherries thou hast made to speake, will bee 25
 Sweeter unto the taste, then from the tree.
 And (spight of winter stormes) amidst the snow
 Thou oft hast made the blushing Rose to grow.
 The Sea-nymphs, that the watry cavernes keepe,
 Have sent their Pearles and Rubies from the deepe 30
 To deck thy love, and plac'd by thee, they drew
 More lustre to them, then where first they grew.
 All minerals (that Earths full wombe doth hold
 Promiscuoussly) thou couldst convert to gold,
 And with thy flaming raptures so refine, 35
 That it was much more pure then in the Mine.
 The lights that guild the night, if thou did'st say,
 They looke like eyes, those did out-shine the day ;
 For there would be more vertue in such spells,
 Then in Meridians, or crosse Parallels : 40
 What ever was of worth in this great Frame,
 That Art could comprehend, or Wit could name,
 It was thy theme for Beauty ; thou didst see,
 Woman, was this faire Worlds Epitomie.
 Thy nimble *Satyres* too, and every straine 45
 (With nervy strength) that issued from thy brain,
 Will lose the glory of their owne cleare bayes,
 If they admit of any others praise.
 But thy diviner Poëms (whose cleare fire
 Purges all drosse away) shall by a Quire 50
 Of Cherubims, with heavenly Notes be set
 (Where flesh and blood could ne'r attaine to yet)
 There purest Spirits sing such sacred Layes,
 In Panegyrique Alleluiaes.

Arth. Wilson.

In

*In memory of Doctor Donne:**By M^r R. B.*

Donne dead? 'Tis here reported true, though I
 Ne'r yet so much desir'd to heare a lye,
 'Tis too too true, for so wee finde it still,
 Good newes are often false, but seldome, ill :
 But must poore fame tell us his fatall day, 5
 And shall we know his death, the common way,
 Mee thinkes some Comet bright should have foretold
 The death of such a man, for though of old
 'Tis held, that Comets Princes death foretell,
 Why should not his, have needed one as well? 10
 Who was the Prince of wits, 'mongst whom he reign'd,
 High as a Prince, and as great State maintain'd?
 Yet wants he not his signe, for wee have seene
 A dearth, the like to which hath never beene,
 Treading on harvests heeles, which doth preface 15
 The death of wit and learning, which this age
 Shall finde, now he is gone; for though there bee
 Much graine in shew, none brought it forth as he,
 Or men are misers; or if true want raises
 The dearth, then more that dearth *Donnes* plenty praises. 20
 Of learning, languages, of eloquence,
 And Poësie, (past ravishing of sense,)
 He had a magazine, wherein such store
 Was laid up, as might hundreds serve of poore.
 But he is gone, O how will his desire 25
 Torture all those that warm'd them by his fire?
 Mee thinkes I see him in the pulpit standing,
 Not eares, or eyes, but all mens hearts commanding,
 Where wee that heard him, to our selves did faine
 Golden Chrysofome was alive againe; 30
 And never were we wearid, till we saw
 His houre (and but an houre) to end did draw.
 How did he shame the doctrine-men, and use,
 With helps to boot, for men to beare th'abuse
 Of their tir'd patience, and endure th'expence 35
 Of time, O spent in hearkning to non-sense,
 With markes also, enough whereby to know,
 The speaker is a zealous dunce, or so.
 'Tis true, they quitted him, to their poore power,
 They humm'd against him; And with face most fowre 40
 Call'd

Call'd him a strong lin'd man, a Macaroon,
 And no way fit to speake to clouted shoone,
 As fine words [truly] as you would desire,
 But [verily,] but a bad edifier.
 Thus did these beetles flight in him that good, 45
 They could not see, and much lesse understood.
 But we may say, when we compare the stuffe
 Both brought; He was a candle, they the snuffe.
 Well, Wisedome's of her children justifi'd,
 Let therefore these poore fellowes stand aside; 50
 Nor, though of learning he deserv'd so highly,
 Would I his booke should save him; Rather sily
 I should advise his Clergie not to pray,
 Though of the learn'dst fort; Me thinkes that they
 Of the same trade, are Judges not so fit, 55
 There's no such emulation as of wit.
 Of such, the Envy might as much perchance
 Wrong him, and more, then th'others ignorance.
 It was his Fate (I know't) to be envy'd
 As much by Clerkes, as lay men magnifi'd; 60
 And why? but 'cause he came late in the day,
 And yet his Penny earn'd, and had as they.
 No more of this, least some should say, that I
 Am strai'd to Satyre, meaning Elegie.
 No, no, had DONNE need to be judg'd or try'd, 65
 A Jury I would summon on his side,
 That had no sides, nor factions, past the touch
 Of all exceptions, freed from Passion, such
 As nor to feare nor flatter, e'r were bred,
 These would I bring, though called from the dead: 70
 Southampton, Hambleton, Pembroke, Dorsets Earles,
 Huntingdon, Bedfords Countesses (the Pearles
 Once of each sexe.) If these suffice not, I
 Ten *decem tales* have of Standers by:
 All which, for DONNE, would such a verdict give, 75
 As can belong to none, that now doth live.
 But what doe I? A diminution 'tis
 To speake of him in verse, so short of his,
 Whereof he was the master; All indeed
 Compar'd with him, pip'd on an Oaten reed. 80
 O that you had but one 'mongst all your brothers
 Could write for him, as he hath done for others:
 (Poets I speake to) When I see't, I'll say,
 My eye-sight betters, as my yeares decay,

Meane

Meane time a quarrell I shall ever have 85
 Against these doughty keepers from the grave,
 Who use, it seemes their old Authoritie,
 When (Verses men immortall make) they cry:
 Which had it been a Recipe true tri'd,
Probatum esset, DONNE had never dy'd. 90
 For mee, if e'r I had least sparke at all
 Of that which they Poetique fire doe call,
 Here I confesse it fetched from his hearth,
 Which is gone out, now he is gone to earth.
 This only a poore flash, a lightning is 95
 Before my Muses death, as after his.
 Farewell (faire foule) and deigne receive from mee
 This Type of that devotion I owe thee,
 From whom (while living) as by voice and penne
 I learned more, then from a thousand men: 100
 So by thy death, am of one doubt releas'd,
 And now beleewe that miracles are ceas'd.

Epitaph.

H*Eere lies Deane Donne*; Enough; Those words alone
 Shew him as fully, as if all the stone
 His Church of Pauls contains, were through inscrib'd
 Or all the walkers there, to speake him, brib'd.
 None can mistake him, for one such as Hee 5
 DONNE, Deane, or Man, more none shall ever see.
 Not man? No, though unto a Sunne each eye
 Were turn'd, the whole earth so to overspie.
 A bold brave word; Yet such brave Spirits as knew
 His Spirit, will say, it is lesse bold then true. 10

*Epitaph upon Dr. DONNE,**By Endy: Porter.*

THis decent Urne a sad inscription weares,
Of *Donnes* departure from us, to the spheares ;
And the dumbe stone with silence seemes to tell
The changes of this life, wherein is well
Exprest, A cause to make all joy to cease, 5
And never let our sorrowes more take ease ;
For now it is impossible to finde
One fraught with vertues, to inrich a minde ;
But why should death, with a promiscuous hand
At one rude stroke impoverish a land ? 10
Thou strict Attorney, unto stricter Fate,
Didst thou confiscate his life out of hate
To his rare Parts ? Or didst thou throw thy dart,
With envious hand, at some Plebeyan heart ;
And he with pious vertue stept betweene 15
To save that stroke, and so was kill'd unseene
By thee ? O 'twas his goodnesse so to doe,
Which humane kindnesse never reacht unto.
Thus the hard lawes of death were satisf'd,
And he left us like Orphan friends, and di'de. 20
Now from the Pulpit to the peoples eares,
Whose speech shall send repentant sighes, and teares ?
Or tell mee, if a purer Virgin die,
Who shall hereafter write her Elegie ?
Poets be silent, let your numbers sleepe, 25
For he is gone that did all phansie keepe ;
Time hath no Soule, but his exalted verse ;
Which with amazements, we may now reherse.

In obitum venerabilis viri Iohannis Donne, sacrae
Theologiae Doctoris, Ecclesiae Cathedralis Divi Pauli, nu-
per Decani ; Illi honoris, tibi (multum mihi colende
Vir) observantiae ergo Hæc ego.

Conquerar ? ignavoq; sequar tua funera planctu ?
Sed lachrimæ clausistis iter : nec muta querelas
Lingua potest proferre pias : ignoscite manes
Defuncti, & tacito finite indulgere dolori.

Sed scelus est tacuisse : cadant in mæsta lituræ
Verba. Tuis (docta umbra) tuis hæc accipe jussis
Cæpta, nec officii contemnens pignora nostri
Aversare tuâ non dignum laude Poëtam.

O si Pythagoræ non vanum dogma fuisset :
Inq; meum à vestro migraret pectore pectus
Musa, repentinos tua nosceret urna furores.
Sed frustra, heu frustra hæc votis puerilibus opto :
Tecum abiit, summoq; sedens jam monte Thalia
Ridet anhelantes, Parnassi & culmina vates
Desperare jubet. Verum hâc nolente coactos
Scribimus audaces numeros, & flebile carmen
Scribimus (ô soli qui te dilexit) habendum.

Siccine perpetuus liventia lumina somnus
Clausit ? & immerito merguntur funere virtus ?
Et pietas ? & quæ poterant fecisse beatum,
Cætera, sed nec te poterant servare beatum.

Quo mihi doctrinam ? quorsum impallescere chartis
Nocturnis juvat ? & totidem olfecisse lucernas ?
Decolor & longos studiis deperdere Soles
Vt prius aggredior, longamque arcessere samam.
Omnia sed frustra : mihi dum cunctisque minatur
Exitium crudele & inexorabile fatum.

Nam post te sperare nihil decet : hoc mihi restat
Vt moriar, tennes fugiatque obscurus in auras
Spiritus : ô doctis saltem si cognitus umbris.
Illic te (venerande) iterum, (venerande) videbo.
Et dulces audire sonos, & verba disertæ
Oris, & æternas dabitur mihi carpere voces.
Quæis ferus infernæ tacuisset Ianitor aulæ
Auditis : Nilusq; minus strepuisset : Arion

In obitum &c. 1635-69, taking the place of the lines by Tho: Browne.
10 pectore] pectore, 1635 21 beatum.] beatum 1635 23 olfecisse]
olfecisse 1635 25 prius aggredior, 1635-69 : prius, aggredior, 1719
arcessere Ed: accessere 1635-69 26-7 mihi dum . . . Exitium 1719 :
mihi, dum . . . Exitium, 1635-39 : mihi dum, . . . Exitium, 1650-69

Cederet,

- Cederet, & sylvas qui post se traxerat Orpheus.*
Eloquio sic ille viros, sic ille movere
Voce feros potuit: quis enim tam barbarus? aut tam
Facundis nimis infestus non motus ut illo
Hortante, & blando victus sermone sileret? 40
- Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat,*
Singula sic decuere senem, sic omnia. Vidi,
Audivi & stupui quoties orator in Æde
Paulina fletit, & mira gravitate levantes
Corda, oculosq; viros tenuit: dum Nestoris ille 45
Fudit verba (omni quanto mage dulcia melle?)
Nunc habet attonitos, pandit mysteria plebi
Non concessa prius nondum intellecta: revolvunt
Mirantes, tacitique arrectis auribus astant.
- Mutatis mox ille modo, formaq; loquendi* 50
Tristia pertractat: fatumq; & flebile mortis
Tempus, & in cineres redeunt quod corpora primos.
Tunc gemitum cunctos dare, tunc lugere videres,
Forsthan à lachrymis aliquis non temperat, atque
Ex oculis largum stillat rorem; ætheris illo 55
Sic pater audito voluit succumbere turbam,
Affectusq; ciere suos, & ponere notæ
Vocis ad arbitrium, divinæ oracula mentis
Dum narrat, rostrisque potens dominatur in altis.
- Quo feror? audaci & forsitan pietate nocenti* 60
In nimia ignoscas vati, qui vatibus olim
Egregium decus, et tanto excellentior unus
Omnibus; inferior quanto est, et pessimus, impar
Laudibus hisce, tibi qui nunc facit ista Poëta.
Et quo nos canimus? cur hæc tibi sacra? Poëtæ 65
Desinite: en fati certus, sibi voce canorâ
Inferias præmifit olor, cum Carolus Albâ
(Ultima volventem et Cynæâ voce loquentem)
Nuper eum, turba & magnatum audiret in Aulâ.
- Tunc Rex, tunc Proceres, Clerus, tunc astitit illi* 70
Aula frequens. Solâ nunc in tellure recumbit,
Vermibus esca, pio malint nisi parcere: quidni
Incipiant & amare famem? Metuere Leones
Sic olim, sacrosque artus violare Prophetæ
Bellua non ausa est quâquam jejuna, sitimq; 75
Optaret nimis humano satiare cruore.
- At non hæc de te sperabimus; omnia carpit*
Prædator vermis: nec talis contigit illi
Præda diu; forsitan metrico pede serpet ab inde:

Vescere, & exhausto satia te sanguine. Iam nos 80
Adsumus; et post te cupiet quis vivere? Post te
Quis volet, aut poterit? nam post te vivere mors est.
Et tamen ingratas ignavi ducimus auras:
Sustinet & tibi lingua vale, vale dicere: parce
Non festinanti æternum requiescere turbæ. 85
Ipsa satis properat quæ nescit Parca morari,
Nunc urgere colum, trahere atq; occare videmus.
Quin rursus (Venerande) Vale, vale: ordine nos te
Quo Deus, & quo dura volet natura sequemur.
Depositum interea lapides servate fideles. 90
Fælices illâ quæis Ædis parte locari
Quâ jacet iste datur. Forsan lapis inde loquetur,
Parturietq; viro plenus testantia luctus
Verba: & carminibus quæ Donni suggeret illi
Spiritus, insolitos testari voce calores 95
Incipiet: (non sic Pyrrhâ jactante calebat.)
Mole sub hâc tegitur quicquid mortale relictum est
De tanto mortale viro. Qui præfuit Ædi huic,
Formosi pecoris pastor, formosior ipse.
Ite igitur, dignisq; illum celebrate loquelis, 100
Et quæ demuntur vitæ date tempora famæ.
 Indignus tantorum meritorum Præco, virtutum
 tuarum cultor religiosissimus,

DANIEL DARNELLY.

Elegie on D. D.

N Ow, by one yeare, time and our frailtie have
 Lessened our first confusion, since the Grave
 Clos'd thy deare Ashes, and the teares which flow
 In these, have no springs, but of solid woe:
 Or they are drops, which cold amazement froze 5
 At thy decease, and will not thaw in Prose:
 All streames of Verse which shall lament that day,
 Doe truly to the Ocean tribute pay;
 But they have lost their saltnesse, which the eye
 In recompence of wit, strives to supply: 10
 86 Parca] parca 1635-69 morari,] morari 1635 88 rursus 1719: rufus
 1635: nufus 1639-69 96 Incipiet: . . calebat. 1719: no stops, 1635-69
 Elegie on D. D. 1635-69: it follows Walton's elegy.

Passions

Passions exceſſe for thee wee need not feare,
Since firſt by thee our paſſions hallowed were ;
Thou mad'ſt our ſorrowes, which before had bin
Onely for the Succeſſe, ſorrowes for finne,
We owe thee all thoſe teares, now thou art dead, 15
Which we ſhed not, which for our ſelves we ſhed.
Nor didſt thou onely conſecrate our teares,
Give a religious tincture to our feares ;
But even our joyes had learn'd an innocence,
Thou didſt from gladneſſe ſeparate offence : 20
All mindes at once ſuckt grace from thee, as where
(The curſe revok'd) the Nations had one eare.
Pious diſſector : thy one houre did treat
The thouſand mazes of the hearts deſceit ;
Thou didſt purſue our lov'd and ſubtill finne, 25
Through all the foldings wee had wrapt it in,
And in thine owne large minde finding the way
By which our ſelves we from our ſelves convey,
Didſt in us, narrow models, know the ſame
Angles, though darker, in our meaner frame. 30
How ſhort of praiſe is this? My Muſe, alas,
Climbes weakly to that truth which none can paſſe,
Hee that writes beſt, may onely hope to leave
A Character of all he could conceive
But none of thee, and with mee muſt confeſſe, 35
That fanſie findes ſome checke, from an exceſſe
Of merit moſt, of nothing, it hath ſpun,
And truth, as reaſons task and theame, doth ſhunne.
She makes a fairer flight in emptineſſe,
Than when a bodied truth doth her oppreſſe. 40
Reason againe denies her ſcales, becauſe
Hers are but ſcales, ſhee judges by the lawes
Of weake compariſon, thy vertue ſleights
Her feeble Beame, and her unequall Weights.
What prodigie of wit and pietie 45
Hath ſhe elſe knowne, by which to meaſure thee?
Great ſoule : we can no more the worthineſſe
Of what you were, then what you are, expreſſe.

Sidney Godolphin.

*On D^r John Donne, late Deane of S. Paules,
London.*

Long since this taske of teares from you was due,
 Long since, ô Poëts, he did die to you,
 Or left you dead, when wit and he tooke flight
 On divine wings, and soard out of your sight.
 Preachers, 'tis you must weep; The wit he taught 5
 You doe enjoy; the Rebels which he brought
 From ancient discord, Giants faculties,
 And now no more religions enemies;
 Honest to knowing, unto vertuous sweet,
 Witty to good, and learned to discreet, 10
 He reconcil'd, and bid the Vsurper goe;
 Dulnesse to vice, religion ought to flow;
 He kept his loves, but not his objects; wit
 Hee did not banish, but transplanted it,
 Taught it his place and use, and brought it home 15
 To Pietie, which it doth best become;
 He shew'd us how for sinnes we ought to sigh,
 And how to sing Christs Epithalamy:
 The Altars had his fires, and there hee spoke
 Incense of loves, and fanfies holy smoake: 20
 Religion thus enrich'd, the people train'd,
 And God from dull vice had the fashion gain'd.
 The first effects sprung in the giddy minde
 Of flashy youth, and thirst of woman-kinde,
 By colours lead, and drawne to a pursuit, 25
 Now once againe by beautie of the fruit,
 As if their longings too must set us free,
 And tempt us now to the commanded tree.
 Tell me, had ever pleasure such a dresse,
 Have you knowne crimes so shap'd? or lovelinesse 30
 Such as his lips did cloth religion in?
 Had not reprove a beauty passing sinne?
 Corrupted nature sorrow'd when she stood
 So neare the danger of becomming good,
 And wish'd our so inconstant eares exempt 35
 From piety that had such power to tempt:
 Did not his sacred flattery beguile
 Man to amendment? The law, taught to smile,

On D^r John Donne &c. 1635-69, where it follows Godolphin's Elegie
Pension'd

Pension'd our vanitie, and man grew well
Through the same frailtie by which he fell. 40
O the sick state of man, health does not please
Our taſts, but in the ſhape of the diſeaſe.
Thriftleſſe is charitie, coward patience,
Juſtice is cruell, mercy want of ſenſe.
What meanes our Nature to barre vertue place, 45
If ſhee doe come in her owne cloathes and face?
Is good a pill, we dare not chaw to know?
Senſe the ſoules ſervant, doth it keep us fo
As we might ſtarve for good, unleſſe it firſt
Doe leave a pawne of reliſh in the guſt? 50
Or have we to ſalvation no tie
At all, but that of our infirmitie?
Who treats with us muſt our affections move
To th' good we flie by thoſe ſweets which we love,
Muſt ſeeke our palats, and with their delight 55
To gaine our deeds, muſt bribe our appetite.
Theſe traines he knew, and laying nets to ſave,
Temptingly ſugred all the health hee gave.
But, where is now that chime? that harmony
Hath left the world, now the loud organ may 60
Appeare, the better voyce is fled to have
A thouſand times the ſweetneſſe which it gave.
I cannot ſay how many thouſand ſpirits
The ſingle happineſſe this ſoule inherits,
Damnes in the other world, ſoules whom no croſſe 65
O'th ſenſe afflicts, but onely of the loſſe,
Whom ignorance would halfe ſave, all whoſe paine
Is not in what they feele, but others gaine,
Selfe executing wretched ſpirits, who
Carrying their guilt, tranſport their envy too: 70
But thoſe high joyes which his wits youngeſt flame
Would hurt to chuſe, ſhall not we hurt to name?
Verſe ſtatues are all robbers, all we make
Of monument, thus doth not give but take
As Sailes which Seamen to a forewinde fit, 75
By a reſiſtance, goe along with it,
So pens grow while they leſſen fame ſo left;
A weake aſſiſtance is a kinde of theft.
Who hath not love to ground his teares upon,
Muſt weep here if he have ambition.

*I. Chudleigh.**FINIS.*

APPENDIX A.

LATIN POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS

DE LIBRO CVM MVTV-
aretur Impresso; Domi à pueris fru-
statim lacerato; et post reddito

Manuscripto.

Doctissimo Amicissimoque v.

D. D. Andrews.

PArturiunt madido quae nixu praela, recepta,
Sed quae scripta manu, sunt veneranda magis.
Qui liber in pluteos, blattis cinerique relictos,
Si modo sit praeli sanguine tinctus, abit;
Accedat calamo scriptus, reverenter habetur, 5
Involat et veterum scrinia summa Patrum.
Dicat Apollo modum; Pueros infundere libro
Nempe vetustatem canitiemque novo.
Nil mirum, medico pueros de semine natos,
Haec nova fata libro posse dedisse novo. 10
Si veterem faciunt pueri, qui nuperus, Annon
Ipse Pater Iuvenem me dabit arte senem?
Hei miseris senibus! nos vertit dura senectus
Omnes in pueros, neminem at in Iuvenem.
Hoc tibi servasti praeftandum, Antiquae Dierum, 15
Quo viso, et vivit, et juvenescit Adam.
Interea, infirmas fallamus taedia vitae,
Libris, et Coelorum aemulâ amicitia.
Hos inter, qui a te mihi redditus iste libellus,
Non mihi tam charus, tam meus, ante fuit. 20

⟨Epigramma⟩

Transit in Sequanam Moenus; Victoris in aedes;
Et Francofurtum, te revehente, meat.

DE LIBRO &c. 1635-69 among certain prose letters in Latin and English
Title:—mutuaretur Impresso;] mutuaretur, Impresso, 1635-69
frustatim] frustatim 1635-69 lacerato;] lacerato, 1635-69 2 manu,
sunt] manu sunt, 1635-69 4 abit;] abit, 1635-69
⟨Epigramma⟩ Ed: in old edd. these lines are 3 and 4 of above poem. See
note 1 aedes;] aedes, 1635-69

Amicissimo

Amicissimo, & meritissimo BEN. JONSON.
In Vulponem.

Quod arte ausus es hic tuâ, Poeta,
Si auderent hominum Deique juris
Consulti, veteres sequi aemularierque,
O omnes saperemus ad salutem.

His sed sunt veteres araneosi;

5

*Tam nemo veterum est sequutor, ut tu
Illos quod sequeris novator audis.*

Fac tamen quod agis; tuique primâ

Libri canitiæ induantur horâ :

Nam chartis pueritia est neganda,

10

Nascanturque senes, oportet, illi

Libri, queis dare vis perennitatem.

Priscis, ingenium facit, laborque

Te parem; hos superes, ut et futuros,

Ex nostrâ vitiositate sumas,

15

Quâ priscos superamus, et futuros.

To M^r George Herbert, with one of my
Seal(s), of the Anchor and Christ.

Qui prius assuetus Serpentum fasce Tabellas
Signare, (haec nostrae symbola parva Domus)
Adscitus domui Domini, patrioque relicto

Stemmata, nanciscor stemmata jure nova.

Hinc mihi Crux primo quae fronti impressa lavacro,

5

Finibus extensis, anchora facta patet.

Amicissimo &c. in sheets added 1650: prefixed originally to Quarto edition of Jonson's Volpone. 1607, later to Folio edition of The Workes of Benjamin Jonson. 1616., when In Vulponem was added: in both signed I. D.

11 Nascanturque 1607: Nascunturque 1616, 1650-69

To M^r George Herbert &c. 1650-69, in sheets added 1650: two and a half lines in Walton's Life of Donne (1658): for Herbert's reply see note Title:—sent him with one Walton (1670) Seal, 1650-69: Seales Walton

1 fasce] falce Walton 5 fronti] fronte 1650-69

Anchorae

*Anchorae in effigiem Crux tandem desinit ipsam,
 Anchora fit tandem Crux tolerata diu.
 Hoc tamen ut fiat, Christo vegetatur ab ipso
 Crux, et ab Affixo, est Anchora facta, Iesu. 10
 Nec Nataliis penitus serpentibus orbor,
 Non ita dat Deus, ut auferat ante data.
 Quâ sapiens, Dos est; Quâ terram lambit et ambit,
 Pestis; At in nostra fit Medicina Cruce,
 Serpens; fixa Cruci si sit Natura; Crucique 15
 A fixo, nobis, Gratia tota fluat.
 Omnia cum Crux sint, Crux Anchora facta, sigillum
 Non tam dicendum hoc quam Catechismus erit.
 Mitto nec exigua, exiguâ sub imagine, dona,
 Pignora amicitiae, et munera; Vota, preces. 20
 Plura tibi accumulet, sanctus cognominis, Ille
 Regia qui flavo Dona sigillat Equo.*

A Sheafe of Snakes used heretofore to be
 My Seal, The Crest of our poore Family.
 Adopted in Gods Family, and so
 Our old Coat lost, unto new armes I go.
 The Crosse (my seal at Baptism) spread below, 5
 Does, by that form, into an Anchor grow:
 Crosses grow Anchors; Bear, as thou shouldst do
 Thy Crosse, and that Crosse grows an Anchor too.
 But he that makes our Crosses Anchors thus,
 Is Christ, who there is crucifi'd for us. 10
 Yet may I, with this, my first Serpents hold,
 God gives new blessings, and yet leaves the old;
 The Serpent, may, as wise, my pattern be;
 My poison, as he feeds on dust, that's me.

17 *facta,*] *fixa*, 1650-69 19 Mitto] Mitto, 1650-69
 A sheafe &c.] 1650-69 and in Walton's Life of Donne (1658), in all
 of which and in all subsequent editions except Grolier the first two lines are
 printed as a title, Walton bracketing them:—

A sheafe of Snakes used heretofore to be
 my Seal, The Crest of our poore Family.

4 Our . . . unto] My . . . into Walton 5 at] in Walton 11 with
 this I may Walton

And

And as he rounds the Earth to murder fure, 15
 My death he is, but on the Croſſe, my cure.
 Crucifie nature then, and then implore
 All Grace from him, crucified there before;
 When all is Croſſe, and that Croſſe Anchor grown,
 This Seal's a Catechiſm, not a Seal alone. 20
 Under that little Seal great gifts I ſend,
 〈Wiſhes,〉 and prayers, pawns, and fruits of a friend.
 And may that Saint which rides in our great Seal,
 To you, who bear his name, great bounties deal.

Translated out of *Gazæus, Vota Amico*
facta. fol. 160.

GOd grant thee thine own wiſh, and grant thee mine,
 Thou, who doſt, beſt friend, in beſt things outſhine;
 May thy ſoul, ever chearfull, nere know cares,
 Nor thy life, ever lively, know gray haireſ.
 Nor thy hand, ever open, know baſe holds, 5
 Nor thy purſe, ever plump, know pleits, or folds.
 Nor thy tongue, ever true, know a falſe thing,
 Nor thy word, ever mild, know quarrelling.
 Nor thy works, ever equall, know diſguiſe,
 Nor thy fame, ever pure, know contumelies. 10
 Nor thy prayers, know low objectſ, ſtill Divine;
 God grant thee thine own wiſh, and grant thee mine.

15 to murder fure,] to murder, fure *Walton* 16 He is my death;
Walton 22 Wiſhes, *Ed.*: Works, 1650-69: Both works *Walton*: Lat.
vota 23-4 Oh may that Saint that rides on our great Seal,
 To you that bear his name large bounty deal. *Walton*.
 Translated &c.] 1650-69, in ſheets added 1650: for original ſee note

APPENDIX B.

POEMS WHICH HAVE BEEN ATTRIBUTED
TO JOHN DONNE IN THE OLD EDITIONS
AND THE PRINCIPAL MS. COLLEC-
TIONS, ARRANGED ACCORDING
TO THEIR PROBABLE
AUTHORS.

I.

POEMS

PROBABLY BY SIR JOHN ROE, KNT.

To Sr Nicholas Smyth.

Sleep, next Society and true friendship,
Mans best contentment, doth securely flip
His passions and the worlds troubles. Rock me
O sleep, wean'd from my dear friends company,
In a cradle free from dreams or thoughts, there 5
Where poor men ly, for Kings asleep do fear.
Here sleeps Housfe by famous Ariosto,
By silver-tongu'd Ovid, and many moe,
Perhaps by golden-mouth'd Spencer too pardie,
(Which builded was some dozen Stories high) 10
I had repair'd, but that it was so rotten,
As sleep awak'd by Ratts from thence was gotten:
And I will build no new, for by my Will,
Thy fathers house shall be the fairest still

To Sr Nicholas Smyth. *Ed*: Satyra Sexta. To Sr &c. *S*: Satires to Sr
Nic: Smith. 1602 *B*: A Satire.; to Sr Nicholas Smith. 1602, *L74*: A
Satyricall Letter to Sr Nich: Smith. Quere, if Donnes or Sr Th: Rowes.
O'F: no title *N, TCD* (*JR in margin*): Satyre VI. 1669 (*on which the*
present text is based) 1 Sleep, next] Sleep next, 1669 2 flip
1669, *S*: skipp *B, L74, N, O'F, TCD*. In 1669 full stops after flip and
rock me and no stop after troubles 3 Rock] rock 1669 4 my
MSS: thy 1669 6 asleep] all sleap *B* 9 golden-mouth'd] gold-
mouth'd *B, S* 14 still] still. 1669

In

In Excester. Yet, methinks, for all their Wit, 15
 Those wits that say nothing, best describe it.
 Without it there is no Sense, only in this
 Sleep is unlike a long Parenthesis.
 Not to save charges, but would I had slept
 The time I spent in London, when I kept 20
 Fighting and untrusty gallants Company,
 In which Natta, the new Knight, seized on me,
 And offered me the experience he had bought
 With great Expence. I found him thoroughly taught
 In curing Burnes. His thing hath had more scars 25
 Then Things himselfe; like Epps it often wars,
 And still is hurt. For his Body and State
 The Physick and Counsell which came too late,
 'Gainst Whores and Dice, hee nowe on mee bestowes
 Most superficially: hee speaks of those 30
 (I found by him) least soundly who most knows:
 He swears well, speakes ill, but best of Clothes,
 What fits Summer, what Winter, what the Spring.
 He had Living, but now these waies come in
 His whole Revenues. Where each Whore now dwells, 35
 And hath dwelt, since his fathers death, he tells.
 Yea he tells most cunningly each hid cause
 Why Whores forsake their Bawds. To these some Laws
 He knows of the Duello, and touch his Skill
 The least Iot in that or those he quarrell will, 40
 Though sober; but so never fought. I know

25 hath had *L74, N, O'F, S, TCD*: had had 1669: had *B* 26
 Things *B, L74, N, O'F, S, TCD*: *T* 1669 28-31 text from *B, L74,*
N, O'F, S, TCD, which bracket which . . . late: see note:

The Physick and Councel (which came too late
 'Gainst Whores and Dice) he now on me bestows:
 Most superficially he speaks of those.

I found, by him, least found him who most knows. 1669
 33 what Winter] what What Winter 1669 35 each *B, L74, N, O'F, S,*
TCD: his 1669 37 cunningly 1669, *L74, N, TCD*: perfectly *B,*
O'F, S 39 Duello, *B, N, O'F, S, TCD*: Duel, 1669 touch *B, L74,*
O'F, S: on 1669: only *N, TCD* 40 those *B, L74, O'F*: these 1669
 41 but so never fought. *B, L74, O'F, S* (foe as), *TCD* (nere): but nere
 What

What made his Valour, undubb'd, Windmill go,
 Within a Pint at most: yet for all this
 (Which is most strange) Natta thinks no man is
 More honest than himself. Thus men may want 45
 Conscience, whilst being brought up ignorant,
 They use themselves to vice. And besides those
 Illiberal Arts forenam'd, no Vicar knows,
 Nor other Captain less than he; His Schools
 Are Ordinaries, where civil men seem fools, 50
 Or are for being there; His best bookes, Plaies,
 Where, meeting godly Scenes, perhaps he praies.
 His first set prayer was for his father, ill
 And sick, that he might dye: That had, until
 The Lands were gone, he troubled God no more: 55
 And then ask'd him but his Right, That the whore
 Whom he had kept, might now keep him: She spent,
 They left each other on even terms; she went
 To Bridewel, he unto the Wars, where want
 Hath made him valiant, and a Lieutenant 60
 He is become: Where, as they pass apace,
 He steps aside, and for his Captains place
 He praies again: Tells God, he will confess
 His sins, swear, drink, dice and whore thenceforth lets,
 On this Condition, that his Captain dye 65
 And he succeed; But his Prayer did not; They
 Both cashier'd came home, and he is braver now
 Than his captain: all men wonder, few know how.
 Can he rob? No. Cheat? No. Or doth he spend
 His own? No. Fidus, he is thy dear friend, 70
 That keeps him up. I would thou wert thine own,
 Or thou'hadst as good a friend as thou art one.

fought. 1669 42 Valour, undubb'd, Windmill go, *Ed*: Valour undubd
 Windmill go. 1669: valours undubb'd Wine-mill go. *L74, N, TCD*: his
 undoubted valour windmill goe. *B*: his undaunted valour windmill goe.
O'F, S 45 want] vaunt *S* 47 besides] except *B, O'F, S* 49
 he; *Ed*: he, 1669 53 father, ill] fathers ill, 1669 65 his] if his
 1669 66 succeed; *Ed*: succeed, 1669 They *Ed*: they 1669
 68 Than his *Ed*: Than his 1669: Then's *N, TCD* how. *Ed*: how,
 1669 69 Or *Ed*: or 1669 72 thou'hadst *L74, N, TCD*: thou
 hadst 1669

No present Want nor future hope made me,
 Desire (as once I did) thy friend to be:
 But he had cruelly possesst thee then, 75
 And as our Neighbours the Low-Country men,
 Being (whilst they were Loyal, with Tyranny
 Opprest) broke loose, have since refus'd to be
 Subject to good Kings, I found even so,
 Wer't thou well rid of him, thou't have no moe. 80
 Could'st thou but chuse as well as love, to none
 Thou should'st be second: Turtle and Damon
 Should give thee place in songs, and Lovers sick
 Should make thee only Loves Hieroglyphick:
 Thy Impress should be the loving Elm and Vine, 85
 Where now an ancient Oak, with Ivy twine
 Destroy'd, thy Symbol is. O dire Mischance!
 And, O vile verse! And yet your Abraham France
 Writes thus, and jests not. Good Fidus for this
 Must pardon me, Satyres bite when they kiss. 90
 But as for Natta, we have since faln out:
 Here on his knees he pray'd, else we had fought.
 And because God would not he should be winner,
 Nor yet would have the Death of such a sinner,
 At his seeking, our Quarrel is deferr'd, 95
 I'll leave him at his Prayers, and (as I heard)
 His last; Fidus, and you, and I do know,
 I was his friend, and durst have been his foe,
 And would be either yet; But he dares be
 Neither; Sleep blots him out and takes in thee. 100
 "The mind, you know is like a Table-book,
 "Which, th'old unwipt, new writing never took.

81 love, *Ed*: love 1669 82 Damon] damon 1669 83 thee]
 the 1669 86-7 Oak, with Ivy twine Destroy'd, thy Symbol is.
L74, N, TCD: Oak with Ivy twine, Destroy'd thy Symbole is. 1669: Oak
 with ivy twine. Destroy'd thy symbol is! *Chambers* 87 Mischance!]
 Mischance? 1669 88 your *B, L74, N, S, TCD*: our 1669 92
 knees] knees, 1669 97 Fidus, and you, and I *N, TCD*: and Fidus,
 you and I 1669: Fidus, and you, and he *B, L74, O'F, S* 100 Neither;
L74, N, O'F, S, TCD: Neither yet. 1669 Sleep] sleep 1669 102
 Which, th'old unwipt, *B, O'F, S, TCD*: "The old unwipt 1669

Hear

Hear how the Huishers Checques, Cupbord and Fire
 I pass'd; by which Degrees young men aspire
 In Court; And how that idle and she-state, 105
 Whenas my judgment cleer'd, my foul did hate;
 How I found there (if that my trifling Pen
 Durst take so hard a Task) Kings were but men,
 And by their Place more noted, if they erre;
 How they and their Lords unworthy men prefer; 110
 And, as unthrifts had rather give away
 Great Summs to flatterers, than small debts pay,
 So they their weakness hide, and greatness show,
 By giving them that which to worth they owe:
 What Treason is, and what did Essex kill, 115
 Not true Treason, but Treason handled ill;
 And which of them stood for their Countries good,
 Or what might be the Cause of so much Blood.
 He said she stunk, and men might not have said
 That she was old before that she was dead. 120
 His Case was hard, to do or suffer; loth
 To do, he made it harder, and did both.
 Too much preparing lost them all their Lives,
 Like some in Plagues kill'd with preservatives.
 Friends, like land-souldiers in a storm at Sea, 125
 Not knowing what to do, for him did pray.
 They told it all the world; where was their wit?
 Cuffs putting on a sword, might have told it.
 And Princes must fear Favorites more then Foes,
 For still beyond Revenge Ambition goes. 130
 How since Her death, with Sumpter-horse that Scot
 Hath rid, who, at his coming up, had not
 A Sumpter-dog. But till that I can write
 Things worth thy Tenth reading (dear Nick) goodnight.

104-6 1669 has colon after pass'd, brackets by which . . . Court and
 Whenas . . . cleer'd, and places comma after hate 107 there (if that 1669:
 then that (if B, O'F, S 111 And, as unthrifts Ed: And, as unthrifts,
 1669, Chambers 112 pay, Ed: pay; 1669: pay. Chambers 113
 weakness B, L74, O'F, S: greatness 1669, N, TCD 116 ill; Ed: ill:
 1669 118 Blood. Ed: Blood; 1669 121 hard, Ed: hard 1669
 122 both. Ed: both 1669 127 world; Ed: world, 1669 132
 Hath rid,] Doth ryde, B 133 till that 1669: till N, TCD: untill
 B, O'F, S

Satyre.

MEN write that love and reason disagree,
 But I ne'r saw't exprest as 'tis in thee.
 Well, I may lead thee, God must make thee see,
 But, thine eyes blinde too, there's no hope for thee.
 Thou say'st shee's wise and witty, faire and free, 5
 All these are reasons why she should scorne thee.
 Thou dost protest thy love, and wouldst it shew
 By matching her as she would match her foe:
 And wouldst perswade her to a worse offence,
 Then that whereof thou didst accuse her wench. 10
 Reason there's none for thee, but thou may'st vex
 Her with example. Say, for feare her sexe
 Shunne her, she needs must change; I doe not see
 How reason e'r can bring that *must* to thee.
 Thou art a match a Iustice to rejoyce, 15
 Fit to be his, and not his daughters choyce.
 Urg'd with his threats shee'd scarcely stay with thee,
 And wouldst th'have this to chuse thee, being free?
 Goe then and punish some soone-gotten stuffe,
 For her dead husband this hath mourn'd enough, 20
 In hating thee. Thou maist one like this meet;
 For spight take her, prove kinde, make thy breath sweet,
 Let her see she hath cause, and to bring to thee
 Honest children, let her dishonest bee.
 If shee be a widow, I'll warrant her — 25
 Shee'll thee before her first husband preferre,
 And will wish thou hadst had her maidenhead;
 Shee'll love thee so, for then thou hadst bin dead.

Satyre. B, O'F: A Satire: upon one who was his Rivall in a widdowes
 Love. A10: Satyre VI. 1635-54: Satyre. VII. 1669 (*where* Satyre VI. is
 Sleep, next Society &c.) 4 thine eyes 1635-69: thy eye's A10
 11 thee,] the, 1669 13 she needs must change; I 1635-69: she must
 change, yet I A10 16 and 1635-69: but B 17 Urg'd A10, B, O'F:
 Dry'd 1635-69 19 some] 1635 duplicates 22 sweet, 1639-69:
 sweet. 1635 27 maidenhead; Ed: maidenhead, 1635-69 28 (Shee'll
 love thee so) for, 1635-69

But

But thou such strong love, and weake reasons hast,
 Thou must thrive there, or ever live disgrac'd. 30
 Yet pause a while; and thou maist live to see
 A time to come, wherein she may beg thee;
 If thou'lt not pause nor change, she'll beg thee now.
 Doe what she can, love for nothing shee'll allow.
 Besides, her(s) were too much gaine and merchandise, 35
 And when thou art rewarded, desert dies.
 Now thou hast odds of him she loves, he may doubt
 Her constancy, but none can put thee out.
 Againe, be thy love true, shee'll prove divine,
 And in the end the good on't will be thine: 40
 For thou must never think on other love,
 And so wilt advance her as high above
 Vertue as cause above effect can bee:
 'Tis vertue to be chaste, which shee'll make thee.

AN ELEGIE.

Reflecting on his passion for his mistress.

COME, Fates; I feare you not. All whom I owe
 Are paid, but you. Then rest me ere I goe.
 But, Chance from you all soveraignty hath got,
 Love woundeth none but those whom death dares not;

29 strong] firm *A10* 32 thee; *Grosart*: thee. 1635-69 33 now.
Grosart: now, 1635-69 34 love for nothing shee'll 1635-69: she'le love
 for nought *A10* 35 Besides, hers *Ed*: Besides, here 1635-69: But
 hers *A10*: Besides her *O'F* 38-9 out. Againe, 1635-69: out Againe;
A10 40 And in 1635-69: And yet in *A10* thine: *Ed*: thine.
 1635-69 41 For thou must never think on *H-K* (*Grosart*): And thou
 must never think on, *A10*: For though thou must ne'r thinke of 1635-69
 42 And so wilt advance her 1635-69: For that will her advance *A10*
 43 bee: *Ed*: bee, 1635-69

An Elegie. Reflecting on &c. *A10*: An Elegie. *H39, H40, L74, RP31*: Eleg. XIII. 1635-69: no title, *Cy*: Elegie. *P*

Else,

Else, if you were, and just, in equitie 5
 I should have vanquish'd her, as you did me.
 Else Lovers should not brave death's pains, and live,
 But 'tis a rule, *Death comes not to relieve*.
 Or, pale and wan deaths terrours, are they lay'd
 So deepe in Lovers, they make death afraid? 10
 Or (the least comfort) have I company?
 Orcame she Fates, Love, Death, as well as mee?
 Yes, Fates doe filke unto her distaffe pay,
 For their ransome, which taxe on us they laye.
 Love gives her youth, which is the reason why 15
 Youths, for her sake, some wither and some die.
 Poore Death can nothing give; yet, for her sake,
 Still in her turne, he doth a Lover take:
 And if Death should prove false, she feares him not;
 Our Muses, to redeeme her she hath got. 20
 That fatall night wee last kifs'd, I thus pray'd,
 Or rather, thus despair'd; I should have said:
 Kisses, and yet despaire? The forbid tree
 Did promise (and deceive) no more then shee.
 Like Lambs that see their teats, and must eat Hay, 25
 A food, whose tast hath made me pine away.
 Dives, when thou saw'st blisse, and crav'dst to touch
 A drop of water, thy great paines were such.
 Here grieve wants a fresh wit, for mine being spent,
 And my sighes weary, groanes are all my rent; 30

5 Else, if you were, and just, in equitie *H39*: Else, if you were, and
 just in equitie, 1635-54, *Grosart*: True, if you were, and just in equitie,
 1669, *Chambers* (True) 12 Orcame she Fates, Love, Death, *MSS.*:
 Or can the Fates love death, 1635-69 13 distaffe 1635-69, *H39*, *L74*:
 distaves *A10*, *H40*, *RP31* 14 For their . . . on us they laye. *Cy*, *H39*,
H40, *L74*, *P*: For ransome, which taxe they on us doe lay. 1635-69:
 For Ransome, but a taxe on us they lay: *A10* 17-19 Death] death
 1635-69 18 take: *H40*, *L74*: take. 1635-69 21 That fatall
 night we last kifs'd 1635-69: That last fatall night wee kifs'd *A10*, *H39*,
H40, *L74*, *P*, *RP31* 22 in brackets 1635-69 said: *Ed*: said,
 1635-69 23 despaire? *Ed*: despaire. 1635-69 24 shee.] yee.
A10, *H40* 28 A drop of water, thy greate 1635-69: A small
 little drop, thy *Cy*, *H39* (then thy), *H40*, *L74*, *P*: The pooreest little drop,
 thy *A10*

Vnable longer to indure the paine,
 They breake like thunder, and doe bring down rain.
 Thus, till dry teares foulder mine eyes, I weepe;
 And then, I dreame, how you securely sleepe,
 And in your dreames doe laugh at me. I hate, 35
 And pray Love, All may: He pitties my state,
 But sayes, I therein no revenge should finde;
 The Sunne would shine, though all the world were blind.
 Yet, to trie my hate, Love shew'd me your teare;
 And I had dy'd, had not your smile beene there. 40
 Your frowne undoes me; your smile is my wealth;
 And as you please to looke, I have my health.
 Me thought, Love pitying me, when he saw this,
 Gave me your hands, the backs and palmes to kisse.
 That cur'd me not, but to beare paine gave strength, 45
 And what it lost in force, it tooke in length.
 I call'd on Love againe, who fear'd you so,
 That his compassion still prov'd greater woe;
 For, then I dream'd I was in bed with you,
 But durst not feele, for feare't should not prove true. 50
 This merits not your anger, had it beene,
 The Queene of Chastitie was naked seene;
 And in bed, not to feele, the paine I tooke,
 Was more then for *Aleon* not to looke.
 And that brest which lay ope, I did not know, 55
 But for the clearnesse, from a lump of snowe,
 Nor that sweet teat which on the top it bore
 From the rose-bud, which for my sake you wore.
 These griefs to issue forth, by verse, I prove,
 Or turne their course, by travaile, or new love: 60

33 dry] dry'd *H39, H40, L74, RP31* 36 Love, *Ed*: Love 1635-69:
 Love: *A10* 37 should most *MSS.*: shall 1635-69, *Cy, P* 44 the
 1635-69: their *A10, Cy, H40, L74, P, RP31* 46 it . . . it all
MSS.: is . . . is 1635-69 50 prove most *MSS.*: be 1635-69, *Cy, P*
 51 your all *MSS.*: our 1635-69 beene, *Ed*: beene: 1635-69 52
 Chastitie *Ed*: chastitie 1635-69 seene; *Ed*: seene, 1635-69 53
 feele, *Ed*: feele 1635-69 56 snowe,] snowe. 1635-69, *Cy, L74, P*,
 which end here: text of rest from *A10, H39, H40, RP31* 60 or new
 love:] and new love, *A10*

All would not doe. The best at last I tryde:
 Vnable longer to hould out I dyed.
 And then I found I lost life, death by flying:
 Who hundreds live are but soe long a dying.
 Charon did let me passe: I'le him requite. 65
 To marke the groves or shades wrongs my delight.
 I'le speake but of those ghosts I found alone,
 Those thousand ghosts, whereof myself made one,
 All images of thee. I ask'd them, why?
 The Judge told me, all they for thee did dye, 70
 And therefore had for their Elisian blisse,
 In one another their owne Loves to kisse.
 O here I mis'd not blisse, but being dead;
 For loe, I dream'd, I dream'd; and waking said,
 Heaven, if who are in thee there must dwell, 75
 How is't, I now was there, and now I fell.

An Elegie to M^{rs} Boulstred: 1602.

Shall I goe force an Elegie? abuse
 My witt? and breake the Hymen of my muse
 For one poore houres love? Deserves it such
 Which serves not me, to doe on her as much?
 Or if it could, I would that fortune shunn: 5
 Who would be rich, to be soe soone undone?
 The beggars best is, wealth he doth not know;
 And but to shew it him, encreases woe.
 But we two may enjoye an hour? when never

63 life] lif's Grosart: spelt lief H40
 66 marke] walke Grosart or] and A10
 H39 68 Those thousand] Thousand A10
 74 (For loe I dreamt) H39 and Grosart 75 Heaven] O Heaven A10
 An Elegie &c. A10, L74 (J. R. in margin), RP31: Elegie N, TCD
 (J. R.): Elegie to his M. promissing to love him an hour. HN (signed J. R.):
 7 text from HN: The beggars best is, that wealth he doth <not> know,
 A10: The beggar's best, his &c. L74, RP31, N, TCD, Sim: The beggar's
 best that Grosart 9 two Sim: om. HN, L74, N, RP31, TCD: But we
 an hour may now enjoy when never A10 hour?] hour; L74

It returnes, who would have a losse for ever? 10
 Nor can so short a love, if true, but bring
 A halfe howres feare, with the thought of losing:
 Before it, all howres were hope; and all are
 (That shall come after it,) yeares of dispaire.
 This joye brings this doubt, whether it were more 15
 To have enjoy'd it, or have died before?
 T'is a lost paradise, a fall from grace,
 Which I thinke, Adam felt more then his race.
 Nor need those angells any other Hell;
 It is enough for them, from Heaven they fell. 20
 Besides, Conquest in love is all in all;
 That when I liste, shee under me may fall:
 And for this turne, both for delight and view,
 I'le have a Succuba, as good as you.
 But when these toyes are past, and hott blood ends, 25
 The best enjoying is, we still are frends.
 Love can but be friendships outside; their two
 Beauties differ, as myndes and bodies do.
 Thus, I this great Good still would be to take,
 Vnles one houre, another happy make: 30
 Or, that I might forgett it instantlie;
 Or in that blest estate, that I might die.
 But why doe I thus travaile in the skill
 Of despis'd poetrie, and perchance spill
 My fortune? or undoe myself in sport 35
 By having but that dangerous name in Court?
 I'le leave, and since I doe your poet prove,
 Keep you my lines as secret as my Love.

10 It returnes] Again't returnes *A10* 16 or have] or else *A10*
 21 Besides, *A10*: Befide, *L74* 23 delight] despite *A10* 27 but
 be] be but *Sim* their *Ed*: there *A10, L74* 30 one] on *L74* 32
Poem closes, A10 34 despis'd poetrie,] deeper mysteries, *Sim*

An Elegie.

TRue Love findes witt, but he whose witt doth move
 Him to love, confesses he doth not love:
 And from his witt, passions and true desire
 Are forc'd as hard, as from the flint is fire.
 My love's all fire whose flames my soule do nurse, 5
 Whose smokes are sighes; whose every sparke's a verse.
 Doth measure women win? Then I know why
 Most of our Ladies with the Scotts doe lie.
 A Scott is measur'd in each syllable, terse
 And smooth as a verse: and like that smooth verse 10
 Is shallow, and wants matter, but in his handes,
 And they are rugged; Her state better standes
 Whom dauncing measures tempted, not the Scott:
 In brief she's out of measure, lost, foe gott.
 Greene-sickness wenches, (not needes must but) may 15
 Looke pale, breathe short; at Court none so long stay.
 Good witt ne're despair'd there, or *Ay me* said:
 For never Wench at Court was ravished.
 And shee but cheates on Heaven, whom you so winne
 Thinking to share the sport, but not the sinne. 20

Song.

DEare Love, continue nice and chaste,
 For, if you yeeld you doe me wrong,
 Let duller wits to loves end haste,
 I have enough to wooe thee long.

An Elegie. *A10*: similarly, *B, H40, L74, O'F, RP31*: Elegia Undecima. *S*: no title, *Cy, P* (J. D in margin): first printed by Grosart 1
 findes] kindles *RP31* 5 do *A10, L74*: doth Grosart and Chambers
 7 women win? *A10*: win women? *L74* 11 but in his handes, *A10,*
B, L74, O'F, P: but's in's bands *S*: cut in bands Grosart and Chambers:
 witt in his hands *H-K* (teste Grosart) 14 she's *A10, L74, P, H-K*
 (Grosart): theyre *S, Chambers* foe] if *A10* 17 ne're *A10*: neare *L74*

Song. 1635-69: no title, *A10, B, HN* (signed J. R.), *L74* (Finis. R),
O'F, P, S96 Love,] Love 1635-69

All paine and joy is in their way; 5
The things we feare bring lesse annoy
Then feare; and hope brings greater joy;
But in themselves they cannot stay.

Small favours will my prayers increase;
Granting my fuit you give me all, 10
And then my prayers must needs surcease,
For, I have made your Godhead fall.

Beasts cannot witt nor beauty see,
They mans affections onely move;
Beasts other sports of love doe prove, 15
With better feeling farre than we.

Then Love prolong my fuite, for thus
By losing sport, I sport doe win;
And that may vertue prove in us,
Which ever yet hath beene a sinne. 20

My comming neare may spie some ill,
And now the world is given to scoffe;
To keepe my Love, (then) keepe me off,
And so I shall admire thee still.

Say I have made a perfect choyce, 25
Satiety our Love may kill;
Then give me but thy face and voyce,
Mine eye and eare thou canst not fill.

To make me rich (oh) be not poore,
Give me not all, yet something lend, 30
So I shall still my fuite commend,
And you at will doe lesse or more.

But, if to all you condescend,
My love, our sport, your Godhead end.

13 witt] will, 1635-54 14 They, 1635-69: Those L74 18
I sport] I sports 1635-54 19 that may A10, HN, L74: that doth
1635-69: let that B 26 Satiety] Satiety 1635-39, L74 Love A10,
B, HN, L74, S96: selves 1635-69 28 Mine MSS.: My 1635-39
32 you at will] at your will S96

To Ben. Iohnson, 6 Ian. 1603.

THE State and mens affaires are the best playes
 Next yours; 'Tis nor more nor lesse than due praise.
 Write, but touch not the much descending race
 Of Lords houses, so settled in worths place,
 As but themselves none thinke them usurpers. 5
 It is no fault in thee to suffer theirs.
 If the Queene Masque, or King a hunting goe,
 Though all the Court follow, Let them. We know
 Like them in goodnesse that Court ne'r will be,
 For that were vertue, and not flatterie. 10
 Forget we were thrust out; It is but thus,
 God threatens Kings, Kings Lords, as Lords doe us.
 Iudge of strangers, Trust and believe your friend,
 And so me; And when I true friendship end,
 With guilty conscience let me be worse sounge, 15
 Then with *Pophams* sentence theeves, or *Cookes* tongue
 Traitors are. Friends are our selves. This I thee tell
 As to my friend, and to my selfe as Counsell;
 Let for a while the times unthrifty rout
 Contemne learning, and all your studies flout. 20
 Let them scorne Hell, they will a Sergeant feare,
 More then wee *that*; ere long God may forbear,
 But Creditors will not. Let them increase
 In riot and excesse as their meanes cease;
 Let them scorne him that made them, and still shun 25
 His Grace, but love the whore who hath undone
 Them and their soules. But; that they that allow

To Ben. Iohnson, 6 Ian. 1603. 1635-69, O'F: To Ben Iohnson 6 Jan:
 1603 T. R. B: An Epistle to Ben Johnson. S' J: R: H40: An Epistle
 to Benjamin Johnson. RP31: An Epistle: To M' Ben. Johnson. Ja: 6:
 1603 L74: To M' Ben Johnson. S 2 yours; Ed: yours, 1635-69
 nor more] noe more L74 5 none thinke] none can thinke 1669 11
 out; Ed: out. 1635-69 15 sounge, L74: *spelt* stūg, 1635 18
 as Counsell;] is Counsell: 1635-54 22 More then wee *that*; Ed:
 More then wee *that* H40, L74: More then wee them; that, 1635-69 (them
 in ital. 1635-54) 24 cease; Ed: 'cease, 1635-69

But

But one God, should have religions enow
 For the Queens Masque, and their husbands, far more
 Then all the Gentiles knew, or *Atlas* bore! 30
 Well, let all passe, and trust him who nor cracks
 The bruised Reed, nor quencheth smoaking flaxe.

To Ben. Iohnson, 9. Novembris, 1603.

IF great men wrong me, I will spare my selfe;
 If meane, I will spare them. I know that pelf
 Which is ill got the Owner doth upbraid.
 It may corrupt a Iudge, make me afraid
 And a Iury; But 'twill revenge in this, 5
 That, though himselfe be judge, hee guilty is.
 What care I though of weaknesse men taxe me,
 I had rather sufferer than doer be.
 That I did trust, it was my Natures praise,
 For breach of word I knew but as a phrase. 10
 That judgement is, that surely can comprise
 The world in precepts, most happy and most wise.
 What though? Though lesse, yet some of both have we,
 Who have learn'd it by use and misery.
 Poore I, whom every pety crosse doth trouble, 15
 Who apprehend each hurt thats done me, double,
 Am of this (though it should sinke me) carelesse,
 It would but force me to a stricter goodnesse.
 They have great odds of me, who gaine doe winne,
 (If such gaine be not losse) from every sinne. 20
 The standing of great mens lives would afford

28 enow *H40, L74*: enough 1635-69 29 far *L74*: for 1635-69,
H40 30 bore! *Ed*: bore? *H40*: bore. 1635-69, *L74*

To Ben Iohnson, 9 Novembris, 1603: 1635-69, *B* (subscribed doubtfull
 author), *O'F, S*: Another Epistle to M^r Ben: Iohnson. No: 9. 1603. *L74*:
 Another to Ben Iohnson. *H40* 2 them.] them, 1635-69 that
B, H40, L74, S: the 1635-69 3 upbraide. *Ed*: upbraide; 1635-69
 5 Iury; *Ed*: Iury. 1635-69 18 goodnesse.] goodnesse 1635-39
 19 odds *B, H40, L74, S*: gaine 1635-69, *O'F*

A pretty

A pretty summe, if God would fell his Word.
 He cannot; they can theirs, and breake them too.
 How unlike they are that they are likened to?
 Yet I conclude, they are amidst my evils,
 If good, like Gods, the naught are so like devils.

25

To S^r Tho. Roe 1603.

Deare Thom :

Tell her if she to hired servants shew
 Dislike, before they take their leave they goe;
 When nobler spirits start at no disgrace,
 For who hath but one minde, hath but one face:
 If then why I tooke not my leave she aske,
 Aske her againe why she did not unmaske?
 Was she or proud or cruell, or knew shee
 'Twould make my losse more felt, and pittied me?
 Or did she feare one kisse might stay for moe?
 Or else was she unwilling I should goe?
 I thinke the best, and love so faithfully
 I cannot chuse but thinke that she loves mee.
 If this prove not my faith, then let her trie
 How in her service I would fructifie.
 Ladies have boldly lov'd; bid her renew
 That decay'd worth, and prove the times past true.
 Then he whose wit and verse goes now so lame,
 With songs to her will the wild Irish tame.
 Howe'r, I'll weare the black and white ribband,
 White for her fortunes, blacke for mine shall stand.

5

10

15

20

To Sir Tho. Rowe, 1603. 1635-69, O'F: An Elegie. To S^r Tho. Roe. B (subscribed J. R.), L74: An Elegie, complayning a want of complement in his mistrisse, at his leave-taking. A10: Elegia Vicesima Septima. To S^r Thomas Roe. 1603. S Thom: B, L74, O'F, S: Tom: 1635-69 5 tooke A10, B, L74, O'F, S: take 1635-69 14 I would 1635-69: it will A10, L74, S 17 goes now so Ed: goe now so B: growes now so 1635-69, O'F: now goes thus A10, L74, S

I doe

I doe esteeme her favours, not their stuffe;
 If what I have was given, I have enough:
 And all's well; for had she lov'd, I had had
 All my friends hate; for now, departing sad
 I feele not that; Yet as the Rack the Gout 25
 Cures, so hath *this* worse grieve *that* quite put out:
 My first disease nought but that worse cureth,
 Which (which I dare foresee) nought cures but death.
 Tell her all this before I am forgot,
 That not too late shee grieve shee lov'd me not. 30
 Burden'd with this, I was to depart lesse
 Willing, then those which die, and not confesse.

II.

To the Countesse of Huntington.

THat unripe side of earth, that heavy clime
 That gives us man up now, like *Adams* time
 Before he ate; mans shape, that would yet bee
 (Knew they not it, and fear'd beasts companie)
 So naked at this day, as though man there 5
 From Paradise so great a distance were,
 As yet the newes could not arrived bee
 Of *Adams* tasting the forbidden tree;
 Depriv'd of that free state which they were in,
 And wanting the reward, yet beare the sinne. 10

21 favours, not their *B, L74, S*: favour, not the 1635-69 22
 enough: *Ed*: enough, 1635-69 23 had had] had not had 1635-69,
O'F 24 hate;] hate 1635: hate, 1639-69 now, *Ed*: now
 1635-69: not *A10, B, L74, S* 26 out:] out. 1635 28 Which (which
 I dare foresee) nought *A10, B, L74, S*: Which (I dare forefay) nothing
 1635-69 32 Willing, *Ed*: Willing 1635-69: Willing; *A10*
 To the Countesse of Huntington, 1635-69: S^r Wal: Ashton to y^e Countesse
 of Huntingtowne *P, TCD (II)* 2 man] men *P* 3 ate; 1635-39:
 eat; 1650-69

But,

But, as from extreme hights who downward looks,
 Sees men at childrens shapes, Rivers at brookes,
 And loseth younger formes; so, to your eye,
 These (Madame) that without your distance lie,
 Must either mist, or nothing seeme to be, 15
 Who are at home but wits mere *Atomi*.
 But, I who can behold them move, and stay,
 Have found my selfe to you, just their midway;
 And now must pittie them; for, as they doe
 Seeme sick to me, just so must I to you. 20
 Yet neither will I vexe your eyes to see
 A sighing Ode, nor crosse-arm'd Elegie.
 I come not to call pittie from your heart,
 Like some white-liver'd dotard that would part
 Else from his slipperie soule with a faint groane, 25
 And faithfully, (without you smil'd) were gone.
 I cannot feele the tempest of a frowne,
 I may be rais'd by love, but not throwne down.
 Though I can pittie those sigh twice a day,
 I hate that thing whispers it selfe away. 30
 Yet since all love is fever, who to trees
 Doth talke, doth yet in loves cold ague freeze.
 'Tis love, but, with such fatall weaknesse made,
 That it destroyes it selfe with its owne shade.
 Who first look'd sad, griev'd, pin'd, and shew'd his paine, 35
 Was he that first taught women, to disdaine.
 As all things were one nothing, dull and weake,
 Vntill this raw disordered heape did breake,
 And severall desires led parts away,
 Water declin'd with earth, the ayre did stay, 40
 Fire rose, and each from other but unty'd,
 Themselves unprison'd were and purify'd:

11 downward] inward TCD 14 without] om. TCD 17 who]
 that P, TCD 20 you.] you, 1635-69 26 faithfully, 1635-69: finally
 P, TCD you smil'd 1635-54: your smile 1669, P, TCD 28 down.
 1635-54: down, 1669 30 whispers] whispered P: vapours TCD 31
 fever] feverish 1669 32 doth yet] yet doth 1669 ague] feaver P
 35 paine,] paine. 1635-39 36 women] woman TCD 37 were
 one] were but one 1669

So was love, first in vast confusion hid,
 An unripe willingnesse which nothing did,
 A thirst, an Appetite which had no ease, 45
 That found a want, but knew not what would please.
 What pretty innocence in those dayes mov'd?
 Man ignorantly walk'd by her he lov'd;
 Both sigh'd and enterchang'd a speaking eye,
 Both trembled and were sick, both knew not why. 50
 That naturall fearefulnessse that struck man dumbe,
 Might well (those times consider'd) man become.
 As all discoverers whose first assay
 Findes but the place, after, the nearest way:
 So passion is to womans love, about, 55
 Nay, farther off, than when we first set out.
 It is not love that sueth, or doth contend;
 Love either conquers, or but meets a friend.
 Man's better part consists of purer fire,
 And findes it selfe allow'd, ere it desire. 60
 Love is wise here, keepes home, gives reason sway,
 And journeys not till it finde summer-way.
 A weather-beaten Lover but once knowne,
 Is sport for every girle to practise on.
 Who strives through womans scornes, women to know, 65
 Is lost, and seekes his shadow to outgoe;
 It must bee sicknessse, after one disdaine,
 Though he be call'd aloud, to looke againe.
 Let others sigh, and grieve; one cunning sleight
 Shall freeze my Love to Christall in a night. 70
 I can love first, and (if I winne) love still;
 And cannot be remov'd, unlesse she will.
 It is her fault if I unsure remaine,
 Shee onely can untie, and binde againe.

47 those dayes] that day 1669 50 both knew 1635-54: but knew
 P, TCD: yet, knew 1669 52 consider'd Ed: considered 1635-69
 57 sueth, or] sues and P 65 womans] womens P women] woman
 TCD know, 1650-69: know. 1635-39 67 It must be] It is
 meer 1669 sicknessse,] sicknessse 1635-69 69 sigh P, TCD: sinne,
 1635-69 74 and P: I 1635-69, TCD

The honesties of love with ease I doe, 75
But am no porter for a tedious woo.

But (madame) I now thinke on you; and here
Where we are at our hights, you but appeare,
We are but clouds you rise from, our noone-ray
But a foule shadow, not your breake of day. 80

You are at first hand all that's faire and right,
And others good reflects but backe your light.
You are a perfectnesse, so curious hit,
That youngest flatteries doe scandall it.

For, what is more doth what you are restraine, 85
And though beyond, is downe the hill againe.

We have no next way to you, we crosse to it:
You are the straight line, thing prais'd, attribute;
Each good in you's a light; so many a shade
You make, and in them are your motions made. 90

These are your pictures to the life. From farre
We see you move, and here your *Zani's* are:
So that no fountaine good there is, doth grow
In you, but our dimme actions faintly shew.

Then finde I, if mans noblest part be love, 95
Your purest luster must that shadow move.

The foule with body, is a heaven combin'd
With earth, and for mans ease, but nearer joyn'd.
Where thoughts the starres of foule we understand,
We guesse not their large natures, but command. 100

And love in you, that bountie is of light,
That gives to all, and yet hath infinite.
Whose heat doth force us thither to intend,
But foule we finde too earthly to ascend,

76 woo. TCD: woee. P: woe. 1635-69, Chambers and Grolier
77 I now] now I TCD 78 hights] height TCD 79 clouds you rise
from, our noone-ray Grolier: clouds, you rise from our noone-ray, 1635-69,
TCD, and Chambers 81 right] bright P 83 a perfectnesse] all
perfections P 84 youngest] quaintest TCD flatteries] flatterers
P, TCD 86 though] what's P 87 We have Ed: We have 1635-69
88 straight line,] straight-lace P attribute; Ed: attribute. 1635:
attribute, 1639-69 91 These] Those TCD 98 With earth] om.
TCD but] om. 1650-69 99 thoughts] through P

'Till flow acceſſe hath made it wholly pure, 105
 Able immortall clearneſſe to endure.
 Who dare aſpire this journey with a ſtaine,
 Hath waight will force him headlong backe againe.
 No more can impure man retaine and move
 In that pure region of a worthy love: 110
 Then earthly ſubſtance can unforc'd aſpire,
 And leave his nature to converſe with fire:
 Such may have eye, and hand; may ſigh, may ſpeak;
 But like ſwoln bubbles, when they are high't they break.
 Though far removed Northerne fleets ſcarce finde 115
 The Sunnes comfort; others thinke him too kinde.
 There is an equall diſtance from her eye,
 Men periſh too farre off, and burne too nigh.
 But as ayre takes the Sunne-beames equall bright
 From the firſt Rayes, to his laſt oppoſite: 120
 So able men, bleſt with a vertuous Love,
 Remote or neare, or howſoe'r they move;
 Their vertue breakes all clouds that might annoy,
 There is no Emptineſſe, but all is Ioy.
 He much profanes whom violent heats do move 125
 To ſtile his wandring rage of paſſion, *Love*:
 Love that imparts in every thing delight,
 Is fain'd, which only tempts mans appetite.
 Why love among the virtues is not knowne
 Is, that love is them all contract in one. 130

105 wholly] holy TCD 106 endure.] endure 1635 108 waight]
 weights P, TCD 109 impure] vapore P 114 when they're higheſt
 break. P, TCD break.] break 1635-39: brak 1650-54: brake. 1669
 115 In edd. new par. begins wrongly at 113, and ſo Chambers and Grolier
 fleets] Iſles 1669 116 comfort; 1635-54: ſweet comfort, 1669
 others] yet ſome 1669 119 But as the aire takes all ſunbeams equall
 bright P 120 the firſt Rayes, 1635-54: the Raies firſt, 1669, TCD:
 the riſe firſt P 121 able men P: able man, 1635-54: happy man, 1669:
 happy[?]s] man Grosart and Chambers 123 Their 1669, P, TCD:
 There 1635-54, Chambers and Grolier 125 violent P, TCD: valiant
 1635-69 126 *Love: Ed: Love. 1635-54: Love, 1669* 127
 imparts] imports 1669, TCD 128 Is fain'd, which . . . appetite. P:
 Is thought the manſion of ſweet appetite. TCD: Is fancied 1635-39 (*reſt*
of line left blank): Is fancied in the Soul, not in the fight. 1650-54: Is
 fancied by the Soul, not appetite. 1669 130 Is, that] Is, 'cauſe TCD
 contract in 1650-69, P: contracted 1635-39, TCD

III.

Elegie.

Death be not proud, thy hand gave not this blow,
 Sinne was her captive, whence thy power doth flow ;
 The executioner of wrath thou art,
 But to destroy the just is not thy part.
 Thy comming, terrour, anguish, grieve denounce ; 5
 Her happy state, courage, ease, joy pronounce.
 From out the Christall palace of her breast,
 The clearer soule was call'd to endlesse rest,
 (Not by the thundering voyce, wherewith God threats,
 But, as with crowned Saints in heaven he treats,) 10
 And, waited on by Angels, home was brought,
 To joy that it through many dangers fought ;
 The key of mercy gently did unlocke
 The doores 'twixt heaven and it, when life did knock.
 Nor boast, the fairest frame was made thy prey, 15
 Because to mortall eyes it did decay ;
 A better witnesse than thou art, assures,
 That though dissolv'd, it yet a space endures ;
 No dramme thereof shall want or losse sustaine,
 When her best soule inhabits it again. 20
 Goe then to people curst before they were,
 Their spoyles in Triumph of thy conquest weare.
 Glory not thou thy selfe in these hot teares
 Which our face, not for hers, but our harme weares,

Elegie. Ed: Elegye on the Lady Markham. By L. C. of B. RP31: do. By C. L. of B. H40: Elegie on Mistris Boulstred. 1635-69: given as continuation of Death I recant &c. O'F, P: no title, B (at foot of page F. B.). See Text and Canon &c. 2 flow; Ed: flow, 1635-69: growe, B, Cy, H40, O'F, P 5-6 comming, 1650-69: comming 1635-39 state, 1650-69: state 1635-39 denounce; . . . pronounce. B, Cy, H40, P: denounces; . . . pronounces. 1635-69 12 To joy that 1635-69: To joy what H40: To joye, that B fought; Ed: fought, 1635-69 22 spoyles . . of . . weare. B, Cy, H40 (beare), P: foules . . to . . beare, 1635-69. See note 24 hers, H40, P: her, 1635-69 weares, Ed: weares. 1635-54: weares: 1669

The

The mourning livery given by Grace, not thee, 25
 Which wils our soules in these streams washt should be,
 And on our hearts, her memories best tombe,
 In this her Epitaph doth write thy doome.
 Blinde were those eyes, saw not how bright did shine
 Through fleshes misty vaile the beames divine. 30
 Deafe were the eares, not charm'd with that sweet sound
 Which did i'th spirit-instructed voice abound.
 Of flint the conscience, did not yeeld and melt,
 At what in her last Act it saw, heard, felt.

Weep not, nor grudge then, to have lost her sight, 35
 Taught thus, our after stay's but a short night:
 But by all soules not by corruption choaked
 Let in high rais'd notes that power be invoked.
 Calme the rough seas, by which she sayles to rest,
 From sorrowes here, to a kingdome ever blest; 40
 And teach this hymne of her with joy, and sing,
The grave no conquest gets, Death hath no sting.

30 the *B, Cy, H40, P*: those 1635-69 31 not 1635-69: that *B*,
Cy, P 32 Which did 1635-69: Did *H40*: Did not *B, Cy, P* spirit-
 instructed *MSS.*: spirits instructed 1635-69 34 saw, heard, felt. *B*,
Cy, H40, P: saw and felt. 1635-69 38 rais'd 1635-69: raised
Chambers 39 she sayles 1635-69: shee's sayl'd *B, H40*: shee's fled
Cy, P rest, 1650-69: rest 1635-39 40 here, 1650-69: here
 1635-39 blest; *Ed*: blest 1635: blest, 1639-54: blest. 1669 41 And
 preach this Hymn which hers (she *Cy, P*) with joy did sing, *B, Cy*,
H40, P sing, 1650-69: sing 1635-69

IV.

Pfalme 137.

Probably by Francis Davison.

I.

BY Euphrates flowry side
 We did bide,
 From deare Juda farre absented,
 Tearing the aire with our cryes,
 And our eyes,
 With their streames his streame augmented.

5

II.

When, poore Syons dolefull state,
 Desolate;
 Sacked, burned, and inthrall'd,
 And the Temple spoil'd, which wee
 Ne'r should see,
 To our mirthlesse mindes wee call'd:

10

III.

Our mute harpes, untun'd, unstrung,
 Up wee hung
 On greene willowes neere beside us,
 Where, we sitting all forlorne;
 Thus, in scorne,
 Our proud spoylers 'gan deride us.

15

Pfalme 137. 1633-69, A25, C, RP61 in Certaine selected Psalmes of David (in Verse) differint from Those usually sung in the Church Composd by Francis Davison esq^r. deceased and other Gentlemen. Manuscribd by R. Crane. Addl. MS. 27407, Harl. MSS. 3357 an l 6930
 our cryes] with mournful cries *Crane* 6 his] the *Crane*
 forlorne] foe forlorne *Crane*

4 with

16 all

IV.

IV.

Come, sad Captives, leave your moanes,
 And your groanes 20
 Under Syons ruines bury;
 Tune your harps, and sing us layes
 In the praise
 Of your God, and let's be merry.

V.

Can, ah, can we leave our moanes? 25
 And our groanes
 Under Syons ruines bury?
 Can we in this Land sing Layes
 In the praise
 Of our God, and here be merry? 30

VI.

No; deare Syon, if I yet
 Do forget
 Thine affliction miserable,
 Let my nimble joynts become
 Stiffe and numme, 35
 To touch warbling harpe unable.

VII.

Let my tongue lose singing skill,
 Let it still
 To my parched rooffe be glewed,
 If in either harpe or voice 40
 I rejoyce,
 Till thy joyes shall be renewed.

22-3

To your Harpes sing us some layes

To the praise Crane

24 merry.] merry, 1633-39

25-6 moanes . . . groanes] *interchanged*

Crane

31-2

if I faile

To bewayle Crane

42 renewed.] renewed 1633

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VIII.

VIII.

Lord, curse Edom's traiterous kinde,
 Beare in minde
 In our ruines how they revell'd. 45
Sack, kill, burne, they cry'd out still,
 Sack, burne, kill,
 Downe with all, let all be levell'd.

IX.

And, thou Babel, when the tide
 Of thy pride 50
 Now a flowing, growes to turning;
 Victor now, shall then be thrall,
 And shall fall
 To as low an ebbe of mourning.

X.

Happy he who shall thee waste, 55
 As thou hast
 Us, without all mercy, wasted,
 And shall make thee taste and see
 What poore wee
 By thy meanes have feene and tasted. 60

XI.

Happy, who, thy tender barnes
 From the armes
 Of their wailing mothers tearing,
 'Gainst the walls shall dash their bones,
 Ruthlesse stones 65
 With their braines and blood besmearing.

43 curse] plague Crane 45 ruines] Ruine Crane revell'd. Ed:
 revell'd, 1633-39 52-3 shall... shall] shalt... shalt Crane
 59-60 What by thee
 Wee (poore wee) have &c. Crane

V.

On the blessed Virgin Mary.

Probably by Henry Constable.

IN that, ô Queene of Queenes, thy birth was free
From that which others doth of grace bereave,
When in their mothers wombe they life receive,
God, as his sole-borne daughter loved thee.

To match thee like thy births nobilitie, 5
He thee his Spirit for thy spouse did leave,
By whom thou didst his onely sonne conceive,
And so wast link'd to all the Trinitie.

Cease then, ô Queenes, that earthly Crownes doe weare,
To glory in the Pompe of earthly things; 10
If men such high respects unto you beare,
Which daughters, wives, and mothers are to Kings,
What honour can unto that Queene be done
Who had your God for Father, Spouse and Sonne?

VI.

On the Sacrament.

HE was the Word that spake it,
Hee tooke the bread and brake it;
And what that Word did make it,
I doe beleewe and take it.

On the &c. 1635-69, *A10, B, O'F, S, S96*: also among *Spiritual Sonnets*
by H. C. in *Harl. MS.* 7553 6 thy spouse *A10, B*: his spouse

1635-69 12 to *B*: of 1635-69 Kings,] kings, 1635

On the &c. 1635-69

VII.

VII.

Absence.

That time and absence proves
Rather helps than hurts to loves.

Probably by John Hoskins.

Absence heare my protestation
Against thy strengthe
Distance and lengthe,
Doe what thou canst for alteration:
For harts of truest mettall 5
Absence doth joyne, and time doth settle.

Who loves a Mistris of right quality,
His mind hath founde
Affections grounde
Beyond time, place, and all mortality: 10
To harts that cannot vary
Absence is present, time doth tary:

My Sences want their outward motion
Which now within
Reason doth win, 15
Redoubled by her secret notion:
Like rich men that take pleasure
In hidinge more then handling treasure.

Absence. The Grove (1721): do. or no title, B, Cy, HN (signed J. H.), L74, O'F, P, S, S96 (the text here printed): also in Davison's Poetical Rhapsody (PR) 1602 and (a maimed and altered version) in Wit Restored (WR) 1658
1 heare *B, S96, Grove*: heare thou *Cy, HN, L74, PR, S, WR* 3
Distance] Disdayne *HN* 4 you can *PR*: yee dare *HN* 5 For
hearts where love's refined *WR* 6 Are absent joynd, by tyme com-
bined. *WR* 7 right *S96*: such *Grove, HN, L74, PR* 8 He soon hath
found *PR* 10 all] om. *WR* 11 To] That *WR* 12 present]
presence *B* tary] carry *WR* 13 motion] motions *PR* 16 by
.. notion:] in .. notions: *PR*: in .. notion *HN* 18 hidinge]
finding *Grove*

By

By absence this good means I gaine
 That I can catch her
 Where none can watch her
 In some close corner of my braine:
 There I embrace and there kifs her,
 And so enjoye her, and so misse her.

VIII.

Song.

Probably by the Earl of Pembroke.

Soules joy, now I am gone,
 And you alone,
 (Which cannot be,
 Since I must leave my selfe with thee,
 And carry thee with me)
 Yet when unto our eyes
 Absence denyes
 Each others sight,
 And makes to us a constant night,
 When others change to light;
 O give no way to griefe,
 But let believe
 Of mutuall love,
 This wonder to the vulgar prove
 Our Bodies, not wee move.

19 means] mean *WR* 23 There I embrace and there kifs her, *S96*:
 There I embrace her, and &c. *L74*: There I embrace and there I kifs
 her, *B, O'F, WR*: There I embrace and kifs her, *Grove, HN, PR* 24
 and so misse her *B, Cy, HN, L74, O'F, S96, WR*: while none misse her.
Grove: I both enjoy and misse her. *PR*

Song. 1635-69, *O'F*: also in the Poems &c. (1660) of the Earle of
 Pembroke, and *S^r Benjamin Ruddier*, and the *Lansdowne MS.* 777, where
 it is signed E. of Pembroke. I now] when 1660, *L77*

Let

Let not thy wit beweepe
Wounds but sense-deepe,
For when we misse
By distance our lipp-joying blisse,
Even then our soules shall kisse,
Foolles have no meanes to meet,
But by their feet.
Why should our clay,
Over our spirits so much sway,
To tie us to that way?
O give no way to grieve, &c.

A Dialogue.

EARLE OF PEMBROKE.

IF her disdain least change in you can move,
you do not love,
For whilst your hopes give fuel to the fire,
you sell desire.
Love is not love, but given free,
And so is mine, so should yours bee.

17 Wounds *L*77: Words 1635-69, O'F fense-deepe,] *no hyphen*,
1635-69 18 when] while *L*77 19 lipp-joyning *L*77 (*not* lives
joining as *Chambers* reports): hopes joyning 1635-69, O'F

A Dialogue. *Ed: A Dialogue between Sr Henry Wotton and Mr Donne. 1635-69 among Letters to Seuerall Perfonages: no heading but divided between Earle of Pembroke and Ben: Ruddier H39, H40, P: and so between P and R in the Poems &c. (1660) of Pembroke and Ruddier. See note: only 18 lines and no dialogue, Cy: in TCD (II) the first part is given to Earl of Pembroke and Sr Henry Wotton, the second to Sr Ben. Ruddier and Dr John Donne 3 whilst your hopes give H39 (the), H40, P: when the hope gives 1635-54: when that hope gives 1669*

Her

I'll never dig in Quarry of an heart 25
to have no part,
 Nor roaft in fiery eyes, which alwayes are
Canicular.
 Who this way would a Lover prove,
 May shew his patience, not his love. 30

A frowne may be sometimes for phyfick good,
But not for food;
 And for that raging humour there is fure
A gentler Cure.
 Why barre you love of private end, 35
 Which never should to publique tend?

IX.

Break of Daye.

Stanza prefixed to Donne's Poem (p. 23) in Stowe MS. 961 and
 in Edition of 1669.

Probably by John Dowlands.

Stay, O sweet, and do not rise,
 The light that shines comes from thine eyes;
 The day breakes not, it is my heart,
 Because that you and I must part.
 Stay, or else my joys will die, 5
 And perish in their infancie.

25 Quarry] quarryes P 27 roaft 1669, H40: rest 1635-54: waste
 H39, P 30 May] doth H39, H40, P
 Stanza &c.] given as a separate poem in A25 (where it is written in at the
 side), C, O'F, P: printed in John Dowland's A Pilgrim's Solace (1612) 1
 Stay, O sweet] Lie still my dear A25, C 3 The day breakes not]
 There breakes not day S96 4 Because that] To think that S96 5
 Stay] Oh stay S96

APPENDIX C.

A

SELECTION OF POEMS WHICH FREQUENTLY
ACCOMPANY POEMS BY JOHN DONNE
IN MANUSCRIPT COLLECTIONS OR
HAVE BEEN ASCRIBED TO
DONNE BY MODERN
EDITORS.

I.

POEMS FROM ADDITIONAL MS. 25707.

*A Letter written by S^r H: G: and J: D: alternis
vicibus.*

Since ev'ry Tree beginns to blossome now
 Perfuminge and enameling each bow,
 Hartes should as well as they, some fruits allow.
 For since one old poore funn serves all the rest,
 You sev'rall funns that warme, and light each breft 5
 Doe by that influence all your thoughts digest.
 And that you two may foe your vertues move,
 On better matter then beames from above,
 Thus our twin'd souls fend forth these buds of love.
 As in devotions men Joyne both there hands, 10
 Wee make ours doe one Act to seale the bands,
 By which we enthrall ourselves to your commands,
 And each for others faith and zeale stand bound:
 As safe as spirits are from any wound,
 Soe free from impure thoughts they shal be found. 15

A Letter written &c. *A25: published by Chambers, who completes the name*
 2 bow, *Ed: bow A25* 9 twin'd *A25: twined Chambers* 10 hands,
Ed: hands A25 12-13 commands, . . . bound: *Ed: command. . .*
 bound, *A25*

Admit

Admit our magique then by which wee doe
Make you appeere to us, and us to you,
Supplying all the Muses in you twoe.

Wee doe consider noe flower that is sweet,
But wee your breath in that exhaling meet, 20
And as true types of you, them humbly greet.

Heere in our Nightingales we heere you finge
Who foe doe make the whole yeare through a springe,
And save us from the feare of Autumns finge.

In Anchors calme face wee your smoothnes see, 25
Your mindes unmingled, and as cleare as shee
That keepes untoucht her first virginitie.

Did all St. Edith nunns descend againe
To honor Polesworth with their cloystred traine,
Compar'd with you each would confesse some stayne. 30

Or should wee more bleed out our thoughts in inke,
Noe paper (though it woulde be glad to drinke
Thofe drops) could comprehend what wee doe thinke.

For t'were in us ambition to write
Soe, that becaufe wee two, you two unite, 35
Our letter should as you, bee infinite.

O Frutefull Garden.

O Frutefull garden, and yet never tilde,
Box full of Treasure yet by noe man filde.
O thou which haste, made him that first made thee;
O neare of kinne to all the Trinetie;
O Pallace where the kinge of all, and more; 5
Went in, and out, yet never opened doore;

25 Anchors *Chambers*: Anchos *A25* 29 traine, *Ed*: traine *A25*
31 inke, *Ed*: *A25*
O Frutefull Garden. *A25*: [TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN
MARY.] *Chambers* 6 out *Ed*: out *A25*

Whofe

Whose flesh is purer, than an others sperrit
 Reache him our Prayers, and reach us down his merrit;
 O bread of lyfe which sweld'ste up without Leaven;
 O bridge which joynst together earth and heaven; 10
 Whose eyes see me through these walles, and through glassse,
 And through this fleshe as thorowe Cipres passe.
 Behould a little harte made greate by thee
 Swelling, yet shrinking at thy majestie.
 O dwell in it, for where foe ere thou go'st 15
 There is the Temple of the Holy Ghoste.

To my Lord of Pembroke.

FY e, Fye you sonnes of Pallas what madd rage
 Makes you contend that Love's, or God, or page?
 Hee that admires, his weaknes doth confesse;
 For as Love greater growes; foe hee growes lesse.
 Hee that disdaines, what honor wynds thereby, 5
 That he feelles not, or triumphes on a fly?
 If love with queasie paine thy stomack move,
 Soe will a flutt whome none dare touch; or love.
 If it with sacred straines doe thee inspire
 Of Poetrie; foe wee maye want admire. 10
 If it thee valiant make, his ryvall hate
 Can out doe that and make men desperate.
 Yealding to us, all woemen conquer us,
 By gentlenes we are betrayed thus.
 We will not strive with Love that's a shee beaste; 15
 But playinge wee are bounde, and yeald in Jest;
 As in a Cobwebb toyle, a flye hath beene
 Undone; so have I some fainte lover seene.
 Love cannot take away our strength, but tame,
 And wee lesse feeles the thinge then feare the name; 20

8 merrit; *Ed*: merrit, *A25* 9 Leaven, *Ed*: Leaven *A25*
 To my Lord of Pembroke. *A25*, *Chambers* 3 confesse; *Ed*: confesse
A25 5 disdaines, *Ed*: disdaines *A25* 6 fly? *Ed*: fly; *A25*
 19 tame, *Ed*: tame *A25*

Love is a temperate bath ; hee that feeles more
 Heate or could there, was hott, or could before.
 But as Suñ beames which would but norishe, burne,
 Drawne into hollow Christall, foe we turne
 To fire her bewties Lustre willingly, 25
 By gatheringe it in our false treacherous eye.
 Love is nor you, nor you ; but I a balme,
 Sword to the stiff, unto the wounded balme.
 Prayes noe thinge adds, if it be infinite,
 If it be nothing, who can lessen it? 30

Of a Lady in the Black Masque.

WHY chose shee black ; was it that in whitenes
 Shee did Leda equal? whose brightnes
 Must suffer los to put a bewtie on
 Which hath no grace but from proportion.
 It is but Coullor, which to loose is gayne, 5
 For shee in black doth th'Æthiopian staine,
 Beinge the forme that beautifies the creature
 Her rareness not in Coullor is ; but feature.
 Black on her receaves foe strong a grace
 It seemes the fittest beautie for the face. 10
 Coullor is not, but in æstimation,
 Faire, or foule, as it is stild by fashon.
 Kinges wearinge sackcloath it doth royall make ;
 Soe black(ne)s from her face doth beautie take.
 It not in Coullor but in her, inheres, 15
 For what she is, is faire, not what she weares ;
 The Moore shalle envye her, as much, or more,
 As did the Ladies of our Court before.
 The Sunn shall mourne that hee had westwarde beene,
 To seeke his Love ; whilst shee i'th North was seene. 20

27 I a balme, *A25* : Aye a calm, *Chambers conjectures*

Of a Lady &c. *A25*, *Chambers*

10 face. *Ed* : face *A25*

13 make ; *Ed* : make *A25*

14 black(ne)s *Chambers* : blacks *A25*

16 weares ; *Ed* : weares, *A25*

Her

Her blacknes lends like lustre to her eyes,
As in the night pale Phoebe glorifyes.
Hell, synne, and vice their attributes shall loofe
Of black, for it wan, and pale whitenes choofe,
As like themselves, Common, and most in use: 25
Sad of that Coulor is the late abuse.

II.

POEMS FROM THE BURLEY MS.

〈*Life.*〉

THis lyfe it is not life, it is a fight
That wee haue of y^e earth, y^e earth of vs;
It is a feild, where fence & reason fight,
The foules & bodies quarrells to discus;
It is a iorney where wee do not goe, 5
but fly wth speedy wings t'our blisse or woe.
It is a chaine y^t hath but two smale links
Where〈with〉 or graue is to or bodie ioyned;
It is a poyned feast wherein who thinks
To tast ioyes cup, y^e cup of death doth find. 10
It is a play, presented in heauens eye,
Wherein or parts are to do naught but dye.

〈*My Love.*〉

MY love doth fly wth wings of feare
And doth a flame of fire resemble,
w^{ch} mounting high & burning cleere
yet ever more doth wane & tremble.

〈*Life.*〉 *Ed*: no title, *Bur* 2 vs; *Ed*: vs *Bur* 3 feild, *Ed*:
feild *Bur* 4 discus; *Ed*: discus *Bur* 6 woe. *Ed*: woe *Bur*
8 Where〈with〉 *Ed*: where *Bur* ioyned; *Ed*: ioyned *Bur*
〈*My Love.*〉 *Ed*: no title and no punctuation, *Bur* 4 wane *Ed*:
weane *Bur*

My

My loue doth see & still admire, 5
 Admiring breedeth humblenes;
 blind loue is bold, but my desire
 the more it loues p^{re}fumes y^e lesse.
 My loue seekes no reward or glory
 but wth it self it self contenteth, 10
 is never fullaine, never sory,
 never repyneth or repenteth.
 O'who the funne beames can behold
 but hath some passion, feelles some heat,
 for though the funn himself be cold 15
 his beames reflecting fire begett.
 O y^t myne eyes, ô that myne hart
 Were both enlarged to contayne
 the beames & ioyes shee doth impart,
 whilst shee this bowre doth not disdayne; 20
 this bowre vnfit for such a gieste,
 but since she makes it now her Inn,
 Would god twere like her sacred breast
 most fayre wthout, most rich wthin.

〈O Eyes!〉

O Eyes, what do you see?
 O eares what do you heare?
 that makes y^o wish to bee
 All eyes or else all eare?
 I see a face as fayre 5
 As mans eye ever saw,
 I here as sweet an ayre
 as y^t w^{ch} rocks did draw,

12 never *Ed*: ne're *Bur*

〈O Eyes!〉 *Ed*: no title and no punctuation, *Bur*

I wish, when in such wife
 I see or heare y^e fame,
 I had all Argus eyes
 or else y^e eare(s) of fame. 10

〈Silence Best Praise.〉

Cōmend her? no. I dare not terme her fayre,
 nor fugged sweet, nor tall, nor louely browne;
 suffice it y^t she is wthout compare;
 but how, I dare not tell lest she should frowne.
 but those parts 〈least〉 w^{ch} others make theyre pryde, 5
 and feed there fancies wth devised lyes;
 giue me but leaue to pull my faint asyde,
 and tell her in her eare that she is wise.
 to write of beauties rare ther is noe art,
 for why tis common to there sex & kind, 10
 but making choice of natures better part
 my Muse doth most desire to prayse her mind.
 But as her vertue(s) clayme a crowne of bayes,
 So manners makes me sylent in her prayse.

12 eare(s) *Ed*: eare *Bur*:

Cui, quot sunt corpore plumae,
 Tot vigiles oculi subter, mirabile dictu,
 Tot linguae, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit auris.

Virgil: *Aen.* iv. 181-3.

〈Silence Best Praise.〉 *Ed*: no title, *Bur* 1 fayre, *Ed*: fayre *Bur*
 2 sweet, . . . tall, . . . browne; *Ed*: no stops, *Bur* 3 compare; *Ed*:
 compare *Bur* 4 frowne. *Ed*: frowne *Bur* 5 〈least〉 *Ed*:
 lest *Bur* pryde, *Ed*: pryde *Bur* 6 lyes; *Ed*: lyes *Bur* 7
 asyde, *Ed*: asyde *Bur* 8 wife. *Ed*: wife *Bur* 9-10 art, . . . kind,
Ed: no commas, *Bur* 10 common] cōmō *Bur* 12 mind. *Ed*: mind
Bur 13 vertue(s) *Ed*: vertue *Bur* bayes, *Ed*: bayes *Bur*
 〈Beauty

〈*Beauty in Little Room.*〉

THose droffy heads & irrepurged braynes
 Tw^{ch} sacred fyre of loue hath not refined
 may grossly think my loue smale worth contaynes
 because shee is of body smale combined.
 Not diving to y^e depth of natures reach,
 W^{ch} on smale things doth greatest guifts bestow:
 small gems & pearls do witt more truly teach
 W^{ch} little are yet great in vertue grow,
 of flowers most part y^e least wee sweetest see,
 of creatures having life & sence y^e annt
 is smalt, yet great her guifts & vertues bee,
 frugall & provident for feare of want.

5

10

Wherefore who sees not natures full intent?
 she made her smale to make her excellent.

〈*Loves Zodiake.*〉

I That y^e higher half of loutes
 Round Zodiake haue rune,
 And in the signe of crabbed chaunce
 My Tropick haue begun,
 Am taught to teach y^e man is blest
 Whose loutes lott lights so badd,
 as his solstitium soonest makes
 And so growes Retrograde.

5

〈*Fortune, Love, and Time.*〉

WHen fortune, loue, and Tyme bad me be happie,
 Happy I was by fortune, loue, and tyme.
 These powres at highest then began to vary,
 and cast him downe whome they had caus'd to clyme;
 They prun'd their wings, and tooke their flight in rage;
 fortune to fooles, loue to gold, and tyme to age.

6

〈*Beauty in Little Room.*〉 *Ed: no title, Bur* 5 *depth Ed: depht Bur*
reach, Ed: reach Bur 6 *bestow: Ed: bestow Bur* 8 *grow, Ed:*
grow Bur 11 *bee, Ed: bee Bur* 13 *intent? Ed: intent Bur*

〈*Loves Zodiake*〉 *Ed: no title, Bur*

〈*Fortune, Love, and Time.*〉 *Ed: no title and no punctuation, Bur*

Fooles

Fooles, gold, and age, (o foolish golden age!)
Witt, fayth, and loue must begg, must brybe, must dy;
These are the actors and the world's the stage,
Desert and hope are as but standers by: 10
True lovers fit and tune this restless song;
Fortune, loue, and tyme haue done me wrong.

<Life a Play.>

What is or life? a play of passion.
or mirth? the musick of diuision.
Or mothers wombs the tiring houses bee
Where we are drest for liues short comedy.
The earth the stage, heauen y^e spectator is, 5
Who still doth note who ere do act amisse.
Or graues that hyde vs, frō the all-seeing sun,
Are but drawne curtaynes whē the play is done.

A Kisse.

What a blisse
is this?
heaven is effected
and loues eternity contracted
In one short kisse. 5
For not tymes measure
makes pleasure
more full.
tedious and dull
all ioyes are thought 10
y^t are not in an instant wrought.

*<Life a Play.> Ed: no title, and no punctuation except the two marks of
interrogation, Bur*

A Kisse. Bur 8 full. Ed: full Bur

Cupi(d)s blest and highest spheare
is heare.

heere on his throne

in his bright imperial crowne

hee fitts.

Those witts

That thinke to proue

that mortals know

in any place below

a blisse so great

so sweet

Are heretiques in loue.

These pleasures high

now dye,

but still beginning

new & greater glory winning

gett fresh supply.

No short breath'd panting

nor faynting

is heere,

fuller and freer

more pleafinge is

this pleasure still, & none but this.

Heer'es no blush nor labor great,

no fweat;

Heres no payne

nor repentance when againe

Loue cooles.

O fooles

That fondly glory

in base condition

of sensual fruition.

you do mistake

& make

y^r heaven purgatory.

12 Cupi(d)s *Ed: Cupis Bur*
supply. *Ed: supply Bur* 31

27 new *Ed*: now *Bur*

31 heere, *Ed*: heere *Bur*

35 great,

Ed: great Bur
fruition Bur

39 cooles. *Ed*: cooles *Bur*

43 fruition, *Ed*:

Epi:

Epi: B: Jo:

TELL me who can when a player dies
In w^{ch} of his shapes againe hee shall rise?
What need hee stand at the iudgment throne
Who hath a heaven and a hell of his owne.
Then feare not Burbage heavens angry rodd,
When thy fellows are angells & old Hemmings is God. 5

Epi: Hen: Princ: Hug^o Holland.

Loe now hee shineth yonder
A fixed starr in heaven,
Whose motion is vnder
None of the planetts seaven;
And if the soñ should tender 5
The moone his loue and marry,
They never could engender
So fayre a starr as Harry.

III

POEMS FROM VARIOUS MSS.

⟨*The Annuntiation.*

Additional Lines.⟩

NAture amaz'd fawe man without mans ayde
Borne of a mother nursed by her a mayd,
The child the Parent was, the worke the word,
No word till then did such a worke affoord.

Epi: B: Jo: (i.e. Epitaph: Ben Ionson) Bur: no punctuation

Epi: Hen: Princ: Hug^o Holland. Bur: no punctuation

⟨*The Annuntiation. Additional Lines.*⟩ *Ed: these lines run straight*
on as part of The Annuntiation and Passion in O'F 2 a mayd]
Norton supplies a mayd, Ed: mayd O'F 3 was, . . . word, Ed: no
commas, O'F

Twas

Twas lesse from nothing the world's all to growe 5
 Then all-Creato^{rs} height to stoope so lowe.
 A virgin mother to a child bredd wonder,
 T'was more a child should bee the God of thunder.
 Th'omnipotent was strangely potent heere
 To make the powerfull God pearelesse appeare. 10
 Hee in our body cladd, for our soules love
 Came downe to us, yet stay'd vnchanged above.
 Yet God through man shind still in this cleere brooke,
 Through meane shewes into maiesty wee looke.
 Sinnes price seemd payd with brasse, fewe sawe the gold,
 Yet true stones set in lead theyr lustre hold. 16
 His birth though poore, Prophets foretold his story,
 Hee breathd with beasts, but Angels sung his glory.
 Hee, so farr of, so weake, yet Herod quakes,
 The citty dreads, babes, murderd, feare mistakes. 20
 His Circumcision bore sinne, payne, and shame,
 Young blood new budd, hence bloomd a fauours name.
 His paynes and pafsion bredd compafsion, wonder;
 Earth trembling, heavens darke, rocks rent afunder.
 His birth, life, death, his words, his workes, his face 25
 Shewd a rich Jewell shining through the case,
 Cast thus, since man at gods high presence trembles.
 Heere man mans troth loves whome his sheepe resembles.
 The bright Sunne beame a sickly eye may diſme,
 A little babe in shallow heart may swim. 30
 Hee heavens wealth to a poore stable brings,
 Th'oxestall the Court unto the king of kings.
 No Shadowes now nor lightning flames give terror.
 This light tells with our tongue, and beares o^r error.
 Pure infant teares, moist pearle adorn'd his cheeke, 35
 Afsignd, ere borne, our erring soules to seeke.
 Hee first wept teares, then blood, a deare redemption;
 This bought what Adam fould, that seemd preemption.

6 lowe, *Ed*: lowe *O'F* 7 wonder, *Ed*: wonder *O'F* 8 thunder.
Ed: thunder *O'F* 13 brooke, *Ed*: brooke *O'F* 21 shame, *Ed*:
 shame *O'F* 23 wonder; *Ed*: wonder *O'F* 24 trembling, *Ed*:
 trembling *O'F* 26 case, *Ed*: case *O'F* 27 trembles, *Ed*: trembles
O'F 28 resembles, *Ed*: resembles *O'F* 29 diſme, *Ed*: diſme *O'F*
 31 brings, *Ed*: brings *O'F* 35 cheeke, *Ed*: cheeke *O'F* 37 redemp-
 tion; *Ed*: redemption *O'F* 38 preemption, *Ed*: preemption *O'F*

Clare

Cleare droppe, deare feede, the corne had bloudy eares,
 Rich harvest reapt in bloud and fowne in teares. 40
 Who this Corne in theyr hart nor thresh, nor lay,
 Breake for sinnes debt, unthrifty never pay.
 Use wealth, it wastes, a stayd hand heapes the store,
 But this the more wee use wee have the more;
 Use, not like usury whose growth is lending, 45
 Rich thoughts this treasure keepe and thrive by spending;
 Th'expense runnes circular, turning returning,
 Such love no hart consumes, yet ever burning.

Elegy. To Chast Love.

CHast Love, let mee embrace thee in mine armes
 Without the thought of lust. From thence no harmes
 Ensue, no discontent attende those deeds
 So innocently good w^{ch} thy love breeds.
 Th'approche of day brings to thy sence no feares, 5
 Nor is the black nights worke washd in thy teares;
 Thou takst no care to keepe thy lover true,
 Nor yet by flighte, nor fond inventions new
 To hold him in, who with like flame of love
 Must move his spirit too, as thine doth move; 10
 w^{ch} ever mounts aloft with golden wings
 And not declines to lowe despised things.
 Thy soule is bodyd within thy quiet brest
 In safety, free from trouble and unrest.
 Thou fearst no ill because thou dost no ill, 15
 Like mistres of thy selfe, thy thought, and will,

39 eares, *Ed:* eares *O'F* 41 lay, *Ed:* lay *O'F* 43 store, *Ed:*
 store *O'F* 44 more; *Ed:* more *O'F* 45 Use, . . . lending, *Ed:*
no commas, O'F 46 spending; *Ed:* spending *O'F* 47 returning,
Ed: returning *O'F* 48 consumes, *Ed:* consumes *O'F*
 Elegy. To Chast Love. *O'F* 5 feares, *Ed:* feares *O'F* 6
 teares; *Ed:* teares *O'F* 7 true, *Ed:* true *O'F* 9 in, *Ed:* in *O'F*
 10 move; *Ed:* move *O'F* 15 ill, *Ed:* ill *O'F* 16 will, *Ed:*
 will *O'F*

Obey thy mind, a mind for ever such
 As all may prayse, but none admire too much.
 Then come, Chast Love, choyse part of womankind
 Infuse chast thoughts into my loving mind. 20

Upon his scornfull Mistresse. Elegy.

CRuell since that thou dost not feare the curse
 W^{ch} thy disdayne, and my despayre procure,
 My prayer for thee shall torment thee worse
 Then all the payne thou couldst thereby endure.
 May, then, that beauty w^{ch} I did conceive 5
 In thee above the height of heavens course,
 When first my Liberty thou didst bereave,
 Bee doubled on thee and with doubled force.
 Chayne thousand vassalls in like thrall with mee,
 W^{ch} in thy glory mayst thou still despise, 10
 As the poore Trophies of that victory
 Which thou hast onely purchasd by thine eyes;
 And when thy Triumphs so extended are
 That there is nought left to bee conquered,
 Mayst thou with the great Monarchs mournfull care 15
 Weepe that thine Hono^{rs} are so limited;
 So thy disdayne may melt it selfe to love
 By an unlookd for and a wondrous change,
 W^{ch} to thy selfe above the rest must prove
 In all th'effects of love paynefully strange, 20
 While wee thy scorned subjects live to see
 Thee love the whole world, none of it love thee.

Upon his scornfull Mistresse. *O'F*: no title, *B*, which adds note, 'This hath relation to 'When by thy scorne'. See *The Apparition*, p. 191 2
 despayre *B*: disdayne *O'F* procure, *Ed*: procure *O'F* 6 course,
Ed: course *O'F* 7 bereave, *Ed*: bereave *O'F* 8 force. *Ed*: force
O'F 9 Chayne *B*: Stay *O'F* mee, *Ed*: mee *O'F* 10 despise, *Ed*:
 despise *O'F* 12 eyes; *Ed*: eyes *O'F* 14 conquered, *Ed*: conquered
O'F 16 limited; *Ed*: limited *O'F* 18 change, *Ed*: change *O'F*
 20 strange, *Ed*: strange *O'F*

< Absence. >

〈Absence.〉

W^Onder of Beautie, Goddesse of my sence,
You that have taught my soule to love aright,
You in whose limbes are natures chief expence
Fitt instrument to serve your matchles spright,
If ever you have felt the miserie 5
Of being banish'd from your best desier,
By Absence, Time, or Fortunes tyranny,
Sterving for cold, and yet denied for fier:
Deare mistresse pittie then the like effects
The which in mee your absence makes to flowe, 10
And haste their ebb by your divine aspect
In which the pleasure of my life doth growe:
Stay not so long for though it seem a wonder
You keepe my bodie and my soule asunder.

FINIS.

〈Tongue-tied Love.〉

F^Aire eies do not think scorne to read of Love
That to your eies durst never it presume,
Since absence those sweet wonders do〈th〉 remove
That nourish thoughts, yet fence and wordes consume;
This makes my pen more hardy then my tongue, 5
Free from my feare yet feeling my desire,
To utter that I have conceal'd so long
By doing what you did yourself require.
Believe not him whom Love hath left so wise
As to have power his owne tale for to tell, 10
For childrens greefes do yield the loudest cries,
And cold desires may be expressed well:
In well told Love most often falsehood lies,
But pittie him that only fighes and dies.

FINIS.

〈Absence.〉 〈Tongue-tied Love.〉 *Ed: whole sonnets without titles in*
L 74: the last six lines of the second appear among Donne's poems in B, O'F, S96
〈Tongue-tied Love.〉 12 cold desires] coldest Ayres O'F

〈Love,

⟨Love, if a God thou art.⟩

L Ove if a god thou art
 then evermore thou must
 Bee mercifull and just;
 If thou bee just, ô wherefore doth thy dart
 Wound mine alone and not my mistresse hart?

5

If mercifull, then why
 Am I to payne reservd
 Who have thee truely serv'd,
 When shee that by thy powre fets not a fly
 Laughs thee to scorne and lives at liberty?
 Then if a God thou woulds accounted bee,
 Heale mee like her, or else wound her like mee.

10

⟨Great Lord of Love.⟩

G Reate Lord of love, how busy still thou art
 To give new wounds and fetters to my hart!
 Is't not enough that thou didst twice before

It so mangle
 And intangle
 By fly arts
 of false harts.

5

Forbeare mee, Ile make love no more.

Fy busy Lord, will it not thee suffice
 To use the Rhetorique of her tongue and eyes
 When I am waking, but that absent so

10

They invade mee
 To perswade mee,
 When that sleepe
 Oft should keepe

15

And lock out every fence of woe.

⟨Love if a God thou art.⟩ ⟨Great Lord of Love.⟩ ⟨Loves Exchange.⟩
all without titles in O'F: punctuation mainly the Editor's

If

If thou perfwade mee thus to ſpeake, I dye
And ſhee the murtherſſe, for ſhe will deny;
And if for ſilence I bee preſt, Her good

Yet I cheriſh

20

Though I periſh,

For that ſhee

Shall bee free

From that foule guilt of ſpilling bloud.

〈*Loves Exchange.*〉

1. **T**O ſue for all thy Love, and thy whole hart
were madneſſe.

I doe not ſue, nor can admitt,
(Fayreſt) from yo^u to have all yet;

Who giveth all, hath nothing to impart
But ſadneſſe.

5

2. Hee who receaveth all can have no more,
Then ſeeing

My love by length of every howre

Gathers new ſtrength, new growth, new power:

You muſt have dayly new rewards in ſtore
Still beeing.

11

3. You cannot every day give mee yo^r hart
For merit;

Yet if you will, when yours doth goe

15

You ſhall have ſtill one to beſtow,

For you ſhall mine, when yours doth part,
Inherit.

4. Yet if you pleaſe weele find a better way
Then change them,

20

For ſo alone (deareſt) wee ſhall

Bee one and one another all;

Let us ſo joyne our harts, that nothing may
Eſtrange them.

Song.

Song.

Now y'have killd mee with yo^r fcorne
Who shall live to call yo^u fayre?

What new foole must now bee borne

To prepare

Dayly facrifice of service new,

5

Teares too good for woemen true?

Who shall forrow when yo^u crye

And to please yo^u dayly dye?

Men succeeding shall beware

And woemen cruell, no more fayre.

10

2.

Now y'have killd mee, never looke

Any left to call yo^u trewe;

Who more madd must now bee tooke

To renewe

My oblations dayly, lost?

15

Vowes too good for woemen chaff!

Who shall call yo^u sweete, and sweare

T'is yo^r face renews the yeare?

Men by my Death shall beleewe,

And woemen cruell yet shall greeve.

20

Love, bred of glances.

Love bred of Glances twixt amorous eyes
Like Childrens fancies, sone borne, sone dyes.

Gulte, Bitternes, and smilinge woe

Doth ofte deceaue poore lovers foe,

As the fonde Sence th'unwary soule deceives

5

With deadly poison wrapt in Lily leaves.

Song. O'F: punctuation mainly Editor's

Love &c. <True Love.> Chambers, who prints from RP117: no title,
O'F, P, S96 (from which present text is taken) 2 borne B, P, O'F, S96:
bred Chambers 4 Doth S96: does B, O'F: doe P 5 As] And
Chambers

But

But harts so chain'd as Goodnes stands
 With truthe unstain'd to couple hands,
 Love beinge to all beauty blinde
 Save the cleere beauties of the minde, 10
 There heaven is pleas'd, continuall blessings sheddunge,
 Angells are guessts and dance at this blest weddinge.

To a Watch restored to its Mystres.

Goe and Count her better howers.
 For they are happier than oures.
 The day that gives her any blifs,
 Make it as long againe as 'tis.
 The hower shee smyles in, lett it bee 5
 By thy acte multiplyde to three.
 But if shee frowne on thee or mee,
 Know night is made by her, not thee;
 Be swifte in such an hower & soone,
 See thou make night, ere it be noone. 10
 Obey her tymes, whoe is the free
 Faire Sunne that governes thee & mee.

(Ad Solem.)

WHerfore peepst thou, envious daye?
 We can kisse without thee.
 Lovers hate the golden raye,
 Which thou bearest about thee.

7 as Goodnes] 'tis goodnes *Chambers* 8 hands, *Ed*: hands *S96*
 10 minde, *B*: minde *S96* 11 There heav'n is *O'F, P, S96*: Where
 Reason is *Chambers* sheddunge, *Ed*: sheddunge *S96* 12 this] his
Chambers

To a Watch &c. *B*, where note below title says none of J. D. and poem is signed W. L.

(*Ad Solem.*) *Ed*: no title, *Add. MSS.* 22603, 33998, *Egerton MS.* 2013, *Harleian MS.* 791, *S, TCD (II)*: printed J. Wilson: *Cheerful Ayres* (1659), *Grosart and Chambers*: text from *Eg. MS.* 2013: punctuation partly *Editor's*
 2 kisse] live *E20*

Goe and give them light that sorowe
 Or the faylor flyinge: 5
 Our imbraces need noe morowe
 Nor our bliffes eying.

We shall curfe thy curyous eye
 For thy soone betrayinge, 10
 And condemn thee for a spye
 Yf thou catch us playinge.
 Gett thee gone and lend thy flashe
 Where there's need of lending,
 Our affections are not ashes 15
 Nor our pleasures endinge.

Weare we cold or withered heare
 We would stay thee by us,
 Or but one anothers feare
 Then thou shouldst not flye us. 20
 Wee are yongue, thou spoilst our pleasure;
 Goe to sea and slumber,
 Darknes only gives us leasure
 Our stolne joyes to number.

⟨ *If She Deride.* ⟩

GReate and goode if she deryde mee
 Let me walke Ile not despayre,
 Ere to morrowe Ile provide mee
 One as greate, lesse prowd, more faire.
 They that seeke Love to constraine 5
 Have theire labour for their paine.

9 curyous *A22, A33, H79, S, TCD*: envious *E20* 19 one anothers
 feare *TCD*: one another fear *E20*: one anothers sphere *A22, A33, S*
 23 gives] lends *A22, A33*

⟨ *If She Deryde.* ⟩ *Chambers*: no title, *S*: also, *Chambers reports*, in *C.C.C.*
Oxon. MS. 327, f. 26: printed by *Grosart and Chambers*

They

They that strongly can importune
 And will never yeild nor tyre,
 Gaine the paye in spight of Fortune
 But such gaine Ile not defyre. 10
 Where the prize is shame or synn,
 Wynners loose and loofers wynn.

Looke upon the faythfull lover,
 Griefe stands paynted in his face,
 Groanes, and Teares and sighs discover 15
 That they are his onely grace:
 Hee must weepe as children doe
 That will in the fashon wooe.

I whoe flie these idle fancies
 Which my dearest rest betraye, 20
 Warnd by others harmfull chances,
 Vse my freedome as I may.
 When all the worlde says what it cann
 'Tis but—Fie, vnconstant mann!

〈Fortune Never Fails.〉

What if I come to my mistris bedd
 The candles all ecclipst from shyninge,
 Shall I then attempt for her mayden-head
 Or showe my felfe a coward by declyninge?
 Oh noe 5
 Fie doe not foe,
 For thus much I knowe by devyninge,
 Blynd is Love
 The dark it doth approve,

11 Where the prize is *Chambers*: Where they prize this ('t' struck out) *S*: Where they prize is *Grosart* 14 Teares and sighs] *Chambers* reverses

〈Fortune Never Fails.〉 *Grosart*: no title, *RP31, S*: also, *Chambers* reports, in *C.C.C. Oxon. MS. 327, f. 21*: printed *Grosart* and *Chambers*, and, last two verses only, *Simcon*

- To pray on pleasures pantinge; 10
 What needeth light
 For Cupid in the night,
 If jealous eyes be wantinge.
- Fortune never failes, if she badd take place,
 To shroude all the faire proceedings : 15
 Love and she though blynd, yet each other embrace,
 To favor all their servants meetings :
 Venture I say
 To sport and to play,
 If in place all be fitting ; 20
 Though she say fie
 Yet doth she not denie :
 For fie is but a word of tryall :
 Jealousie doth sleepe,
 Then doe not weepe 25
 At force of a faynt denyall.
- Glorious is my love, with tryumphs in her face,
 Then to to bould were I to venter :
 Who loves deserves to live in a princes grace,
 Why stand you then affraid to enter? 30
 Lights are all out
 Then make noe doubt
 A lover bouldly maye take chusinge.
 Bewtie is a baite
 For a princely mate. 35
 Fy, why stand you then a musinge ?
 You'll repent too late
 If she doe you hate,
 For loves delight refusinge.

10 pantinge;] hauntinge: *RP3I* 14 she badd *S*: she bidd *Grosart*:
 she bids *Chambers*: the bould *RP3I* 19 and to play *RP3I, S*: and
 play *Grosart and Chambers* 26 faynt] fair *Chambers* 28 were] was
RP3I 29 princes] Princess *Chambers* 33 lover] woer *Chambers*
 chusinge] a choosing *Chambers*

To His Mistress.

1. **B**Eleave yo^r Glasſe, and if it tell you (Deare)
 Yo^r Eyes inſhrine
 A brighter ſhine
 Then faire Apollo, looke if theere appeare
 The milkie ſkye
 The Crimſon dye 5
 Mixt in your cheeks, and then bid Phoebus ſett,
 More Glory then hee owes appears. But yet

2. Be not deceived with fond Alteration 10

 As Cynthias Globe,
 A ſnow white robe
 Is ſoonest ſpotted, a Carnation dye 15
 Fades, and diſcolours open'd but to Eie.

3. Make uſe of youth, and bewty whileſt they flouriſh:
 Tyme never ſleepes,
 Though it but creeps
 It ſtill gets forward. Do not vainly nourish 20
 Them to ſelfe-uſe,
 It is Abuse;
 The richeſt Grownds lying waſt turne Boggs and rott,
 And ſoe beinge ufeles, were as good were not.

4. Walke in a meddowe by a Rivers ſide, 25
 Upon whoſe Bancks
 Grow milk-white Ranks
 Of full blown Lyllies in their height of Pryde,

To His Miſtreſs. *Le Prince D'Amour* (1660): no title, *S* (whence text):
 printed by Simeon, Grosart, Chambers: punctuation partly Editor's 1 if
 it tell] it will tell Chambers 9 deceived] deceiv'd *S* 16 open'd]
 opened *S* 24 were not] as not *LePD'A*

Which

- Which downward bend
And nothing tend 30
Save their owne Bewties in the Glasſie ſtreame:
Looke to yo^r ſelfe : Compare yo^r ſelfe to them.
5. In ſhow, in bewtie, marke what followes then :
Sommer muſt end,
The funn muſt bend 35
His Longe Abſented beames to others: then
Their ſpring being croſt
By wynters froſt
And ſneap'd by bytter ſtorms againſt w^{ch} nought boots,
They bend their prowde topps lower then their roots.
6. Then none regard them; but wth heedles feet 41
In durt each treads
Their decayed heads.
So when youthe waſted, Age, and yo^u ſhall meet,
Then I alone 45
Shall ſadly moane
That Interviewe; others it will not move,
So light regard we, what we little Love.
FINIS.

A Paradoxe of a Painted Face.

Not kiſſe? By Jove I muſt, and make impreſſion!
As longe as Cupid dares to holde his Seſſion
Vpon my fleſh and blood: our kiſſes ſhall
Outminute Time and without number fall.

31 the Glasſie S: a Glasſie LePD'A: their Glasſie Chambers 32
to them. S: with them. Chambers 36 then] when Chambers 39
ſneap'd Ed: ſnep'd S: ſwept LePD'A: ſnipped Chambers
A Paradoxe of a Painted Face. H39, S, S96, TCD (II) Pembroke and
Ruddier (1660), Le Prince D'Amour (1660), Simeon (1856-7), Grosart
(from S), Chambers (from Simeon, and Pembroke and Ruddier): text from
S96: punctuation partly Editor's

Doe I not know these Balls of blushing Red 5
 That on thy Cheekes thus amorouſlie are ſpred?
 Thy ſnowy necke, thoſe veynes upon thy Browe
 Which with their azure crincklinge ſweetly bowe
 Are artificiall? Borrowed? and no more thine owne
 Then Chaines which on St. George's Day are ſhowne, 10
 Are proper to the wearers? Yet for this
 I idole thee, and beg a luſcious kiſſe.
 The fucus, and Ceruſe, which on thy face
 Thy Cunnigne hand layes on to add new Grace,
 Detaine me with ſuch pleaſing fraude, that I 15
 Finde in thy art, what can in nature Lie.
 Much like a painter that upon ſome Wall
 On which the radiant Sun-beames uſe to fall
 Paints with ſuch art a Gilded butterflye
 That ſilly maides with ſlowe-moved fingers trye 20
 To Catch it, and then bluſh at their miſtake,
 Yet of this painted flye moſt reckonynge make:
 Such is our ſtate; ſince what we looke upon
 Is nought but Coullor and Proportion.
 Take me a face, as full of fraud and Lies 25
 As Gypſies in your cunnigne Lotteries,
 That is more falſe, and more Sophiſticate
 Than are Saints reliques, or a man of ſtate.
 Yet ſuch being Glazed by the ſleight of arte,
 Gaines admiration, winninge many a Harte. 30
 Put caſe there be a difference in the molde,
 Yet may thy Venus be more Chaſte, and holde
 A dearer treaſure: oftentimes we ſee
 Rich Candian wines in wooden Boules to bee.
 The odoriferous Civet doth not lie 35
 Within the muſkat's noſe, or eare, or eye,
 But in a baſer place; for prudent nature

8 azure crincklinge *S96*: azure winckles *P* and *R*: azure twinklinge *S*:
 azur'd wrinklins *TCD*: azure wrinkles *Chambers* 15 Detaine]
 Deceive *H39*, *P* and *R*, *LePD'A.TCD*, *Chambers* [pleaſing] cunning *TCD*
 18 radiant *S96*: cadent *H39*, *TCD*, *LePD'A*, *Grosart*, and *Chambers*:
 ſplendent *P* and *R* 21 then] yet *S96* 32 Chaſte] choiſe *P* and *R*.
LePD'A.TCD

In drawinge us of various formes and stature
 Gives from the curious shop of hir rich treasure
 To faire parts comelinesse, to baser, pleasure. 40
 The fairest flowers, which in the Springe doe growe
 Are not so much for use, as for the shewe,
 As Lillies, Hyacinths, and the georgious birthe
 Of all pide flowers that diaper the earthe,
 Please more with their discoloured purple traine 45
 Then wholesome pothearbs which for use remaine.
 Shall I a Gaudy Speckled Serpent kifs
 For that the colours which he weares are his?
 A perfumed Cordevant who will not wear
 Because the sente is borrowed elsewhere? 50
 The roabes and vestiments, which grace us all
 Are not our owne, but adventitiall.
 Time rifles Natures beauty, but flye Arte
 Repaires by cunninge this decayinge parte.
 Fills here a wrinckle, and there purles a veyne, 55
 And with a nimble hand runs o're againe
 The breaches dented in by th'arme of time,
 And makes Deformity to be no crime.
 As when great men be grip't by sicknes hand,
 Industrious Physicke pregnantly doth stand 60
 To patch up foule diseases, and doth strive
 To keepe theire totteringe Carcasses alive.
 Beautie is a candlelight which every puffe
 Blowes out, and leaves nought but a stinking snuffe
 To fill our nostrills with; this boldelie thinke, 65
 The cleereft Candle makes the greatest stincke,
 As your pure fode and cleereft nutryment
 Gets the most hott, and nose stronge excrement.
 Why hange we then on thinges so apt to varie,
 So fleetinge, brittle, and so temporarie? 70

39 shop] shape S96 rich] largest S96: large *P* and *R*, Grosart, and
 Chambers
 45 discoloured] discovered H39: but discoloured is here
 variegated 53 rifles] rifled S96 55 purles] fills *S*: purls is
 embroiders as with gold or silver thread 67 cleereft] choicest *P* and *R*:
 cleaneft *S*: finest Chambers 68 most hott] most stronge S96

That

That agues, Coughes, the toothache, or Catarr
 (Slight hanfells of diseases) spoile and marr.
 But when olde age theire beauties hath in Chace,
 And plowes up furrowes in theire once-smoothe face,
 Then they become forsaken, and doe shoue 75
 Like stately abbeyes ruin'd longe agoe.
 Nature but gives the modell, and first draught
 Of faire perfection, which by art is taught
 To speake itselfe, a compleat form and birthe,
 Soe stands a Copie to these shapes on earthe. 80
 Jove grante me then a reparable face
 Which, whiles that Colours are, can want no grace.
 Pigmaliions painted statue I coulde love,
 Soe it were warme and softe, and coulde but move.

Sonnett.

M Adam that flea that Crept between your breasts
 I envied, that there he should make his rest:
 The little Creatures fortune was soe good
 That Angells feed not on so pretious foode.
 How it did sucke how eager tickle you 5
 (Madam shall fleas before me tickle you?)

Oh I can not holde; pardon if I kild it.
 Sweet Blood, to you I aske this, that which fild it
 Ran from my Ladies Brest. Come happie flea
 That dide for suckinge of that milkie Sea. 10

72 hanfells *H39*: houses *S, S96, Chambers*: touches *P and R*: causes
LePD'A 73 beauties] brav'ries *H39* 79 To speake itselfe *TCD*,
P and R: Speake to itselfe *S, S96*: Speake for itselfe *H39*: To make it-
 selfe *Simeon, Grosart, and Chambers*

Sonnett. *O'F, S96*: no title, *S*: On A Flea on His Mistres's Bosom
Simeon, Grosart, Chambers (from *Simeon*): text from *S96* 7 I can not
 holde] I not hold can *Chambers* kild *Ed*: killed *Chambers*: kill *S96*

Oh now againe I well could wishe thee there,
 About hir Hart, about hir anywhere;
 I would vowe (Dearest flea) thou shouldst not dye,
 If thou couldst sucke from hir hir crueltye.

On Black Hayre and Eyes.

IF shaddowes be the pictures excellence;
 And make it seeme more lively to the sence;
 If starres in the bright day are hid from sight
 And shine most glorious in the masque of night;
 Why should you thinke (rare creature) that you lack 5
 Perfection cause your haire and eyes are blacke,
 Or that your heavenly beauty which exceeds
 The new sprung lillies in their mayden weeds,
 The damaske coullour of your cheekes and lipps
 Should suffer by their darknesse an eclips? 10
 Rich diamonds shine brightest, being sett
 And compassed within a foyle of Jett.
 Nor was it fitt that Nature should have mayde
 So bright a funne to shine without a shade.
 It seemes that Nature when she first did fancie 15
 Your rare compofure studied Necromancie,
 That when to you this guift she did impart
 She used altogether the black art.
 By which infused power from Magique tooke
 You doe command all spiritts with a looke: 20

13 vowe] now *Chambers*
 thou] that thou *Chambers*

Dearest S96: deare S, O'F, *Chambers*

On Black Hayre and Eyes *Add. MS. 11811, on which text is based: in several MSS. including A25, TCD (II), L77: printed in Parnassus Biceps (1656), Pembroke and Ruddier's Poems (1660), Simeon (1856-7), Grosart, and Chambers* 2 it *A21, H60, TCD: them A11: things L77* 4 shine *H39, TCD: seem A11, Grosart, and Chambers* 8 mayden weeds,] maidenheads, *H39, TCD, Grosart, and Chambers* 9 The damasque coullor of] That cherry colour of *H39, TCD: Or that the cherries of Some MSS.* 12 compassed] compof'd *A11* foyle] field *Chambers* 19 tooke] book *Grosart and Chambers* 20 all spiritts] like spirits *Grosart and Chambers*

Shee drew those Magique circles in your eyes,
 And mayde your hayre the chaines wherewith shee ties
 Rebelling hearts: those blew veines which appeare,
 Winding Meander about either spheare,
 Misterious figures are, and when you list 25
 Your voice commandeth like the Exorcist,
 And every word which from your Pallett falleth
 In a deep charme your hearer's heart intralleth.
 Oh! If in Magique you have skill so farre,
 Vouchsafe me to be your familiar. 30
 Nor hath kind Nature her black art reveal'd
 To outward partes alone, some lie conceal'd,
 And as by heads of springs men often knowe
 The nature of the streames that run belowe,
 So your black haire and eyes do give direction 35
 To make me thinke the rest of like complexion:
 That rest where all rest lies that blesteth Man,
 That Indian mine, that straight of Magellan,
 That worlde dividing gulfe where he that venters,
 With swelling sayles and ravisht senses enters 40
 To a new world of blisse. Pardon, I pray,
 If my rude muse presumeth to display
 Secretts unknowne, or hath her bounds orepast
 In praying sweetnesse which I ne're did tast;
 Sterved men doe know there's meate, and blind men may
 Though hid from light presume there is a day. 46
 The rover in the marke his arrowe sticks
 Sometimes as well as he that shootes att prickes,
 And if I might direct my shaft aright,
 The black mark would I hitt and not the white. 50

25 figures] fables *All* 26 commandeth] commands *All* 29
 you have skill *L77, TCD, &c.*: your power *All*: you have power *Grosart*
and Chambers 33 For (And) as by the springhead a man may (men
 often) know *L77, TCD, and other MSS.* 34 streame . . runs *L77, &c.*
 44 did] shall *TCD and other MSS.* 47 sticks] strikes *Grosart and*
Chambers 49 direct *L77, TCD, &c.*: ayme *All, Grosart, and Chambers*

Fragment of an Elegy.

A Nd though thy glasse a burning one become
 And turne us both to ashes on her urne,
 Yet to our glory till the later day
 Our dust shall daunce like attomes in her ray.
 And when the world shall in confusion burne, 5
 And Kinges and peafantes scramble at an urne,
 Like tapers new blowne out wee happy then
 Will at her beames catch fire and live againe.
 But this is fence, and some one may-be glad
 That I so good a cause of sorrow had, 10
 Will wish all those whome I affect may dye
 So I might please him with an elegie.
 O let there never line of witt be read
 To please the living that doth speake thee dead;
 Some tender-harted mother good and mild, 15
 Who on the deare grave of her tender child
 So many sad teares hath beene knowne to rayne
 As out of dust would mould him up againe,
 And with hir plaintes enforce the wormes to place
 Themselves like veynes so neatly on his face, 20
 And every lymne, as if that they wer striving
 To flatter hir with hope of his reviving:
 Shee should read this, and hir true teares alone
 Should copy forth these sad lines on the stone
 Which hides thee dead, and every gentle hart 25
 That passeth by should of his teares impart
 So great a portion, that if after times
 Ruine more churches for the Clergyes crimes,
 When any shall remove thy marble hence,
 Which is lesse stone then hee that takes it thence, 30
 Thou shalt appeare within thy tearefull cell
 Much like a faire nymph bathing in a well.

Fragment of an Elegy. From *P*, where it appears as portion of an 'heroical
 epistle' from Lady Penelope Rich to Sir Philip Sidney: punctuation *Ed.*

But

But when they find thee dead so lovely fair,
Pitty and forrow then shall straight repaire
And weepe beside thy grave with cipresse cround, 35
To see the secound world of beauty dround,
And add sufficient teares as they condole
'Twould make thy body swimme up to thy soule.
Such eyes should read the lines are writ of thee;
But such a losse should have no elegie 40
To palliate the wound wee tooke in hir,
Who rightly grieves admittes no comforter.
He that had tane to heart thy parting hence
Should have beene chain'd to Bedlam two houres thence,
And not a frind of his ere shed a teare 45
To see him for thy sake distracted there,
But hugge himselfe for loving such as hee
That could runne mad with greefe for loosing thee.
I, haplesse soule, that never knew a frend
But to bewayle his too untimely end, 50
Whose hopes (cropt in the bud) have never come
But to sitt weeping on a fencelesse tombe,
That hides not dust enough to count the teares
Which I have fruitlesse spent in so few yeares,
I that have trusted those that would have given 55
For our deare Saviour and the Sonne of heaven
Ten times the vlew Judas had of yore,
Onely to sell him for three peeces more;
I that have lov'd and trusted thus in vaine
Yet weepe for thee, and till the clowdes shall daigne 60
To throw on Egipt more then Nile ere sweld,
These teares of mine shalbee unparell'd.
He that hath lov'd, enjoy'd, and then beene crost,
Hath teares at will to mourne for what he lost;
He that hath trusted and his hope appears 65
Wrong'd but by death may soone dissolve in teares;
But hee unhappy man whose love and trust
Nere met fruition nor a promise just,
For him (unlesse like thee hee deadly slepe)
'Tis easier to runn mad then 'tis to weepe; 70
And

And yet I can. Fall then yee mournefull showers,
 And as old time leades on the winged howers,
 Bee you their minutes, and let men forgett
 To count their ages from the plague of sweate,
 From eighty eight, the Poulder-plot, or when 75
 Men were affrayd to talke of it againe;
 And in their numerations be it sayd
 Thus old was I when such a teare was shed,
 And when that other fell a comett rose
 And all the world tooke notice of my woes. 80
 Yet finding them past cure, as doctores fly
 Their patientes past all hope of remedy,
 No charitable soule will once impart
 One word of comfort to so sicke a heart;
 But as a hurt deare beaten from the heard, 85
 Men of my shadow almost now affeard
 Fly from my woes, that whilome wont to greet mee,
 And well nigh thinke it ominous to meete mee.
 Sad lines go yee abroad; go saddest muse,
 And as some nations formerly did use 90
 To lay their sicke men in the street, that those,
 Who of the same disease had scapt the throwes,
 Might minister releefe as they went by
 To such as felt the selfsame malady,
 So haplesse lynes fly through the fairest land, 95
 And if ye light into some blessed hand,
 That hath a heart as merry as the shine
 Of golden dayes, yet wrong'd as much as mine,
 Pitty may lead that happy man to mee,
 And his experience worke a remedy 100
 To those sad fittes which (spight of nature's lawes)
 Torture a poore hart that out-lives the cause.
 But this must never bee, nor is it fitt
 An ague or some sickenes lesse then itt
 Should glory in the death of such as hee, 105
 That had a heart of flesh and valued thee.
 Brave Roman, I admire thee that would'ft dy
 At no lesse rate then for an empery.

Some

Poems attributed to Donne in MSS. 465

Some massy diamond from the center drawne,
For which all Europ wer an equall pawne, 110
Should (beaten into dust) bee drunke by him
That wanted courage good enough to swimme
Through seas of woes for thee, and much despise
To meet with death at any lower prize,
Whilst greefe alone workes that effect in mee, 115
And yet no greefe but for the losse of the .
Fortune now doe thy worst, for I have gott
By this her death so strong an antidote,
That all thy future crosses shall not have
More then an angry smile, nor shall the grave 120
Glory in my last day: these lines shall give
To us a second life, and we will live
To pull the distaffe from the hand of fate;
And spinn our own thrides for so long a date,
That death shall never seize uppon our fame 125
Till this shall perish in the whole world's frame.

< Farewel, ye gilded follies. >

Farewel ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles,
Farewel ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles;
Fame's but a hollow echo, gold pure clay,
Honour the darling but of one short day.
Beauty (th'eyes idol) but a damasked skin, 5
State but a golden prison, to keepe in
And torture free-born minds; imbroidered trains
Meerly but Pageants, proudly swelling vains,

< Farewell, Ye Gilded Follies. > Ed: variously titled, Add. MS. 18220, C.C.C. Oxon. MS. 324, Egerton MS. 2603, Harleian MS. 6057: printed in Walton's Compleat Angler (1653), Wits Interpreter (1655) Hannab's Courtly Poets: Grosart prints from MS. Dd. 643 in Cambridge University Library, and Chambers follows—a very inferior version: text from Walton 2 ye glorious] ye christal A18, E26, H60: the christall WI 6 keepe A18, E26, H60: live Walton 8 proudly] proud Walton

And

And blood ally'd to greatnes, is a loane
Inherited, not purchas'd, not our own. 10

Fame, honor, beauty, state, train, blood and birth,
Are but the fading blossomes of the earth.

I would be great, but that the Sun doth still
Level his rayes against the rising hill : 15

I would be high, but see the proudest Oak
Most subject to the rending Thunder-stroke ;

I would be rich, but see men too unkind
Dig in the bowels of the richest mine ;

I would be wise, but that I often see
The Fox suspected whilst the As goes free ; 20

I would be fair, but see the fair and proud
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud ;

I would be poor, but know the humble grafs
Still trampled on by each unworthy Asse :

Rich, hated ; wise, suspected ; scorn'd, if poor ; 25

Great, fear'd ; fair, tempted ; high, stil envied more :
I have wish'd all, but now I wish for neither,
Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair, poor I'll be rather.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir,
Would beauties Queen entitle me the Fair, 30

Fame speak me fortune's Minion, could I vie
Angels with India, with a speaking eye

9 a loane *Ed*: a lone *Walton*: but loane *MSS*. 18 mine *E26*,
CCC: mind *Walton*, *A182*, *H60*, *WI*: minds *Grosart* and *Chambers*

19-20 I would be wise but that the fox I see
Suspected guilty when the As goes free
A182, *E26*, *H60*, *Grosart*, and *Chambers*

21-2 I would be fair, but see that Champion proud
The bright sun often setting in a cloud
WI and *MSS*., but with *The worlds bright eye or fair eye*

31-2 could I vie
Angels with India, *Walton*, *A182*, *E26*, *H60*

could I joy
The blisse of angells, *CCC*

could I vie (*vey Grosart*)
The blisse of angells, *Grosart* and *Chambers*

Command bare heads, bow'd knees, strike Justice dumb
 As wel as blind and lame, or give a tongue
 To stones, by Epitaphs, be called great Master 35
 In the loose rhimes of every Poetafter;
 Could I be more then any man that lives,
 Great, fair, rich, wise in all Superlatives;
 Yet I more freely would these gifts resign
 Then ever fortune would have made them mine, 40
 And hold one minute of this holy leasure,
 Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcom pure thoughts, welcom ye silent groves,
 These guests, these Courts, my soul most dearly loves,
 Now the wing'd people of the Skie shall sing 45
 My cheerful Anthems to the gladsome Spring;
 A Pray'r book now shall be my looking-glasse,
 Wherein I will adore sweet vertues face.
 Here dwell no hateful looks, no Pallace cares,
 No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears, 50
 Then here I'll sit and sigh my hot loves folly,
 And learn t'affect an holy melancholy.
 And if contentment be a stranger, then
 I'll nere look for it, but in heaven again.

43 ye silent groves, *Walton*: the silent Groves, *WI*: ye careles groves,
H60: the careles grove, *CCC*: ye careless groans, *Grosart and Chambers*
 44 These are the courts my soul entire loves, *A182*: These are my guests,
 this is the court I love, *CCC*: These are my guests, this is that courtage
 tones, *Grosart and Chambers*: the court age loves, *Ash* 38 46 My
 Anthem; be my Selah gentle Spring. *A182*: Mine anthems; be my cellar,
 gentle spring. *Grosart and Chambers* 48 wherein] In which *Walton*
 49-50 Here dwells no hartlesse Love, no palsey fears,
 No short joys purchas'd with eternal tears. *A182, H60*
 51 hot loves *Walton*: hot youths *H60*: past years *A182* 53 be]
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The poems of John Donne

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